THE CENTURY GOSPEL SONGS

BY

P. P. BILHORN.

BILHORN BROTHERS
PUBLISHERS-CHICAGO, ILL.

Hadelia Dondall.

The Century Gospel Songs

CONTAINS 256 PAGES
AND
415 SONGS WITH MUSIC.

This Book is fittingly adapted for General Church Work

BY

PETER PHILIP BILHORN

AUTHOR OF

"Crowning Glory," No. 1.
"Crowning Glory," No. 2.
"Crowning Glory," Nos. 1 and 2, Combined.
"Crowning Glory," Revised.
"Sun-Shine Songs," for Sunday School.
"Bilhorn's Male Chorus," No. 1.
"Bilhorn's Male Chorus," No. 2.
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"Choice Songs."
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SACRED AND SECULAR SELECTIONS FOR
GENTLEMEN'S VOICES
AND
SACRED AND SECULAR SELECTIONS FOR
LADIES' VOICES.

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PREFACE.

THE CENTURY GOSPEL SONGS will satisfy a long felt need among *Christian workers*, and will be a valuable aid to successful singing. We have here compiled **two hundred of the most modern melodies** and **two hundred and fifteen familiar standard hymns with** full music, *the latter in small type*. The collection embraces the best productions of **more than one hundred popular and well known authors**—songs that have been tested, and others that will stand the test. We believe the Gospel contained therein will be acceptable to all. The many songs suitable for large **choruses**; the fine selection of **solos**, for male and female voices; the choice collection of **duets**—together with many new compositions by the author of "*Sweet Peace, the Gift of God's Love*," make the book one greatly to be desired. **It** contains a complete topical index and a *collection of Responsive Bible Readings* on PRAYER, THE HOLY SPIRIT, ATONEMENT, etc. We present "THE CENTURY GOSPEL SONGS" with a prayer that it may have a part in the work of hastening the Kingdom of Christ.

THE EDITOR AND PUBLISHERS.

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BILHORN BROS., PUBLISHERS.

W. A. SUNDAY

F. G. FISCHER

The Century Gospel Songs.

No. 1. I am Praying for You.

S. O'Malley Cluff. Ira D. Sankey. By per.

1. I have a Sav-ior, He's pleading in glo - ry, A dear, loving Sav-ior, tho'
2. I have a Fa-ther; to me He has giv - en A hope for e - ter - ni - ty,
3. I have a robe; 'tis resplendent in whiteness, A-wait-ing in glo - ry my
4. I have a peace; it is calm as a riv - er—A peace that the friends of this
5. When Jesus has found you, tell others the story, That my loving Sav-ior is

earth-friends be few; And now He is watching in ten-der-ness o'er me,
bless-ed and true; And soon will He call me to meet Him in heav-en,
won-der-ing view; Oh, when I re-ceive it, all shin-ing in brightness,
world nev-er knew; My Sav-ior a-lone is its Au-thor and Giv - er,
your Sav-ior, too; Then pray that your Savior may bring them to glo - ry,

Chorus. *f*

And oh, that my Sav-ior were your Savior, too.
But oh, that He'd let me bring you with me, too!
Dear friends, could I see you re-ceiv-ing one, too!
And oh, could I know it was giv-en to you!
And pray'r will be answer'd—'twas answer'd for you!
} For you I am praying,

p *f* *pp* *Rall.*

For you I am praying, For you I am pray-ing, I'm praying for you.

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No. 2. Living where the Healing Waters flow.

Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

Ina Duley Ogdon. P. P. Bilhorn.

1. I've cast my heav - y bur-dens down on Ca-naan's happy shore,
2. With Is-rael's trusting chil-dren I'm re - joic - ing on my way,
3. My hung'ring soul is sat - is - fied with man-na from a - bove,
4. I'm sing-ing "Hal-le - lu - jah," safe - ly an-chored is my soul,

I'm living where the healing waters flow;

I'll wander in the wilderness of
The cloudy, fier-y pil-lar is my
No more I thirst, the rock I've found, that
I'm resting on His promises; the

doubt and sin no more;
guid-ing light to-day;
fount of end-less love;
blood has made me whole;

I'm living where the healing waters flow.
(waters flow.)

Chorus.

Living on the shore, I'm living on the shore, I'm living where the healing waters flow;

Living on the shore, I'm living on the shore, I'm living where the healing waters flow.
(waters flow.)

No. 3. Christ is Standing on the Shore.

Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

SADIE H. LEACH.

FERD. DEGEN.
Arr. by P. P. B.

1. Are you wea - ry with your row-ing? Scarcely strength to lift an oar?
2. Do the clouds seem dark with shadows, That you fain would see no more?
3. Are the wa - ters dash - ing hard-er 'Gainst your boat than e'er be-fore?
4. Oh, re-mem-ber that in ful - ness Christ can per-fect peace re-store;

Christ with pit - y sees your toil - ing, He is stand-ing on the shore.
Have you lost that gleaming ha - lo From the Christ up-on the shore?
Lift your eyes a - bove the bil - lows, Christ still stands up-on the shore.
In what-ev - er sea of troub - le, Still He standeth on the shore.

CHORUS.

Are you wea - - - - - ry with your row - ing? Are you
Are you wea-ry with your row-ing, with your row - ing? Are you

wea- - - - - ry at the oar? Lift your eyes..... and
weary with your toiling at the oar? Lift your eyes, O lift your eyes and

be en - cour - aged, Christ is stand - - - ing on the shore.
be en - cour - aged, Christ is standing, Christ is standing on the shore.

No. 4. Beautiful Star of the Blest.

Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

INA DULY OGDON.

J. S. FULLER.
Arr. by P. P. B.

1. I am told of a star, of a beau - ti - ful star, That
2. In the light of that star, of that won - der - ful star, All the
3. And the gift of that star, of that life - giv - ing star, Is for

Cres.

shone from the east long a - go, And its won - der - ful light cast a
shad - ows of earth ev - er flee; Thro' the dark-ness and gale will its
all who will hear and o - bey; 'Tis the gift of God's grace, 'tis the

Rit. *Rit.*

ra - di-ance bright, O'er the path in the val - ley be - low.
light nev - er fail, From the gloom of the night we are free.
smile of His face, O re - joice, it is shin - ing to - day!

CHORUS.

O beau- ti-ful star, won-der-ful star, O heav-en-ly star of the blest;

Rit.

O beau-ti - ful star, won-der-ful star, That guideth the weary to rest.

No. 5. He That Winneth Souls is Wise.

Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. P. P. BILHORN.

1. Souls all a - round you are dy - ing in sin, Each one to
2. Boys in their prime, see them drifting a - way, No one takes
3. Girls that are way - ward, oh, win them to God, Turn them from
4. Out in the high-ways, the wan-d'ring are there, Search to the

Sa - tan a slave; Who is there seeking a lost one to win?
thought for their souls; Liv-ing in pleasures of sin ev-'ry day,
sin and from shame; Show them the dangers in paths that they trod,
left and the right; Pray and go bring them with tenderest care,

CHORUS.

Je - sus is might-y to save.
Sa - tan each ac-tion con - trolls.
Lead them to trust in His name.
Love them and pi - ty their plight.
} A-rouse fellow christian, a-

wake to the call: Give heed: nor a mo-ment de-lay. The har-vest is

f *ff*

read - y, the reap-ers are few, Go forth and win them to - day!

No. 6. Thy Faith Hath Made Thee Whole.

Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. P. P. BILHORN.

1. Je - sus is pass - ing a - long to - day, Just as He
2. Ma - ny there are who still blind-ed lie, Heed - ing not
3. Blind was the beg - gar, he did not heed What oth - ers
4. Je - sus, have mer - cy on me, on me, Blind are my

went on the Jer - i - cho way; If you will but call you may
Je - sus as He pass - eth by; When glad-ly He'd an - swer, if
said, for he knew his great need; To Je - sus He went with all
eyes, but I fain would now see; Oh! where shall I go for my

hear Him now say: "Thy faith hath made thee whole."
they would but cry: "Thy faith hath made thee whole."
pos - si - ble speed, "Thy faith hath made thee whole."
sight, but to Thee? "Thy faith hath made thee whole."

CHORUS.

"Thy faith hath made thee whole, Thy faith had made thee whole;" If

you will but call you may hear Him now say: "Thy faith hath made thee whole."

No. 7. Longing for the Sweet By and By.

P. P. B.

Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

P. P. Bilhorn.

1. I stood all a - lone by the way - side, And gazed at the stars in the sky; I thought of the man - y who en - tered
2. The stars had more beau - ty and splen - dor Than earth with its wealth could sup - ply; I longed for a glimpse of the por - tals,
3. Some day, on the wings of the morn - ing, To yon - der bright home I will fly; I'll en - ter the gates of that cit - y,
4. And when I shall reach that fair coun - try, Where sor - row shall ne'er dim mine eye, I'll sing forth for - ev - er and praise it,

Chorus. *Faster.*

The home in the Sweet By and By.
A home in the Sweet By and By.
And dwell in the Sweet By and By.
The home in the Sweet By and By.

Sweet By and By,

Sweet By and By. O land of beau-ty, home in the sky;

Rit.

My heart is long - ing for the Sweet By and By (By and By).

No. 8. The Wonderful Story.

Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

KATE ULMER. J. S. FULLER.

1. I know of a sto - ry more pre - cious than gold, The won-der-ful sto - ry of Je - sus; Re-veal - ing His love that can nev - er be told, The won - der - ful sto - ry of Je - sus.
2. It gives us as - sur - ance of free - dom from sin, The won-der-ful sto - ry of Je - sus; It scat - ters all gloom and all doubt-ing with - in, The won - der - ful sto - ry of Je - sus.
3. 'Tis won - drous-ly pre-cious when sor - rows in - crease, The won-der-ful sto - ry of Je - sus; E'en then it hath pow - er to give us re - lease, The won - der - ful sto - ry of Je - sus.
4. E'en thro' the dim shad-ows with me it will go, The won-der-ful sto - ry of Je - sus; Be-yond the great val - ley in full - ness I'll know, The won - der - ful sto - ry of Je - sus.

CHORUS.

The won - der - ful sto - ry of Je - sus, Je - sus, Je - sus;
The won-der-ful sto - ry of Je - sus, Je - sus who died for me.

No. 9. He Satisfies My Soul.

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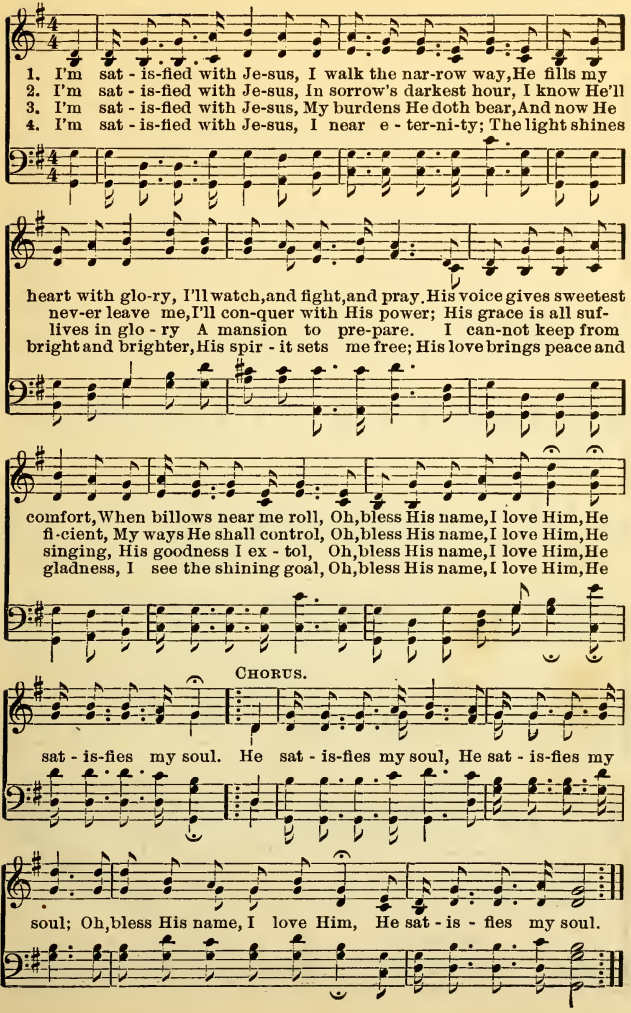
ROBERT JOHNSON. P. P. BILHORN.



No. 10. Speed Away! Speed Away!

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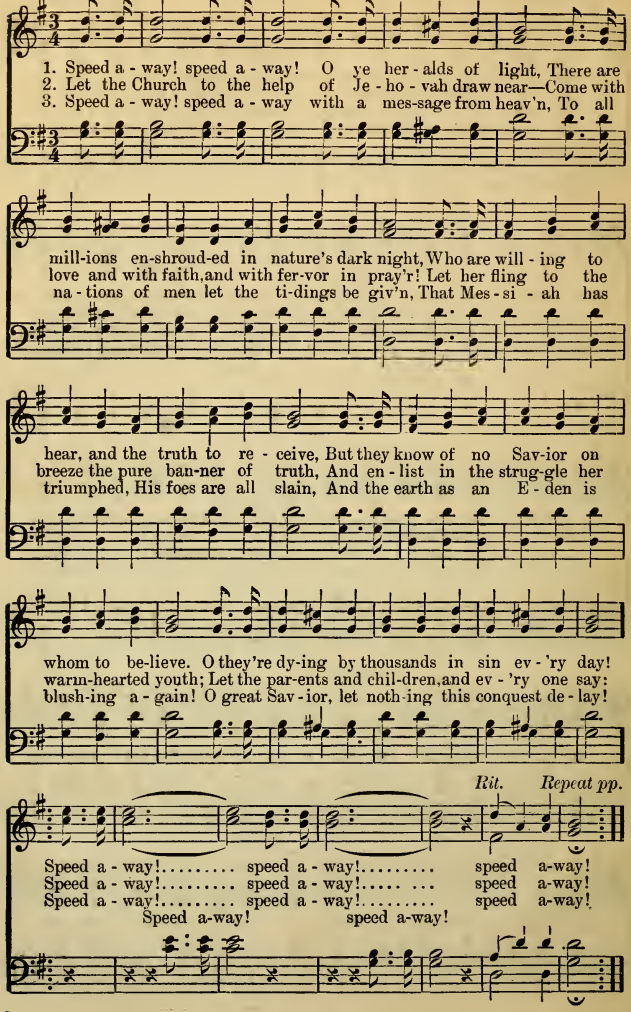
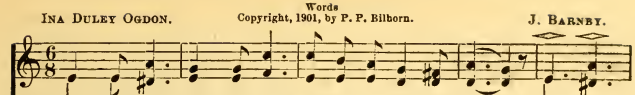
Rev. C. Cooke. I. B. Woodbury. Arr. J. E. H.

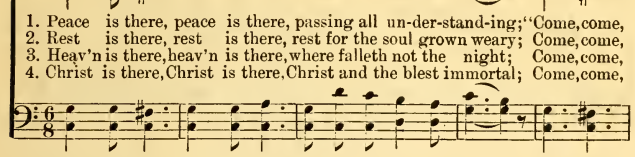


No. 11. Peace is There, Peace is There.

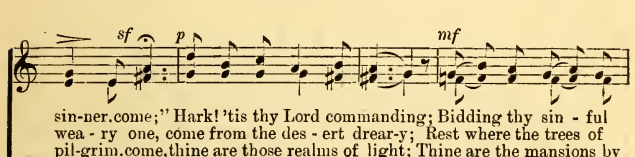
Words
INA DULEY OGDON. Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn. J. BARNBY.



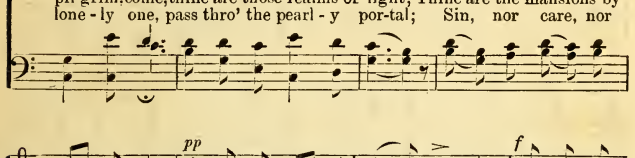
1. Peace is there, peace is there, passing all un-der-stand-ing; "Come, come,
2. Rest is there, rest is there, rest for the soul grown weary; Come, come,
3. Heav'n is there, heav'n is there, where falleth not the night; Come, come,
4. Christ is there, Christ is there, Christ and the blest immortal; Come, come,



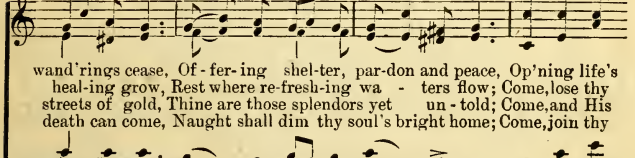
sin-ner, come;" Hark! 'tis thy Lord commanding; Bidding thy sin - ful
wea - ry one, come from the des - ert drear-y; Rest where the trees of
pil-grim, come, thine are those realms of light; Thine are the mansions by
lone - ly one, pass thro' the pearl - y por-tal; Sin, nor care, nor



wand'rings cease, Of - fer-ing shel-ter, par-don and peace, Op'ning life's
heal-ing grow, Rest where re-fresh-ing wa - ters flow; Come, lose thy
streets of gold, Thine are those splendors yet un - told; Come, and His
death can come, Naught shall dim thy soul's bright home; Come, join thy



kingdom fair; Come, O sinner, come, seek thy Father's home. (peace is there.)
load of care; Come, ye weary one, seek thy Father's throne. (rest is there.)
promise share; Seek thy Father's face, seek His proffered grace. (heav'n is there.)
loved ones dear; Joys beyond degree, there are waiting thee. (Christ is there.)



No 12. Forward Be Our Watchword.

Copyright, 1901, by F. P. Bilhorn.

DEAN ALFORD. F. DEGEN. Arr. P. P. B.

Spirited.

1. Forward! be our watchword, Steps and voices joined; Seek the things before us,
2. Forward, flock to Je - sus, Salt of all the earth; Till each yearning purpose
3. Glo-ries up - on glories Hath our God prepared, By the souls that love Him
4. Far o'er yon hor - i - zon Rise the cit - y tow'rs, Where our God a-bid-eth;

Not a look be-hind; Burns the fier - y pil - lar At our ar-my's head,
Spring to glorious birth; Sick, they ask for healing, Blind, they grope for day;
One day to be shared; Eye hath not beheld them, Ear hath nev-er heard;
That fair home is ours. Flash the streets with jasper, Shine the gates with gold!

Cres. *f* *f* CHORUS.

Who shall dream of shrinking, By our Cap - tain led?
Pour up - on the na-tions Wisdom's lov - ing ray.
Nor of these hath ut-tered Tho't or speech a word.
Flows the glad-'ning riv - er, Shedding joys un - told.
} Forward, forward,

till our faith be sight, Onward, onward, clad in armor bright; For-ward, forward,

f *f* *Rit.*

in the spir-it's might, Canaan lies be-fore us now, Beaming with the light.

No. 13. Believe and Receive.

Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

Rev. H. B. Townsend. P. P. Bilhorn.

1. When we came to the Lord, And be-lieved on His word, What a
2. We ac - cept-ed His will, And we nev - er feared ill, But we
3. We'll o - bey His com-mand, We'll be led by His hand, In the

par-don and peace we re-ceived; Then the Spir - it was giv'n, A rich
trusted His prom-ise and grace; While we walk in His way, Keeping
way that leads on to the Lord; We'll re-ceive grace for grace, We'll be-

Rit.

fore - taste of heav'n, And our hearts were from bur-dens re - lieved.
step day by day, We move on to our heav-en - ly place.
hold His dear face, And re - joice in the promised re - ward.

Chorus.

Cres.

Then trust and be - lieve, And the bless - ing re - ceive; It is

Rit.

life ev - er - last - ing Un - to all who be - lieve.

No. 14. The Sunshine Train.

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C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. We're a pilgrim band, and for glo - ry bound, To our home by the
2. We're the roy - al guests of the King of kings, On His high-way we
3. We have left our woes and our cares be - hind, On this train they are
4. See, our Father stands with His outstretched hands, And our loved ones are

crys - tal sea; On the gos - pel road, we are now on board Of the
homeward glide; Up salvation's grade, with our fare all paid, We will
not al-lowed; But our hearts are light and our way is bright, For God's
wait-ing there; To each faith-ful one God will say, "Well done; En - ter

Chorus.

heav'n-bound sunshine train. Come a-board of the sunshine train,
safe - ly all storms out-ride.
love shines away each cloud.
in, and my glo - ry share." heav'n-bound, sunshine train,

Come a-board of the sun-shine train; For a wel - come
come a-board;

waits at the pearl - y gates. Come a - board of the sun-shine train.

No. 15. "Only the Best."

Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

INA DULEY OGDON. P. P. BILHORN.

1. "On - ly the best is good e-nough for Je - sus," Forth from the vine the
2. "On - ly the best is good e-nough for Je - sus," On - ly the best, we're
3. "On - ly the best is good e-nough for Je - sus," Worthy is He, the
4. "On - ly the best is good e-nough for Je - sus," Twine fadeless garlands

rar - est clusters bring. Sheaves from the vale, the richest of the har - vest;
lay - ing at His feet, Wealth from the sea, the for-est, and the moun-tain;
Lamb for sinners slain; Yielding our lives, our all in grate-ful serv - ice,
round a-bout His throne, Place on His brow the martyr's living lau - rels;

CHORUS.

"On - ly the best," His will-ing workers sing.
"On - ly the best," ring out the tidings sweet.
"On - ly the best," our mot-to's glad re-frain.
"On - ly the best," He gave un - to His own.
} "On - ly the best,

On - ly the best," Proclaim His workers' loyal word; "On - ly the best is

good e-nough for Je-sus," O'er all the world the message shall be heard.

No. 16. Let Us Arise.

E. S. L. By permission. E. S. Lorenz.

1. Do you slum-ber in your tent, Chris-tian sol - dier, While the foe is spread-ing woe thro' the land? Do you note his ris - ing
2. Can you sleep while homes are rent, Chris-tian sol - dier? Are not heav - ens turned to hells by his pow'r? Mark you not the moth-er's
3. Can you lin - ger in your tent, Chris-tian sol - dier? Sa - tan's smil - ing o'er your i - dle de - lay; Thousands per - ish while you
4. Let us rise in ho - ly wrath, Chris-tian sol - diers, Crush the e - vil 'neath the heel of our might! Count-ing cost no long - er

D. S.—Tho' our num-bers may be few, God will lead us grand-ly thro', And our arms with strength en-

pow'r Grow-ing bold - er ev - 'ry hour? Will he not our land de-sigh? Hear you not the children's cry? See you not their loved ones wait, While you coun- sel and de - bate; Heed you not their aw - ful wait; For-ward, man-hood of the State, For in God your strength is

Fine. Chorus.

vour while you stand?
die ev - 'ry hour?
fate as they stray?
great for the right!
} Let us a - rise! all u - nite! Let us a-

due by His might.

D. S.

rise! in our might! Let us a - rise! speak for God and the right!

No. 17. "Suffer the Children."

Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

C. F. L. C. F. LOUTHAIN.

1. "Suf-fer the children," O beau - ti - ful words; Dear lov-ing Sav - ior is He; (is He;) Ten - der and sweet from the lips of our Lord,
2. Je - sus is knocking just now at the door, O - pen your heart, let Him in; (Him in;) He will so sweet - ly a - bide ev - er - more,
3. Come to the Sav-ior, O do not de-lay, Rest in His great heart of love; (of love;) Gen - tly He'll lead you, thro' life's stormy way,
4. "Ye must be born a-gain," Je-sus hath said, Like lit - tle chil-dren be- come; (be - come;) If thro' the "green pas-tures" thou wouldst be led,

CHORUS.

"Bid them to come un - to me." (to me.)
Save you and keep you from sin. (from sin.)
Safe to the mansions a-bove. (a-bove.)
In - to the heav-en - ly home. (the home.)
"Suf - fer the chil-dren to come un - to me," Je - sus is say-ing to - day; Give Him your young hearts, He call-eth for thee, He is the Life and the Way. (and the Way.)

saying, yes, saying;

No. 18. When Jesus Came Our Way.

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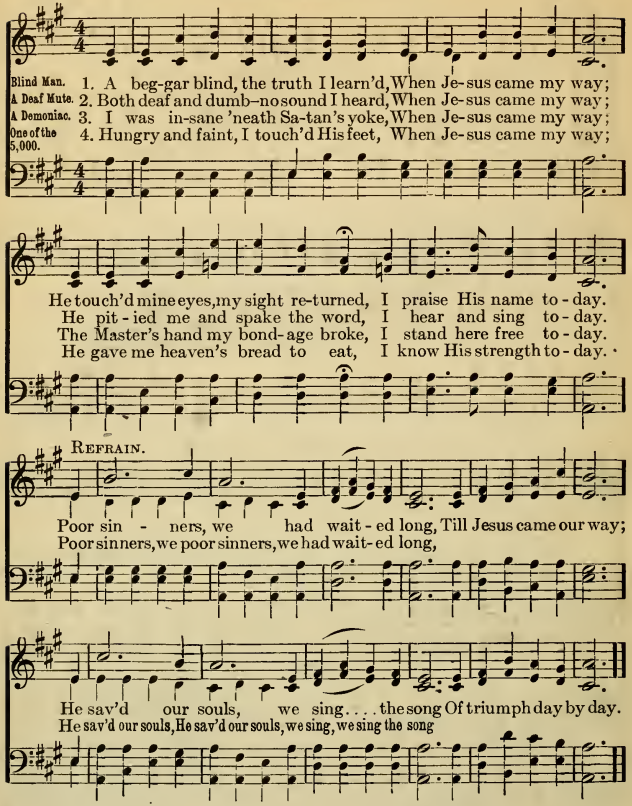
Rev. H. B. Townsend. *An Experience Meeting at Capernaum.* P. P. Bilhorn.



The Paralytic.

5 With palsy I was trembling long,
When Jesus came my way;
He found me weak, He made me strong,
I, too, rejoice to-day.

A Leper.

6 A leprous man—outcast and sad,
When Jesus came my way;
He gave me health and made me glad;
I'm cleansed from sin to-day.

Widow's Son from Nain.

7 A dead son I was borne by men,
When Jesus came my way;
He stopped the bier, I live again,
I now His will obey.

All.

8 We all were lost in sin and shame,
When Jesus came our way;
He saved us! Bless His holy name,
His word we now obey.

No. 19. The Comforter Has Come.

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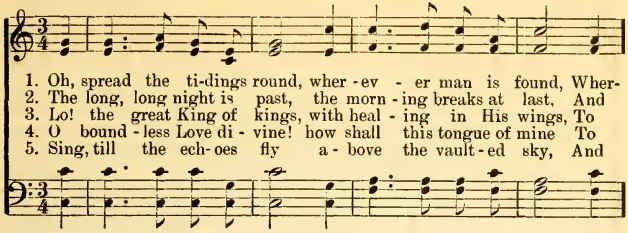
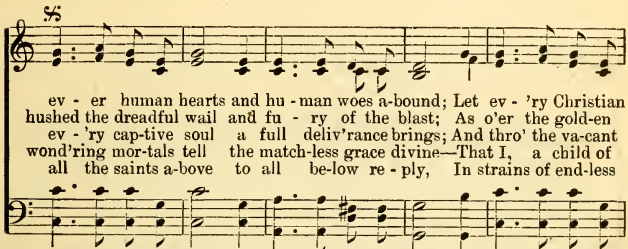
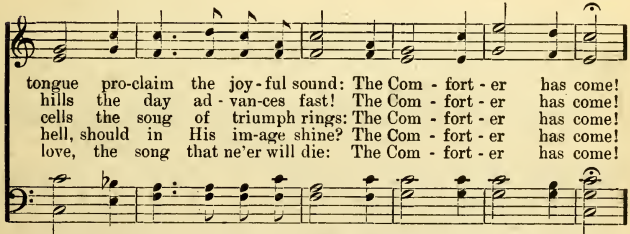
Rev. F. Bottome, D. D. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

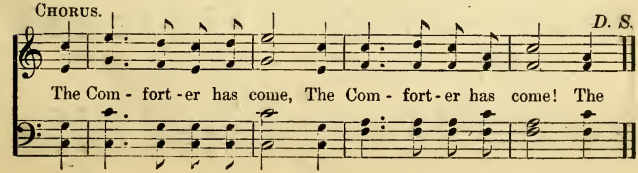




D.S.–Holy Ghost from heav'n, The Father's promise giv'n; Oh, spread the tidings



round, Wher-ev - er man is found—The Com-fort-er has come!



No. 20. Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

Copyright, 1898, by H. L. Gilmour. Used by per.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Jesus come into your heart;
2. If 'tis for pu - ri-ty now that you sigh, Let Jesus come into your heart;
3. If there's a tempest your voice cannot still, Let Jesus come into your heart;
4. If friends, once trusted, have proven untrue, Let Jesus come into your heart;
5. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Jesus come into your heart;

If you de-sire a new life to be-gin, Let Jesus come into your heart.
Fountains for cleansing are flowing near by, Let Jesus come into your heart.
If there's a void this world never can fill, Let Jesus come into your heart.
Find what a Friend He will be unto you, Let Jesus come into your heart.
If you would enter the mansions of rest, Let Jesus come into your heart.

Chorus.

Just now, your doubtings give o'er; Just now, re - ject Him no more;
Just now, my doubtings are o'er; Just now, re - ject - ing no more;

Just now, throw o - pen the door; Let Je-sus come in- to your heart.
Just now, I o - pen the door, And Je-sus comes in- to my heart.

No. 21. Could I Tell It.

Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

INA DULEY OGDON. P. P. BILHORN.

1. If I could on - ly tell Him as I know Him, My Redeemer who has
2. If I could on - ly tell you how He loves you, And if we could thro' the
3. If I could tell how sweet will be His we-lcome, In that home whose wondrous
4. But I can nev-er tell Him as I know Him; Human tongue can never

brightened all my way; If I could tell how precious is His pres - ence,
lone - ly gar-den go, If I could tell His dying pain and par - don.
beauty ne'er was told; And tell you how He waits and longs to save you,
tell of love di - vine; I on - ly can entreat you to ac-cept Him;

CHORUS.

I am sure that you would make Him yours to-day. Could I tell it, could I
You would worship at His wounded feet I know.
You would seek Him, and a-bide within His fold.
Come and know the joy and peace for-ev - er mine. Could I tell it, yes, I would, Could I

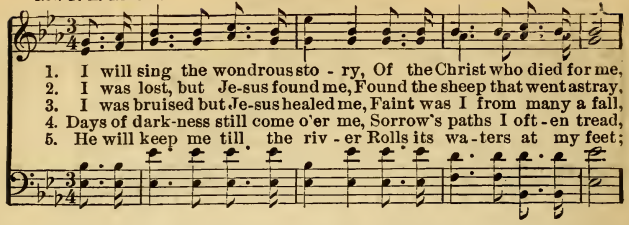
tell it, How the sunshine of His presence lights my way, I would tell it,
tell it as I should. I would tell you, yes, I would;

I would tell it, And I'm sure that you would make Him yours to-day.
I would tell you if I could,

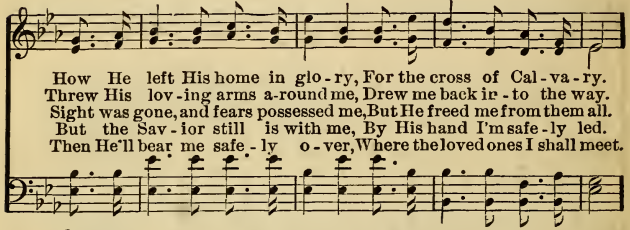
No. 22. I will Sing the Wondrous Story.

Copyright, 1887, by Ira D. Sankey.

Rev. F. H. Rowley. Peter P. Bilhorn.

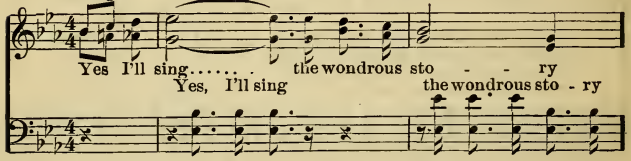


1. I will sing the wondrous sto - ry, Of the Christ who died for me,
2. I was lost, but Je-sus found me, Found the sheep that went astray,
3. I was bruised but Je-sus healed me, Faint was I from many a fall,
4. Days of dark-ness still come o'er me, Sorrow's paths I oft-en tread,
5. He will keep me till the riv - er Rolls its wa-ters at my feet;

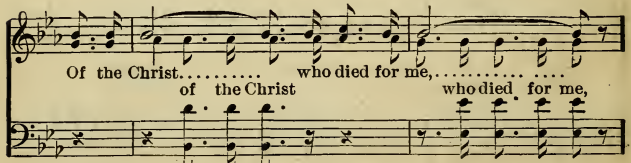


How He left His home in glo - ry, For the cross of Cal - va - ry.
Threw His lov-ing arms a-round me, Drew me back in - to the way.
Sight was gone, and fears possessed me, But He freed me from them all.
But the Sav - ior still is with me, By His hand I'm safe - ly led.
Then He'll bear me safe - ly o - ver, Where the loved ones I shall meet.

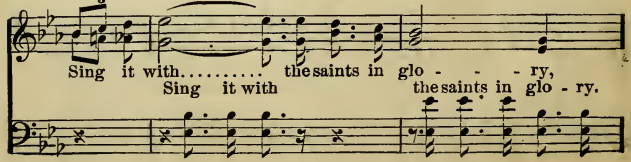
Chorus.



Yes I'll sing..... the wondrous sto - - - ry
Yes, I'll sing the wondrous sto - ry

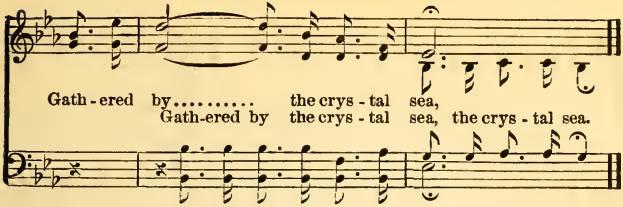


Of the Christ..... who died for me,.....
of the Christ who died for me,



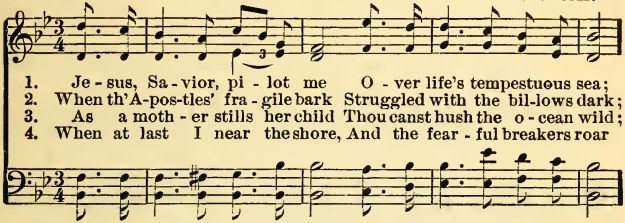
Sing it with..... the saints in glo - - - ry,
Sing it with the saints in glo - ry.

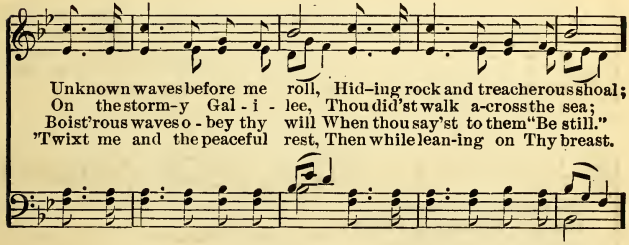
I will Sing the Wondrous Story.

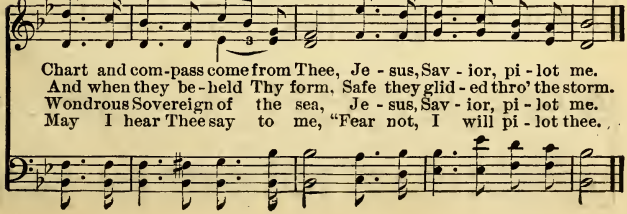


No. 23. Savior, Pilot Me.

J. E. Gould.







No. 24. Battle Hymn of the Republic.

JULIA WARD HOWE. Old Campmeeting Air.

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com-ing of the Lord;
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred circling camps;
3. He has sounded forth the trum-pet that shall nev-er call re-treat;
4. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies Christ was born a - cross the sea,

He is tramp-ing out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
They have build-ed Him an al - tar in the ev'ning dews and damps;
He is sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judgment seat,
With a glo - ry in His bo - som that trans-fig-ures you and me;

He hath loosed the fate - ful lightning of His ter - ri-ble quick sword:
I have read His righteous sen-tence by the dim and flar - ing lamps:
Oh, be swift, my soul, to an - swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet:
As He died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free,

CHORUS.

His truth is march-ing on.
His day is march-ing on.
Our God is march-ing on.
While God is march-ing on.
Glo-ry, glory hal-le - lu-jah! Glo-ry, glory,

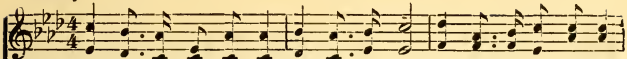
hal-le-lu - jah! Glo-ry, glory, hal-le-lu-jah! His truth is marching on.

No. 25. The Watchman's Cry.

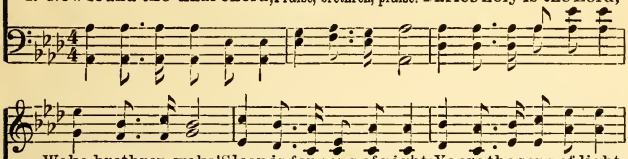
Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, D. D.
Arr. by P. P. B.

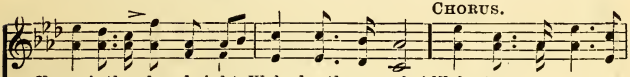
P. P. Bilhorn.



1. Hark, 'tis the watchman's cry: Wake, brethren, wake, Je-sus our Lord is nigh;
2. Call to each waking band, Watch, brethren, watch; Clear is our Lord's command,
3. Hear we the Savior's voice, Pray, brethren, pray! Would ye His heart rejoice?
4. Now sound the final chord, Praise, brethren, praise! Thrice holy is the Lord;

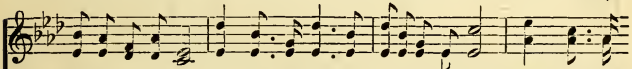


Wake, brethren, wake! Sleep is for sons of night; Ye are the sons of light;
Watch, brethren, watch. Be ye as they that wait, Close at the Bridegroom's gate;
Pray, brethren, pray. Sin calls for constant fear; We need the strong One near;
Praise, brethren, praise! What more befits the tongues, We'll join the angels songs,

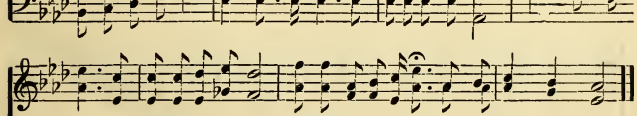


Chorus.

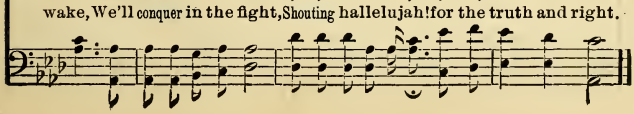
Yours is the glory bright—Wake, brethren, wake! Wake,
E'en tho' He tar-ry late, Watch, brethren, watch. Watch,
Long as we struggle here, Pray, brethren, pray. Pray,
While heav'n the note prolongs, Praise, brethren, praise! Praise,
} brethren, wake, ring



out the battle cry, Wake, brethren, wake, the victory is nigh, Wake, brethren,



wake, We'll conquer in the fight, Shouting hallelujah! for the truth and right.



No. 26. Lead Me Gently Home, Father.

By per. of W. L. Thompson & Co., East Liverpool, O., and Chicago, Ill.

W. L. T. W. L. THOMPSON.

SOLO OR DUET, *ad lib.*

1. Lead me gently home, Father, Lead me gently home, When life's toils are end-ed, And parting days have come. Sin no more shall tempt me, Ne'er from Thee I'll roam, If Thou'lt on-ly lead me, Father, Lead me gently home.

2. Lead me gently home, Father, Lead me gently home, In life's darkest hours, Father, When life's troubles come, Keep my feet from wand'ring, Lest from Thee I'll roam, Lest I fall up-on the wayside, Lead me gently home.

REFRAIN.

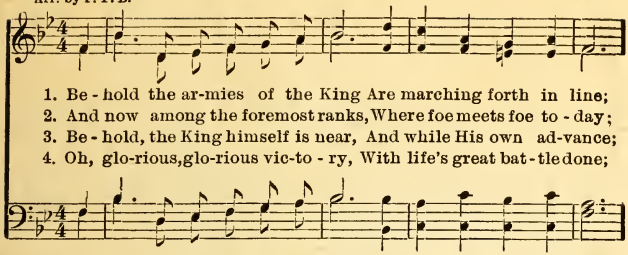
Lead me gen-tly home, Fa-ther, Lead me gen-tly home, Fa-ther, Lead me gently home, Fa-ther, Lest I fall up-on the way-side, Lead me gen-tly home. gen-tly home.

No. 27. Who Will Join Us?

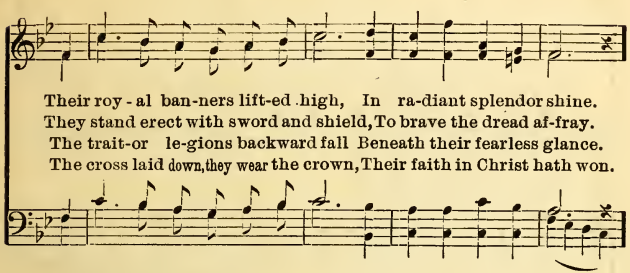
Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

M. G. WALKER.
Arr. by P. P. B.

P. P. BILHORN.

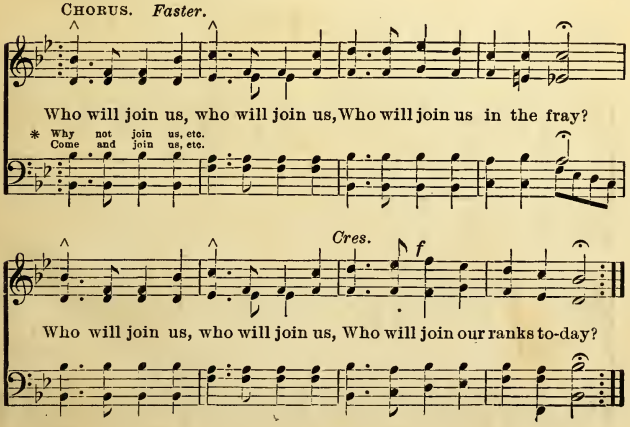


1. Be - hold the ar-mies of the King Are marching forth in line;
2. And now among the foremost ranks, Where foe meets foe to - day;
3. Be - hold, the King himself is near, And while His own ad-vance;
4. Oh, glo-rious, glo-rious vic-to - ry, With life's great bat - tle done;



Their roy - al ban-ners lift-ed high, In ra-diant splendor shine.
They stand erect with sword and shield, To brave the dread af-fray.
The trait-or le-gions backward fall Beneath their fearless glance.
The cross laid down, they wear the crown, Their faith in Christ hath won.

CHORUS. *Faster.*



Who will join us, who will join us, Who will join us in the fray?

* Why not join us, etc.
Come and join us, etc.

Cres.

Who will join us, who will join us, Who will join our ranks to-day?

* Can use the words "Why not join us," or "Come and join us,"

No. 28. Sunlight.

Copyright, by Weeden & Van De Venter. Used by per.

J. W. Van De Venter. W. S. Weeden.

1. I wan-dered in the shades of night, Till Je - sus came to me,
2. Tho' clouds may gather in the sky, And bil - lows round me roll,
3. While walking in the light of God, I sweet com-mun-ion find;
4. I cross the wide-ex-tend - ed fields, I jour - ney o'er the plain,
5. Soon I shall see Him as He is, The light that came to me,

And with the sun-light of His love Bid all my darkness flee.
How - ev - er dark the world may be, I've sun-light in my soul.
I press with ho - ly vig - or on, And leave the world be-hind.
And in the sun-light of His love I reap the gold - en grain.
Be - hold the brightness of His face, Throughout e - ter - ni - ty.

Chorus.

Sun - light, sun-light, in my soul to-day, Sun-light, sun-light, to-day, yes,
all a - long the way; Since the Sav - ior found me, nar - row way;
took a-way my sin. I have had the sunlight of His love with-in. load of sin,

No. 29. Happy in Jesus Alway.

P. P. B.

Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

P. P. BILHORN.

1. Hap-py in Je-sus, O won-der-ful grace, Hap-py in
2. Hap-py in Je-sus from day un-to day, Hap-py in
3. Hap-py in Je-sus, tho' bur-dens I see, Hap-py in
4. Hap-py in Je-sus, His prom-ise I plead, Hap-py in

Je-sus, He stood in my place; Hap-py in Je-sus, sal-
Je-sus, His will I o-bey; Hap-py in Je-sus, from
Je-sus, He bears them for me; Hap-py in Je-sus, I
Je-sus, He know-eth my need; Hap-py in Je-sus, what

va-tion is free, Hap-py in Je-sus, 'twas purchased for me.
morn-ing till night, Hap-py in Je-sus, with joy and de-light.
hear His sweet voice, Hap-py in Je-sus, my soul doth re-joice.
peace He doth bring, Hap-py in Je-sus, for-ev-er I'll sing.

CHORUS.

Hap-py,..... hap-py,..... Hap-py in Je-sus to-day;
Hap-py to-day, hap-py to-day,

Hap-py,..... Hap-py,..... I'm hap-py in Je-sus al-way.
Hap-py to-day, Hap-py to-day,

No. 30. The Light!

Copyright, 1896, by P. P. Bilhorn.

J. McP. JOHN McPHAIL.

1. In the dark-ness of the night I was grop-ing for the light
2. Now I know the rea-son why Je-sus came on earth to die
3. Oh, my soul is all a-glow With a strong de-sire to know
4. In the arms of love I rest, And con-fid-ing, I am blest

That my soul the lov-ing plan of God might see;
And to free-ly shed his blood up-on the tree;
More and more a-bout the love of God to me:
With the sense of gra-cious par-don full and free; Hal-le-lu-jah!

f.

But my dark-ness did re-main Till the Ho-ly Spir-it came
For un-less the blood was shed, As the word of God hath said,
For the more His lov-ing mind, In the book of life I find,
And my path-way bright-er grows, As my mind the bet-ter knows

D.S.—He to ran-som ev-'ry one, Gave His well be-lov-ed Son,

FINE. CHORUS.

And re-vealed the pre-cious light to me.
Ev-'ry soul would die e-ter-nal-ly.
On-ly makes me long like Christ to be.
What the plan of God con-tains for me.

The light, pre-cious
The light, the precious light, the pre-cious

To re-deem and set the cap-tive free.

D. S.

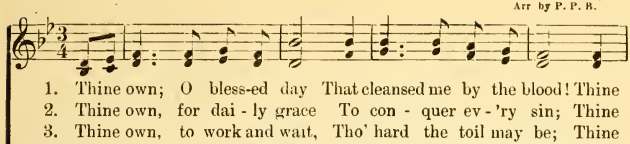
light, ... God's lov - - - - ing plan I see;
light, The pre-cious light, God's lov-ing plan I see, His plan I see,

Hal-le-lu-jah!

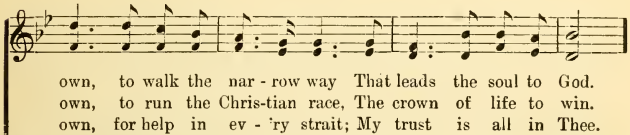
No. 31. Thine Own.

Word and Music
Copyright. 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

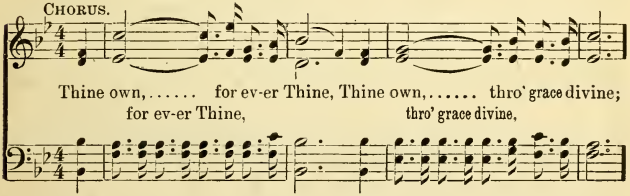
NEAL A. MCAULAY. FERD DEGEN. Arr by P. P. B.



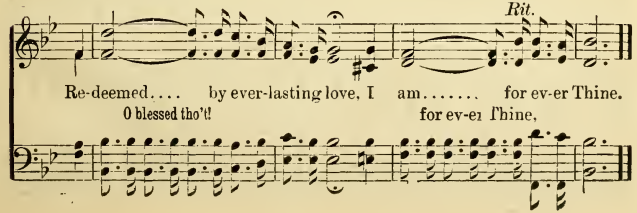
1. Thine own; O bless-ed day That cleansed me by the blood! Thine
2. Thine own, for dai - ly grace To con - quer ev - 'ry sin; Thine
3. Thine own, to work and wait, Tho' hard the toil may be; Thine
4. Thine own, when shadows fall, And day gives place to night; Thine
5. Thine own, to live a - gain, When death my soul shall free; Thine



own, to walk the nar - row way That leads the soul to God.
own, to run the Chris-tian race, The crown of life to win.
own, for help in ev - 'ry strait; My trust is all in Thee.
own, when comes the fi - nal call To realms of end-less light.
own, for ev - er - more to reign Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.



Thine own,..... for ev-er Thine, Thine own,..... thro' grace divine;
for ev-er Thine, thro' grace divine,



Re-deemed.... by ever-lasting love, I am..... for ev-er Thine.
O blessed tho'! for ev-er Thine,

No. 32. The Branch of Healing.

Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P. P Bilhorn.

Miss Flora Kirkland. P. P. Bilhorn.

1. If He will that I shall trav - el Where the bit-ter wa-ters flow,
2. If He will that strife surround me, If He will that cares increase,
3. If my path is strewn with blossoms, If the birds a-round me sing,

I've a precious "Branch of Heal - ing" For the bit-ter-ness of woe.
Since His ten-der love hath found me, I can walk in perfect peace.
If no cloud of troub-le low - ers, If the days no sorrow bring,

By the brink of Marah's wa - ters Help me walk with steadfast feet,
An - y path, how-ev-er thorn - y, Is a path to glo-ry fair;
Let me walk as one who watcheth For the Mas-ter to ap - pear;

Rit.

For I know that Thou art with me, And the bitter things grow sweet.
And He walketh with me ev - er, All my griefs to help me bear.
Let me live as in His pres-ence, For my Lord is ev - er near.

Refrain. *Prayerful.*

With me ev - er, with me ev - er! Bless - ed Jesus, Friend divine!

The Branch of Healing.

Cres. *Rit.* . *p* . .

Let me nev-er, let me nev - er Hold my will opposed to Thine.

No. 33. Better Farther On.

Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

Arr. by P. P. Bilhorn,
From Southern Melody.

1. Dark and storm-y is the des-ert Thro' which pilgrims make their way;
2. Hark! a voice from heav-en steal-ing Soft-ly, in an un-der-tone;
3. Night and morn it sings the same song, Sings it while I sleep a-lone;
4. At the grave I'll sing the same song, Tho' my lips to earth are dumb;

Just be-yond the vale of sor-row Lies the field of end-less day.
Hark! I hear the gen-tle whis-per, "It is bet-ter far-ther on."
Sings it so my soul can hear it, "It is bet-ter far-ther on."
Sing it till the morning dawneth, "It is bet-ter far-ther on."

CHORUS.

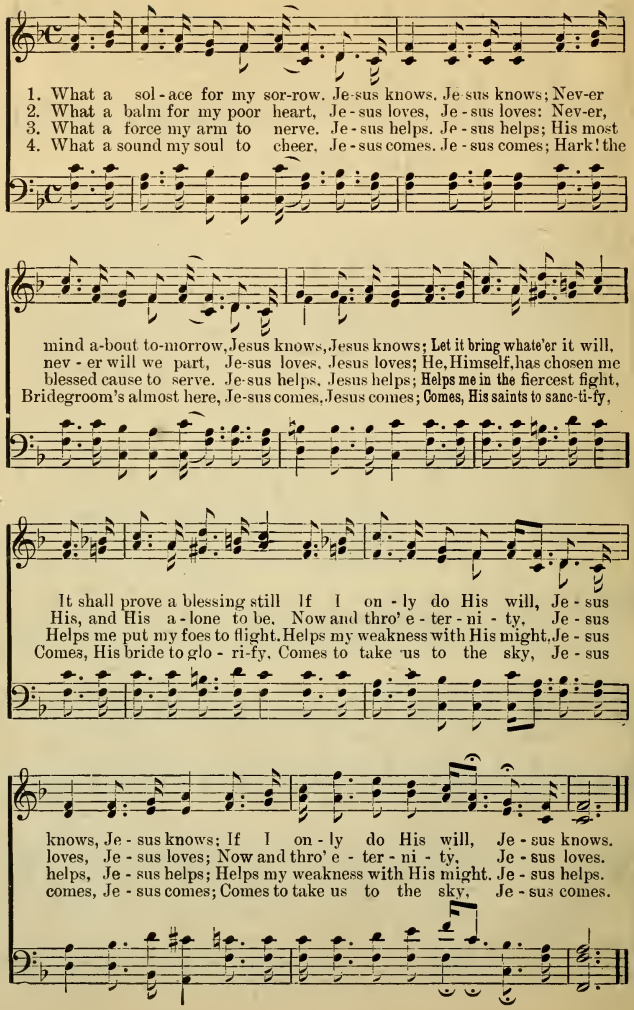
Far-ther on, but how much farther? Count the mile-stones one by one;

Je-sus will for-sake us nev-er, It is bet-ter far-ther on.

No. 34. Jesus Knows.

Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

Wm. J. Scott. Arr. by P. P. Bilhorn.



No. 35. My Father Knoweth.

Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

A. V. J. S. FULLER.

1. Pre-cious tho't, my Fa - ther know-eth, In His love I rest;
2. Pre-cious tho't, my Fa - ther know-eth, Car - eth for His child;
3. Sweet to tell Him all He know-eth, Roll on Him the care,
4. Oh, to trust Him then more ful - ly! Just to sim - ply move

For what-e'er my Fa - ther do - eth Must be al - ways best.
Bids me nes - tle clos - er to Him, When the storms beat wild;
Cast up - on Him-self the bur - den That I can - not bear,
In the con-scious calm en - joy - ment Of the Fa - ther's love,

Well I know the heart that plan-neth Naught but good for me;
Tho' my earth - ly hopes are shat-tered, And the tear - drop fall,
Then, with-out a care op- press-ing, Sim - ply to lie still,
Know-ing that life's chequered path-way Lead - eth to His rest,

Cres.

Joy and sor - row in - ter - wov - en, Love in all I see.
Yet He is Him - self my sol - ace, Yea, my "all in all."
Giv - ing thanks to Him for all things, Since it is His will.
Sat - is - fied the way He tak - eth Must be al - ways best.

No. 36. A Message of Love.

Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

P. P. B. P. P. BILHORN.

1. There came to my heart a sweet mes-sage of love, When I was for-
2. How sweet was the mes-sage that came to my heart, And filled me with
3. And since I am His, and I know He is mine, How sweet is the

sak-en and sad; It came from a-bove like a heav-en-ly dove; It
sunshine and song! My hope did abound when the Sav-ior I found; I
peace He has giv'n! From morning till night He's my joy and delight, A

Cres.

bade me re-joice and be glad; New cour-age a-rose in my
think of Him all the day long, And fol-low-ing close-ly my
bless-ed as-sur-ance of heav'n; In per-fect sub-mis-sion I

Cres.

No. 37. A Message of Love.

Rit. *Tempo.*

soul when I heard Of One who deliv'rance could bring; I bowed in con-
Shepherd and Guide, He leads me where cool waters spring; My soul is re-
fol - low a - long, For He is my Sav-ior and King; And when I have

Cres.

Rit.

Rit.

tri-tion to Jesus, my Lord; Now the won-der-ful sto - ry I sing.
freshed as in Him I a-bide, And re - joic-ing, His prais-es I sing.
joined with the glorified throng, Then for-ev - er this theme I will sing.

Rit.

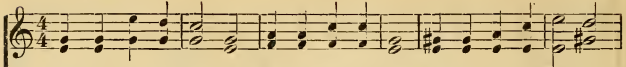
CHORUS.

Sweet, sweet old sto - ry, oft has been told;....

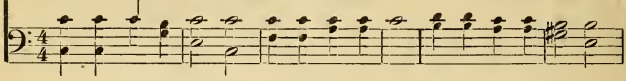
Won - der - ful sto - ry that nev - er grows old (ne'er grows old).

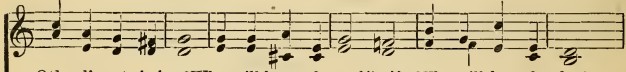
No. 38. Who is on the Lord's Side?

F. R. Havergal. German. Art. by P. P. B.

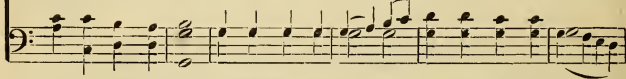


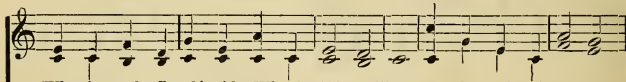
1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His helpers
2. Not for weight of glo-ry, Nor for crown and palm, En-ter we the ar - my,
3. Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem, But with Thine own life-blood,
4. Fierce may be the con-flict, Strong may be the foe, But the King's own ar-my



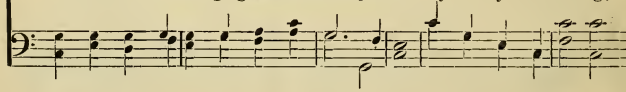


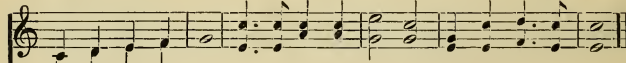
Other lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe?
Raise the warior psalm; But for love that claimeth Lives for whom He died,
For Thy di - a - dem. With Thy blessing filling Each who comes to Thee,
None can o-ver-throw. Round His standard ranging, Victory is se-cure!



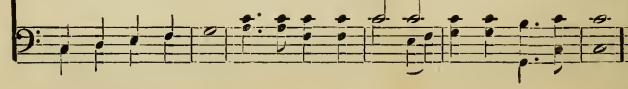


Who is on the Lord's side? Who for Him will go? By Thy call of mer-cy,
He whom Jesus nam-eth Must be on His side, By Thy love constraining,
Thou hast made us willing, Thou hast made us free. By Thy grand redemption,
For His truth unchanging Makes the tri-umph sure. Joy-ful - ly en-list-ing,





By Thy grace di-vine, We are on the Lord's side, Savior, we are Thine!
By Thy grace di-vine, We are on the Lord's side, Savior, we are Thine!
By Thy grace di-vine, We are on the Lord's side, Savior, we are Thine!
By Thy grace di-vine, We are on the Lord's side, Savior, we are Thine!



No. 39. The Beautiful Gate.

Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS.
Arr. by P. P. B.

P. P. BILHORN.

1. A lame man sat at the Beau-ti - ful Gate, Un-heed-ing, the
2. They heard the sad cry at the Beau-ti - ful Gate, Of him that was
3. They took his right hand at the Beau-ti - ful Gate, The peo-ple looked
4. To - day Je - sus stands at the Beau-ti - ful Gate, Oh, ye who would

throng passed by; With pit - i - ful look he asked for an alms,
poor and lame, Of sil - ver and gold they had none to give,
with sur - prise; He, leap-ing up, stood, to God giv-ing praise,
mer - cy claim; Have faith and be-lieve, new life you'll re-ceive;

CHORUS.

As the serv-ants of God drew nigh.
But they healed him in Je - sus' name.
As they bade him in Christ a - rise.
Trust now, in the Sav - ior's name.

By the Beau-ti-ful Gate,
Je - sus wait-eth to heal

1 2

Rit.

by the Beau-ti-ful Gate,
[*Omit.* . . . . .]

All who will come to the Beau-ti - ful Gate.

No. 40. Will There Be Any Stars?

Copyright, 1897, by Jno. R. Sweney.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney. By per.

1. I am thinking to-day of that beau-ti-ful land I shall reach when the
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la-bor and pray, Let me watch as a
3. Oh, what joy it will be when His face I be-hold, Living gems at His

sun goeth down; When thro' wonderful grace by my Savior I stand, Will there
win-ner of souls, That bright stars may be mine in the glo-ri-ous day When His
feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the cit-y of gold, Should there

Chorus.

be a-ny stars in my crown?
praise like the sea-billows rolls.
be a-ny stars in my crown.
} Will there be a-ny stars, a-ny stars in my crown,

When at evening the sun go-eth down?.... When I wake with the blest goeth down?

In the mansions of rest, Will there be a-ny stars in my crown?..... a-ny stars in my crown?

No. 41. Go! Bring Them Back.

Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

C. D. Meigs. P. P. Bilhorn.

1. We hear the plea for try-ing to keep The lambs of the
2. 'Twas not a lamb that wandered a-way, In the par-a-ble
3. Out in the des-ert, out in the cold, A sheep the Good
4. And why should we so ear-nest-ly, long, For sheep of the
5. For lambs will fol-low aft-er the sheep As far as the
6. So with the sheep we ear-nest-ly plead For the sake of the

flock in the fold, And well we may; but what of the sheep, Shall
Je-sus told; A grown-up sheep had gone far a-stray From
Shep-herd sought; Back to the flock, safe in-to the fold, A
flock weep and pray? Be-cause there's dan-ger if they go wrong: They'll
sheep stray a-way; If sheep go wrong it will not be long Till
lambs to-day; If lambs are lost, what ter-ri-ble cost Will

Chorus.

they be left out in the cold?
nine-ty and nine in the fold,
wan-der-ing sheep He brought.
lead the young lambs a-stray.
lambs are as wrong as they.
fall on the sheep to pay.

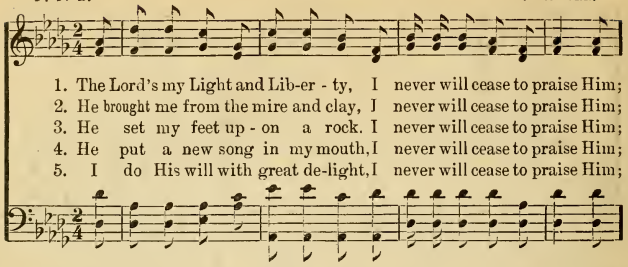
1. No! bring them back to-day, No! bring them
2. Go! bring them back to-day, Go! bring them
3. Who'll bring them back to-day, Who'll bring them

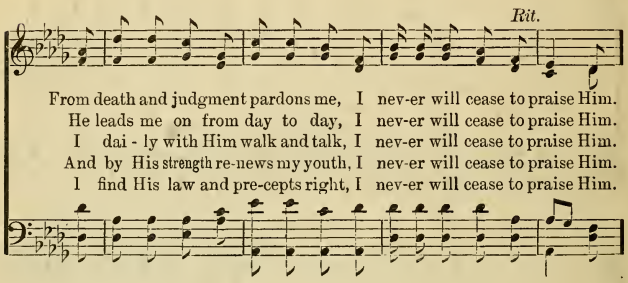
back to-day; No! bring them back to-day, Bring the wand'ring back.
back to-day; Go! bring them back to-day, Bring the wand'ring back.
back to-day; Who'll bring them back to-day, Bring the wand'ring back?

No. 42. I Never Will Cease to Praise Him.

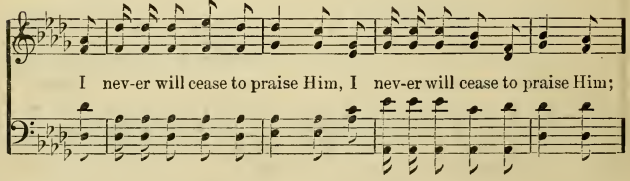
Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P. P Bilhorn.

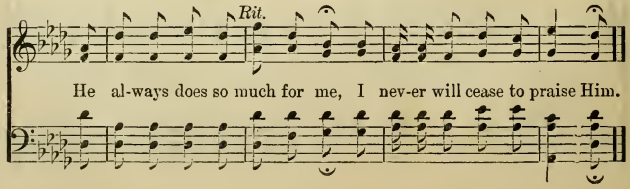
P. P. B. P. P. BILHORN.





CHORUS. *Cheerful.*





No. 43. He Only Knows.

Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

M. B. Fountain. Ferd. Degen
Arr. by P. P. B.

1. No - bod - y knows what I have in my heart, Since Je - sus the
2. No - bod - y knows what I have in my heart. A foun - tain of
3. No - bod - y knows what I have in my heart, Since Christ turned my

Mas - ter has come, And deigns in a soul so un - wor-thy as mine,
rap - tur-ous joys; A faith that ex - ult - ant - ly bears me a - loft,
dark-ness to light; His pres- ence il - lu-mines the depths of my soul

Chorus.

To a - bide and make it His home.
O - ver earth and its glit-ter-ing toys.
With a glo - ry that scat-ters the night.
} He on - ly knows,

He on - ly knows, He on - ly knows what I have in my heart;

He on - ly knows, He on - ly knows; No-bod-y knows but Je - sus.

No. 44. That Dear and Blessed Country.

Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

FLORA KIRKLAND. P. P. BILHORN.

1. To a dear and bless-ed coun-try I am go-ing by and by;
He is faith-ful, who hath promised. He will keep His word with me;
2. Here are man-y bro-ken cis-terns Where the wa-ter seemed so pure;
Deep-est joy and sat-is-fac-tion Wait for all who en-ter in
3. If He bid me tar-ry lon-ger, Let Him have His bless-ed will,
Keep me faith-ful, bless-ed Je-sus, Hold my trembling hand in Thine;

1

I can al-most see the por-tal Of my man-sion in the sky.
But, up there, the liv-ing wa-ters Spring-eth full and free and sure.
For I long to do His bid-ding, And His pur-pose to ful-fil;

2

I shall see Him in yon cit-y, If I fol-low faith-ful-ly.
To that dear and bless-ed coun-try Where shall be no taint of sin.
I would fail and fall with-out Thee, But Thy hand en-fold-eth mine.

CHORUS. *Joyful.*

I am go-ing by and by to my man-sion in the sky, To a
Where we'll meet to-part no more on the bright and shining shore Where my

1 2

home where all the loved ones I shall see; Savior and my loved ones wait for me.

No. 45. The Beautiful Light.

Copyright, 1887, by Jno. R. Sweney Used by per.

R. Kelso Carter. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Je-sus is the light, the way, We are walk-ing in the light, We are
2. We who know our sins for-giv'n, We are walk-ing in the light, We are
3. As we jour-ney here be-low, We are walk-ing in the light, We are
4. We will sing His pow'r to save, We are walk-ing in the light, We are

walk-ing in the light; Shining brighter day by day, We are walking in the
walk-ing in the light; Find on earth the joy of heav'n, We are walking in the
walk-ing in the light; Oh, what joy and peace we know, We are walking in the
walk-ing in the light; We will triumph o'er the grave, We are walking in the

Refrain.

beau-ti-ful light of God. We are walk - ing in the light, We are
Walking in the light, beautiful light of God,

walk - - ing in the light, We are walk - - ing in the
Walking in the light, beau-ti-ful light of God, Walking in the light,

light,..... We are walking in the beau-ti - ful light of God.
walk-ing in the light,

No. 46. The Redeemed are Marching In.

Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

INA DULEY OGDON. P. P. BILHORN.

1. Strike the ti-dings, O ye an-gels, The redeemed are pressing home;
2. In the dark-ness they were wand'ring, Ere they sought the living Way;
3. Come, ye sin-ful, come, ye wea-ry, He will cleanse and give you rest;
4. What a welcome! what re-joic-ing! What a hap-py day 'twill be!

Bells of heav-en ring their welcome, To the por-tals they are come.
Safe-ly on-ward Je-sus leads them, To the land of per-fect day.
Je-sus calls you, has-ten homeward, Hear that wel-come to the blest.
Christ is ris-en! shout ho-san-na! Sing a song of vic-to-ry.

CHORUS.

Strike the ti - - - - - dings, swing the por-tals, For the
Strike the tidings, strike the ti-dings,

blood..... has washed from sin. Swell the an-them,
blood has saved and washed us from our sin.

ring the wel-come. The re-deemed are march-ing in.

No. 47. Sweet Peace, the Gift of God's Love.

Copyright, 1887, and 1889, by P. P. Bilhorn.

P. P. B. PETER P. BILHORN.

1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain, (sweet strain,) A glad and a joy - ous re - frain, (re - frain,) I sing it a-gain and a - gain, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
2. Thro' Christ on the cross peace was made, (was made,) My debt by his death was all paid, (all paid,) No oth - er foun-da-tion is laid, For peace, the gift of God's love.
3. When Je - sus as Lord I had crowned, (had crowned,) My heart with this peace did a - bound, (a - bound,) In Him the rich blessing I found, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
4. In Je - sus for peace I a - bide, (a - bide,) And as I keep close to His side, (His side,) There's noth-ing but peace doth be - tide, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

CHORUS.

Peace, peace, sweet peace, Won-der-ful gift from a - bove, (a-bove,)

Rit.

Oh, won-der-ful, won-der-ful peace, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

No. 48. Onward and Upward.

Copyright, 1890, by John R. Sweney, by per.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Onward still, and up-ward, Fol-low ev-er-more Where our mighty
2. Onward, ev - er on-ward, Thro' the pastures green, Where the streams flow
3. Upward, ev - er up-ward, T'ward the ra-diand glow, Far a-bove the

Leader Goes in love before; "Looking un-to Je-sus," Reach a helping hand
soft-ly Un-der skies se-rene; Or, if need be, upward, O'er the rock-y steep,
valley, Where the mist hangs low; On, with songs of gladness, Till the march shall end

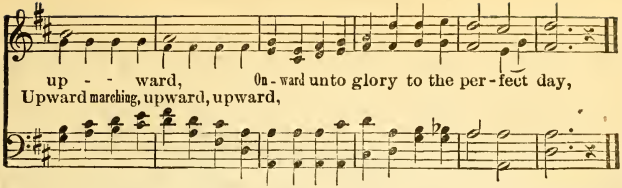
Chorus.

To a struggling neighbor, Helping him to stand. Marching on - -
Trusting Him to guide us, Strong to save and keep.
Where ten thousand thousand Hal-le-lu-jahs blend. Marching onward, marching

ward, up - - - ward, Marching stead-i-ly
onward, onward, Upward marching, upward upward,

On-ward, Je-sus leads the way, Marching on - - - ward,
onward, marching onward, onward,

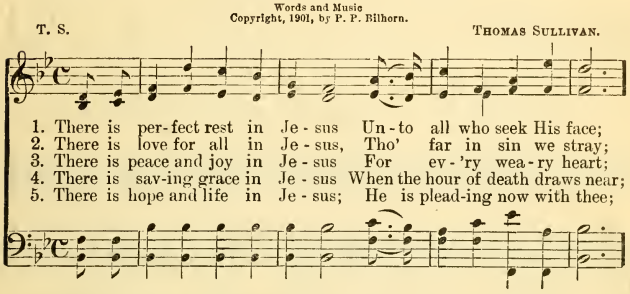
Onward and Upward.

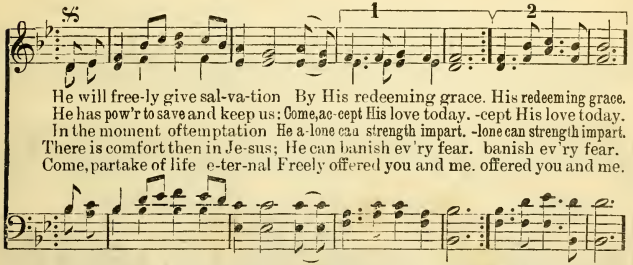


No. 49. There is Rest in Jesus.

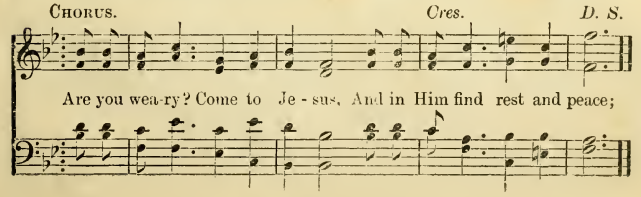
Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

T. S. THOMAS SULLIVAN.





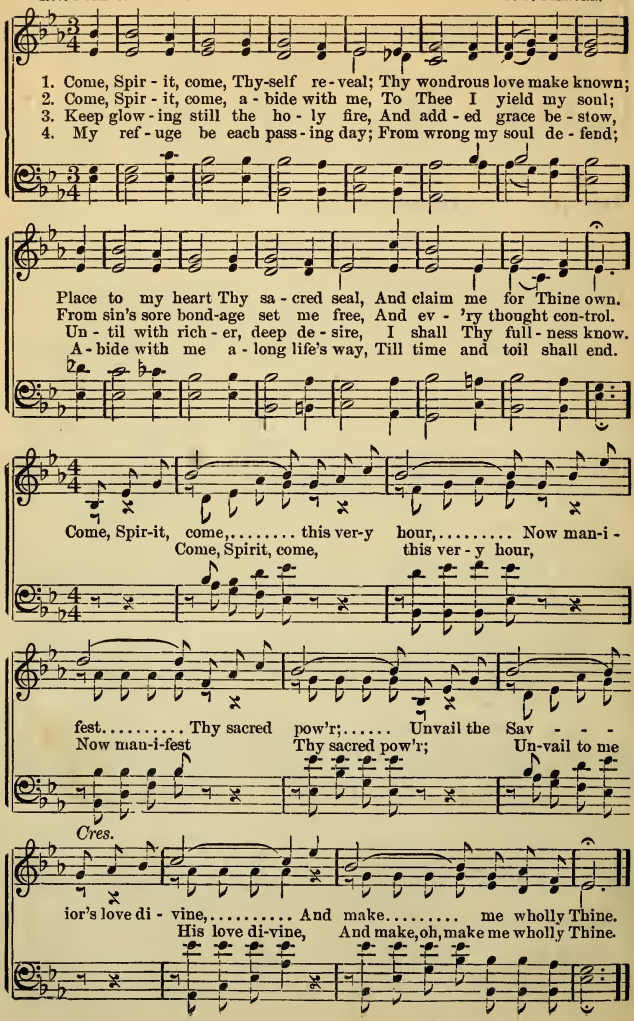
D.S. Are you sad? Come now to Jesus; He will . . . . . bid your sorrows cease.



No. 50. Come, Spirit, Come.

Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

Rev. Ford C. Ottman. P. P. Bilhorn.

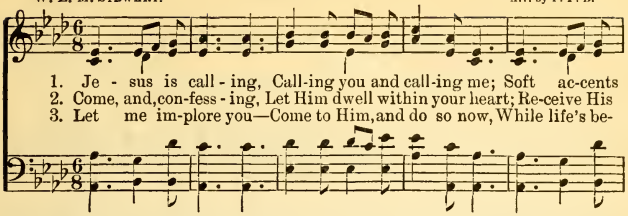


No. 51. Jesus is Calling.

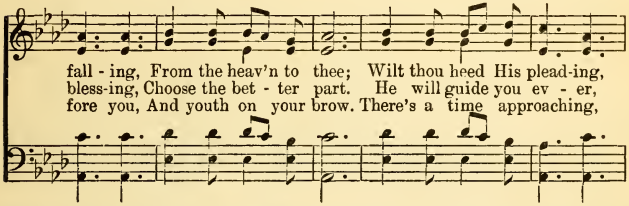
Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

W. E. M. Stewart.

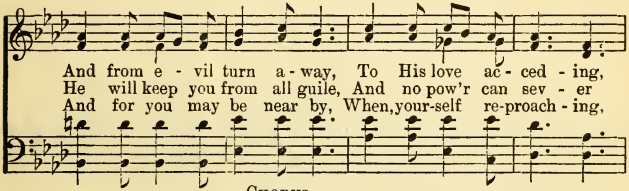
Ferd. Degen.
Arr. by P. P. B.



1. Je - sus is call - ing, Call-ing you and call-ing me; Soft ac-cents
2. Come, and, con-fess - ing, Let Him dwell within your heart; Re-ceive His
3. Let me im-plore you—Come to Him, and do so now, While life's be-

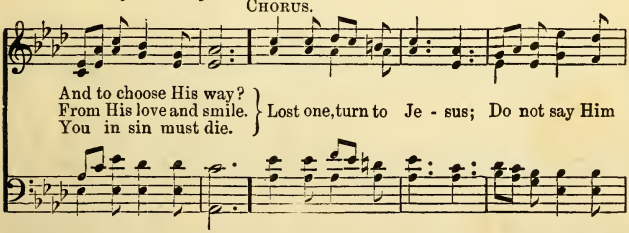


fall - ing, From the heav'n to thee; Wilt thou heed His plead-ing,
bless-ing, Choose the bet - ter part. He will guide you ev - er,
fore you, And youth on your brow. There's a time approaching,

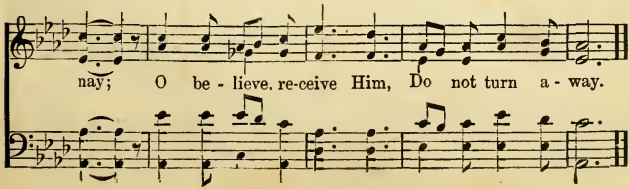


And from e - vil turn a - way, To His love ac - ced - ing,
He will keep you from all guile, And no pow'r can sev - er
And for you may be near by, When, your-self re-proach - ing,

Chorus.



And to choose His way?
From His love and smile.
You in sin must die.
} Lost one, turn to Je - sus; Do not say Him



nay; O be - lieve, re-ceive Him, Do not turn a - way.

No. 52. The End of the Journey is Near.

Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

INA DULEY OGDON. P. P. BILHORN.

1. Has the journey been long? Has the val - ley been dark? Was the
2. 'Tis the riv - er that flows thro' the cit - y of gold, And the
3. You shall rest at the feet of the Shepherd at last, With a

des - ert so bar-ren and drear? You shall rest safe be - side the still
gate stands a - jar at the shore; By the wa - ters of life you shall
rap-ture by mor-tals un - known; You were lost but are found, and the

wa - ters, for, hark! 'Tis the sound of the riv - er I hear.
rest in the fold, In those pas - tures to hun - ger no more.
dan - ger is past, For the Shep-herd will shel - ter His own.

REFRAIN. *p* *m* *Cres.*

Murmuring low, sweetly and low, The sound of the river I hear (I hear);

Final ending if desired.

m *p* *Rit. pp*

Murmuring low, sweetly and low. The end of the journey is near. murmuring low.

No. 53. Walking With Jesus.

Words and Music
Copyright, 190·, by P. P. Bilhorn.

H. L. B. HARRY L. BROOKS.

1. Walking in the bless-ed light of Je - sus' love, Walk-ing ev -'ry hour,
2. Sav-ior, keep me walking in the nar-row way, Walk-ing ev -'ry hour,
3. Walking by the riv - er on the gold-en shore, Walk-ing ev -'ry hour,

walk-ing ev - 'ry day; Walk-ing in the strength He gives us from a-bove,
walk-ing ev - 'ry day; Save me from the tempter's fie - ry darts and pow'r,
walk-ing ev - 'ry day; Walk-ing in the Sav-ior's presence ev - er- more,

REFRAIN.

Walk-ing with Je - sus a - lone. Walk - ing with
Save me, O Je - sus, I pray.
Walk-ing with Je - sus at home. Walk-ing in the sun-shine,

Je - sus, Walk-ing ev -'ry day, walk-ing all the way,
walk-ing in the shad-ow,

Walk - ing with Je - sus, Walking with Jesus a - lone.
Walking in the sunshine, walking in the shadow,

No. 54. The Water of Salvation.

Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

INA DULEY OGDON. P. P. BILHORN.

1. Have you heard of the fount of sal - va - tion? Have you heard of the
2. From the Rock that was cleft for all a - ges, Flows that stream for the
3. Would you know of the joy and com-plete-ness Of the life that is

Sav-ior, who died That each creature, and kindred, and na - tion,
sin-wea-ry soul; Tho' the storm in the des-ert still ra - ges,
giv-en a - new? You have on - ly to drink of the sweet-ness

REFRAIN.

Might partake of the life-giv-ing tide?
'Twill en-dure, you may drink, and be whole.
Of the fount that was o-pened for you.
O come to the fount of sal-

va - tion, Then come to the life-giv-ing tide; Ev-'ry crea-ture, and

kin-dred, and na - tion, All may drink of the life-giv-ing tide.

No. 55. When the Pearly Gates Unfold.

Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

JENNIE E. HUSSEY. P. P. BILHORN.

1. When our feet have reached the summit of the wea - ry hills of earth,
2. Just be-yond the riv - er Jor - dan are sweet fields of liv - ing green,
3. Through the val - ley of the shad - ow we may journey un - dismayed,

And the morn - ing light is break - ing o'er the sea; Then our
And the fair, im-mor - tal flow - ers we shall see; While life's
If we trust His "Fear not, I will be with thee; When thou

D. S.—We shall

hearts shall know no sad - ness when the mists shall clear away, And the
riv - er flow - eth ev - er by the great, white throne of God, When the
pass - est through the wa-ters thou shalt by my strength be stayed," Till the

know no care nor sor - row, On that res - ur - rec - tion day, When the

FINE. CHORUS.

pearl - y gates un - fold for you and me. There our hearts shall know no

pearl - y gates un-fold for you and me.

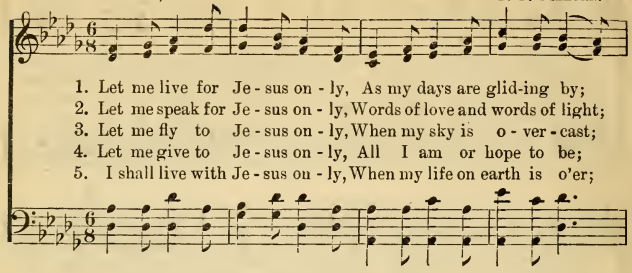
D. S.

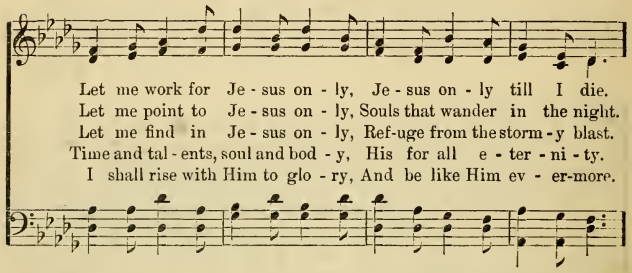
sadness, by and by, (by and by,) But love, joy and gladness, there on high;

No. 56. Jesus Only.

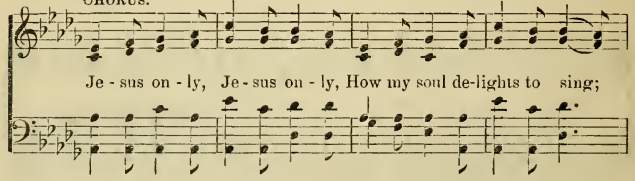
Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

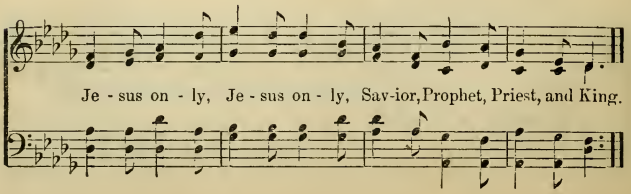
Rev. S. S. Cryor, D. D. P. P. Bilhorn.





Chorus.





No. 57. Victory Through Grace.

Copyright, 1890, by Jno. R. Sweney.

SALLIE MARTIN. JNO. R. SWENEY. By per.

1. Conquering now and still to conquer, Rid-eth a King in His might;
2. Conquering now and still to conquer, Who is this won-der-ful King?
3. Conquering now and still to conquer, Je-sus, Thou Rul-er of all;

Leading the host of all the faithful In-to the midst of the fight;
Whence are the armies which He leadeth, While of His glo-ry they sing?
Thrones and their sceptres all shall perish, Crowns and their splendor shall fall;

See them with courage ad-vane-ing, Clad in their brilliant ar-ray,
He is our Lord and Re-deem-er, Sav-ior and Monarch di-vine,
Yet shall the ar-mies Thou lead-est, Faithful and true to the last,

FINE.

Shouting the name of their Lead-er, Hear them ex-ult-ing-ly say:
They are the stars that for-ev-er Bright in His kingdom will shine.
Find, in Thy mansions e-ter-nal, Rest, when their warfare is past.

D.S.—*Yet to the true and the faithful, Vic-t'ry is promised thro' grace.*

D. S.

CHORUS.

Not to the strong is the bat-tle, Not to the swift is the race;

No. 58. There is Nothing Like Communion.

Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

INA DULEY OGDON. P. P. BILHORN.

1. Wealth can give ex - alt - ed station, of its won-ders I am told;
2. I was poor, despised, for-sak-en, Yet He drew me to His side;
3. Of my sor-rows and my tri-als I have told Him, He has heard;
4. In those mansions of my Fa-ther, I shall join Him some glad day;

But there's nothing like com-mun-ion with my Sav - ior; When I
There is noth-ing like com-mun-ion with my Sav - ior; With the
There is noth-ing like com-mun-ion with my Sav - ior; And His
There is noth-ing like com-mun-ion with my Sav - ior; I have

come in - to His presence, what is sil - ver? what is gold? There is
rich - es of His blessings I am ful - ly sat - is - fied; There is
sym - pa - thy and coun-sel He has left me in His word; There is
gathered there my treasures, they will nev - er fade a - way; There is

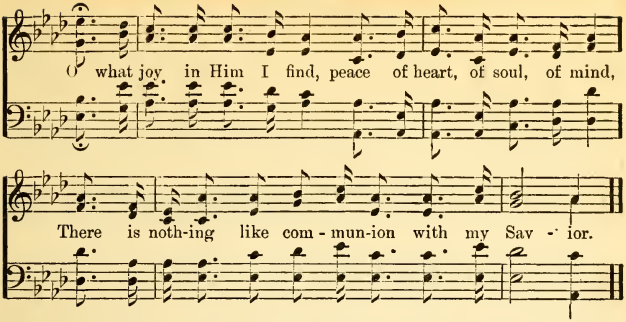
CHORUS.

nothing like communion with my Sav - ior. Sweet communion, blest com-

mun - ion, There is nothing like His love revealed to me;

revealed to me;

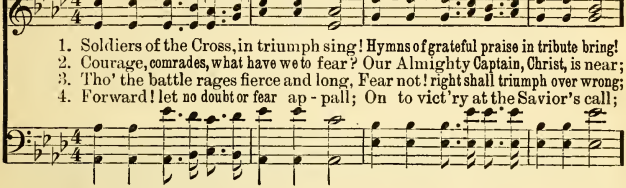
There is Nothing Like Communion.

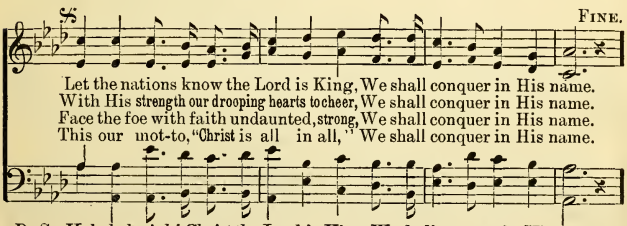


No. 59. We Shall Conquer in His Name.

Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

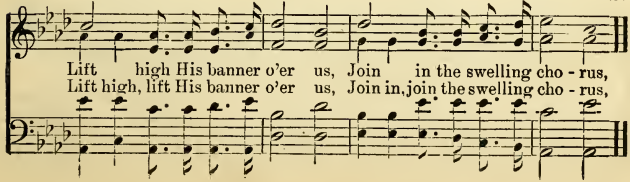
THOMAS SULLIVAN. P. P. BILHORN.





D. S.-Hal - le-lu-jah! Christ the Lord is King, We shall conquer in His name.

CHORUS. *D. S.*



No. 60. Lonely Hearts to Cherish.

Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

FERD. DEGEN.
Arr. by P. P. B.

1. There are lone - ly hearts to cher-ish, While the days are go - ing by;
2. There's no time for i - dle scorning, While the days are go - ing by;
3. All the lov - ing links that bind us, While the days are go - ing by,

There are wea - ry souls who per-ish, While the days are go - ing by;
Let our face be like the morning, While the days are go - ing by;
One by one we leave be-hind us, While the days are go - ing by;

If a smile we can re - new, As our jour - ney we pur-sue,
Oh! the world is full of sighs, Full of sad and weep- ing eyes;
But the seeds of good we sow, Both in shade and shine will grow,

Oh, the good we all may do, While the days are go - ing by.
Help your fall - en broth - ers rise, While the days are go - ing by.
And will keep our hearts a - glow, While the days are go - ing by.

CHORUS.

Are go - ing by (are go - ing by), are go-ing by (are go-ing by), While the

Lonely Hearts to Cherish.

Cres.

days (while the days) are go-ing by; If a smile (if a smile) we can re-

new,..... While the days..... are go ing by.
new can renew, While the days, while the days are go-ing by, go-ing by.

No. 61. Trusting in His Promise.

Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

Rev. Chas. W. Fletcher. J. S. Fuller.

1. Trusting in His prom-ise, "I will not cast out;" Lost, I came to
2. Trusting in His prom-ise, "Peace I leave with you;" Anxious care was
3. Trusting in His prom-ise, "I will come a-gain;" Pray'r-ful-ly I'm

Je - sus, From my sin and doubt; There I found a wel - come.
ban - ished By His prom-ise true; Storms of fear sub-sid - ing,
watch - ing For His earth-ly reign; Keep me faith - ful, Mas - ter.

Par-don full and free; Life and hope He gave me For e-ter-ni - ty.
Left a ho - ly calm; Once a cry of an-guish, Now a peaceful psalm.
By Thy lov - ing grace, Till my eyes in rap - ture Shall behold Thy face.

No. 62. For Every Good and Perfect Gift.

Words and Music
Copyright, 1899, by P.P.Bilhorn.

JENNIE E. HUSSEY. Arr. by P. P. B. P. P. BILHORN.

1. For the blessings all unnumbered Thou hast showered at our feet,
2. For the way which Thou hast led us Out of darkness in - to light,
3. May our lives re-flect-ing heav-en To the souls that know not God,

For the flowers in our pathway, And the rest-ing - plac - es sweet;
For the radiant bow of prom-ise Aft - er clouds of deep - est night;
Like a ben - e-dic-tion giv - en Pointing to re-demp-tion blood;

There were palms and wells refreshing Af-ter heat - ed des-ert sand,
For new strength to bear our crosses Pa-tient - ly and humble too,
That we all in Thy great glo-ry With the hosts re-deemed a - bove

Rit.

And the great rock's blessed shadow Cast up - on a wea-ry land.
For the friends who walk be-side us—Friends with loving hearts and true.
Sing and tell the joy-ful sto - ry Of our Savior's dy-ing love.

CHORUS.

For ev-'ry good.....and per - fect gift..... that cometh

Ev - 'ry good and per - fect, per-fect gift that cometh

For Every Good and Perfect Gift.

from a - bove, that com-eth from a - bove

from a - bove, that com-eth from a - bove we ren - der

prais - es un - to Thee,.... Oh, blessed Lord of light and love.

render prais-es un - to, unto Thee, Oh, blessed Lord of light and love.

No. 63. Just a Ray of Sunshine.

Words and Music
Copyright, 1899, by P. P. Bilhorn.

ADA BLENKHORN. P. P. BILHORN.

1. Just a ray of sun - shine Break-ing through the gloom,
2. Just a lit - tle kind - ness, Bright and sun - ny smile,
3. Words and smiles so kind - ly Like the sun-shine fall,

Makes the earth re - joice a - gain And the flowers to bloom;
Makes the sad heart sing a - gain All its cares be - guile.
Let your presence ev - er be Blessings un - to all;

Rit

Makes the earth re - joice a-gain And makes the flowers to bloom.
Makes the sad heart sing a-gain And all its cares be - guile.
Let your pre-sence ev - er be Rich bless-ings un - to all.

No. 64. Come Unto Me.

Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

E. E. Hewitt. F. Degen. Arr. by P. P. B.

m

1. Come un - to Je - sus, all ye that lab - or, All that are wea - ry,
2. Bring Him the bur - den, heav - i - ly press - ing, Tell Him the sor - row
3. Lose not a mo - ment, haste to your Sav - ior, Ere the bright daybeams
4. Come un - to Je - sus, Sav - ior and Bro - ther, Sure - ly you need Him,

sad and oppressed; Still He is call - ing, oh, friend and neighbor,
hid in your breast; Sin and transgression free - ly con - fess - ing,
fade in the west; Ask - ing His mer - cy, seek - ing His fa - vor,
pur - est and best; Tru - er than fa - ther, fond - er than moth - er,

f Chorus.

Come un - to me, and I will give you rest.
Come un - to Him, and He will give you rest.
Come un - to Him, and He will give you rest.
Come un - to Him, and He will give you rest.
} Down thro' the a - ges,

m *Cres.*

sweet - ly 'tis ring - ing, This word of Je - sus, come and be blest; Sweeter than

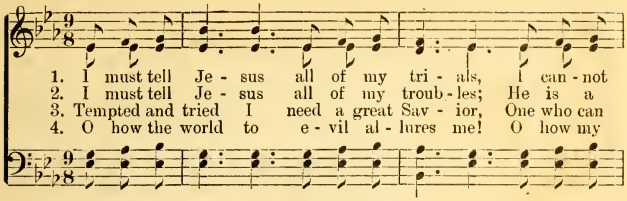
f *Rit.*

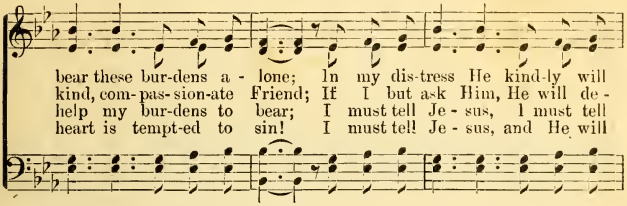
car - ols an - gels are sing - ing, "Come un - to me, and I will give you rest."

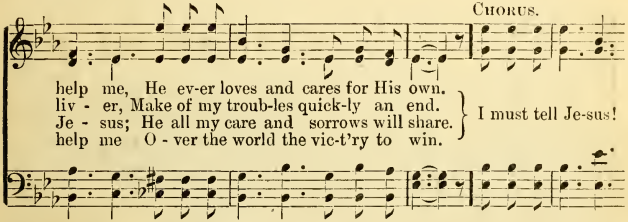
No. 65. I Must Tell Jesus.

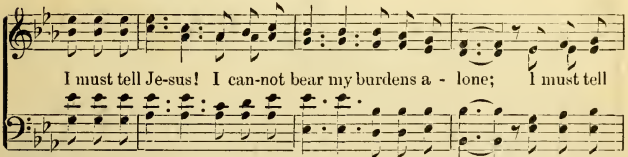
Copyright, 1893, by The Hoffman Music Co. Hope Pub. Co., owner.

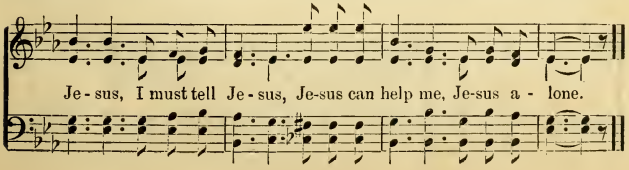
E. A. H. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.











No. 66. Always Go to Jesus.

Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

INA DULEY OGDON. P. P. BILHORN.

1. If we al-ways go to Je-sus when the bil-lows roll, If we
2. If we al-ways go to Je-sus when the tear-drops fall, When the
3. If we on-ly look to Je-sus in the dark-some vale, When the

tell Him all the tri-als of our bur-dened soul, In the
waves of grief sur-round us, go and tell Him all, He will
Jor-dan clos-es o'er us, we shall still pre-vail, We shall

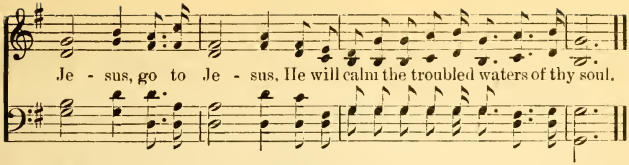
con-flict we shall win, we shall triumph o-ver sin, He will
bid our woes de-part, He will heal the bro-ken-heart, On-ly
safe-ly stem the tide, we shall reach His shelt'ring side, Al-ways

CHORUS.

drive a-way the tempter of the soul.
let Him share thy sorrows; tell Him all.
trust-ing in His promise; still prevail.
} Go to Je-sus, go to

Je-sus, Go to Je-sus when the storm-y bil-lows roll, Go to

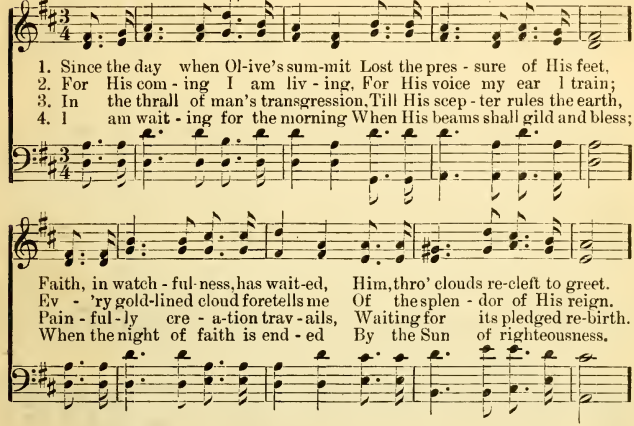
Always Go to Jesus.



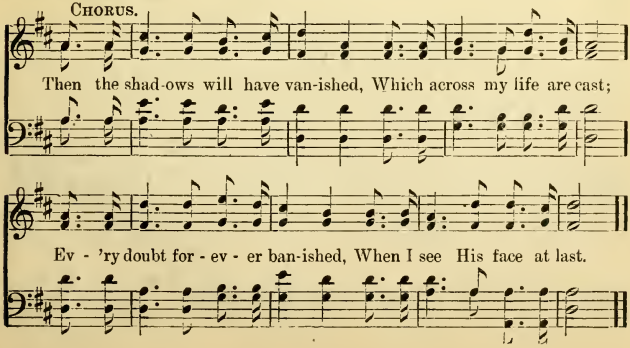
No. 67. Waiting.

Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

Rev. Chas. W. Fletcher. Ferd. Degen. Arr. by P. P. B.



Chorus.



No. 68. Songs by Night.

Jno. R. Clements.

Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

Ferd Degen.
Arr. by P. P. B.

1. Are you with some sor-row burdened, On your way no ray of light?
2. Paul and Si - las, pris- on-fast-ened, Shook the jail with earthquake might;
3. It is oft in saddest mo-ments That our souls take highest flight;

Strain your ear, all heaven's watching; God can give you songs by night.
Bands were rent and doors were opened: God had giv - en songs by night.
And to strains of sweet-est mu - sic God doth set the songs by night.

Chorus.

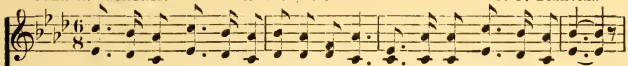
Wea - ry soul,..... cease thy re - pin - ing, Bur-dened
O wea - ry soul, cease thy re-pin-ing,

one,.....God's ways are right, Ev'ry cloud ..... has sil - ver
O burdened one, God's ways are right; Yes, ev-'ry cloud

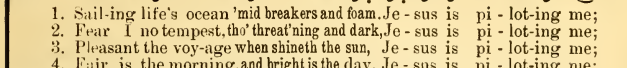
lin - ing; God can give..... you songs by night.....
has sil-ver lin-ing; God can give you songs by night, songs by night.

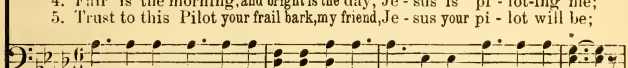
No. 69. Jesus is Piloting Me.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. Words and Music Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn. P. P. BILHORN.

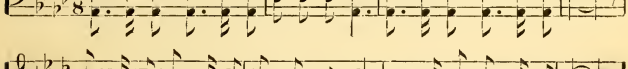


1. Sail-ing life's ocean 'mid breakers and foam, Je - sus is pi - lot-ing me;
2. Fear I no tempest, tho' threat'ning and dark, Je - sus is pi - lot-ing me;
3. Pleasant the voy-age when shineth the sun, Je - sus is pi - lot-ing me;
4. Fair is the morning, and bright is the day, Je - sus is pi - lot-ing me;
5. Trust to this Pilot your frail bark, my friend, Je - sus your pi - lot will be;

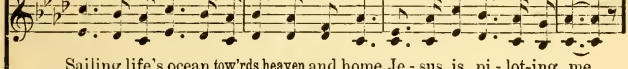




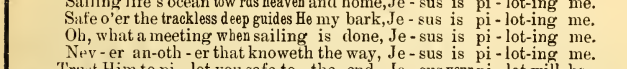
Sailing life's ocean tow'rds heaven and home, Je - sus is pi - lot-ing me.
Safe o'er the trackless deep guides He my bark, Je - sus is pi - lot-ing me.
Oh, what a meeting when sailing is done, Je - sus is pi - lot-ing me.
Nev - er an-oth - er that knoweth the way, Je - sus is pi - lot-ing me.
Trust Him to pi - lot you safe to the end, Je - sus your pi - lot will be.



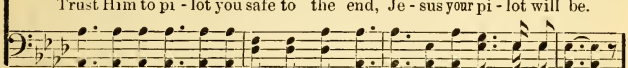
CHORUS.



Je - sus is pi - lot-ing me, Je - sus is pi - lot-ing me; Safe in-to



port my bark He will bring; Storm-clouds may hov-er, yet to Him I'll cling;



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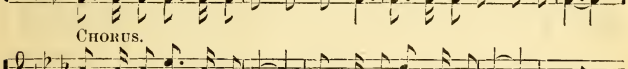
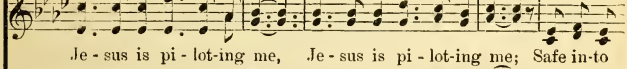


He's the sure Pi-lot, His praises I'll sing; Je - sus is pi - lot-ing me.



No. 70. The Lord's Vineyard.

Words and Music
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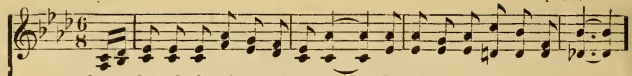
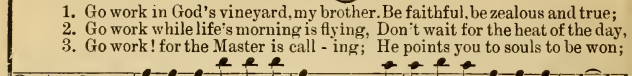
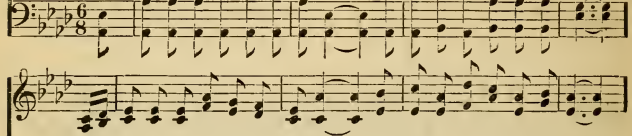
O. W. PETTID.

FERD. DEGEN.
Arr. by P. P. B.

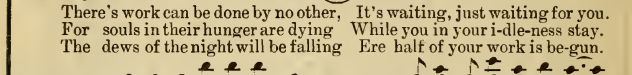


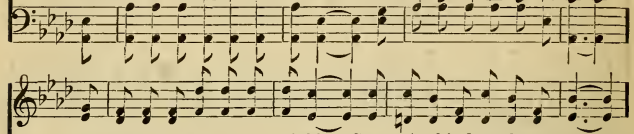
1. Go work in God's vineyard, my brother. Be faithful, be zealous and true;
2. Go work while life's morning is flying, Don't wait for the heat of the day,
3. Go work! for the Master is call - ing; He points you to souls to be won;



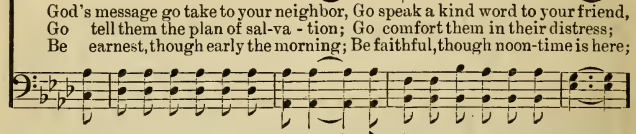


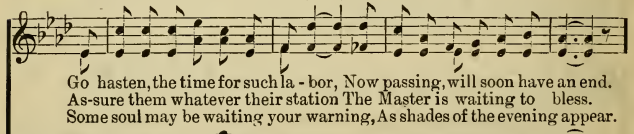
There's work can be done by no other, It's waiting, just waiting for you.
For souls in their hunger are dying While you in your i-dle-ness stay.
The dews of the night will be falling Ere half of your work is be-gun.



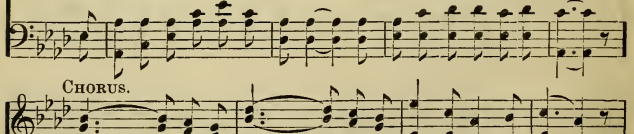


God's message go take to your neighbor, Go speak a kind word to your friend,
Go tell them the plan of sal-va - tion; Go comfort them in their distress;
Be earnest, though early the morning; Be faithful, though noon-time is here;

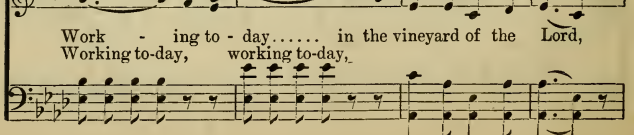




Go hasten, the time for such la - bor, Now passing, will soon have an end.
As-sure them whatever their station The Master is waiting to bless.
Some soul may be waiting your warning, As shades of the evening appear.



CHORUS.



Work - ing to - day..... in the vineyard of the Lord,
Working to-day, working to-day,

The Lord's Vineyard.

Till..... He shall call..... us to gath - er round His throne;
Till He shall call, till He shall call

Then..... we shall hear..... from our Lord these bless-ed words;
Then we shall hear, then we shall hear

Come,..... all ye loved,..... to your bless-ed home.
Come, all ye loved, come, all ye loved,

No. 71. Awake, My Tongue, Thy Tribute Bring.

JOHN NEEDHAM. (DUKE STREET.) JOHN HATTON.

1. Awake, my tongue, thy tribute bring To Him who gave thee power to sing;
2. How vast His knowledge! how profound! A deep where all our tho'ts are drowned;
3. Thro' each bright world above, behold Ten thousand thousand charms untold;
4. But in redemption, oh, what grace! Its wonders, oh, what thought can trace!

Praise Him who is all praise a - bove, The source of wis-dom and of love.
The stars He numbers, and their names He gives to all those heavenly flames.
Earth, air, and mighty seas com-bine To speak His wisdom all di - vine.
Here, wisdom shines for-ever bright; Praise Him, my soul, with sweet delight.

No. 72. He is Coming Again.

Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

P. P. B. P. P. Bilhorn.

1. Saved by grace, oh, won-der-ful sto - ry, Je - sus, the Sav - ior, has come from on high; Saved by grace, an heir to His glo - ry,
2. Saved by grace, and jus - ti - fied free - ly, Je - sus, the Cru - ci - fied, rose from the grave; Saved by grace, oh, mar-vel - ous deal - ing,
3. Saved by grace, and sanc-ti - fied thro' Him, Christ, the As-cend - ed, now pleads for His own; Saved by grace, I sing hal - le - lu - jah!
4. Saved by grace, oh, bless-ed sal - va - tion, Christ, the Re-deem - er, is com - ing a - gain; Saved by grace, oh, glo - ri - ous sta - tion,

Chorus. *Joyful.*

I shall in-her - it it by and by.
Life ev - er-last-ing to me He gave.
I shall behold Him up-on His throne.
Je - sus is com-ing, coming to reign.
} Saved by grace, oh, wonderful sto - ry, Sing it o'er and o'er a - gain; Saved by grace, oh, tell of His glo - ry, Je - sus is com - ing. coming a - gain.

No. 73. Bound for The Beautiful Shore.

JNO. R. CLEMENTS.

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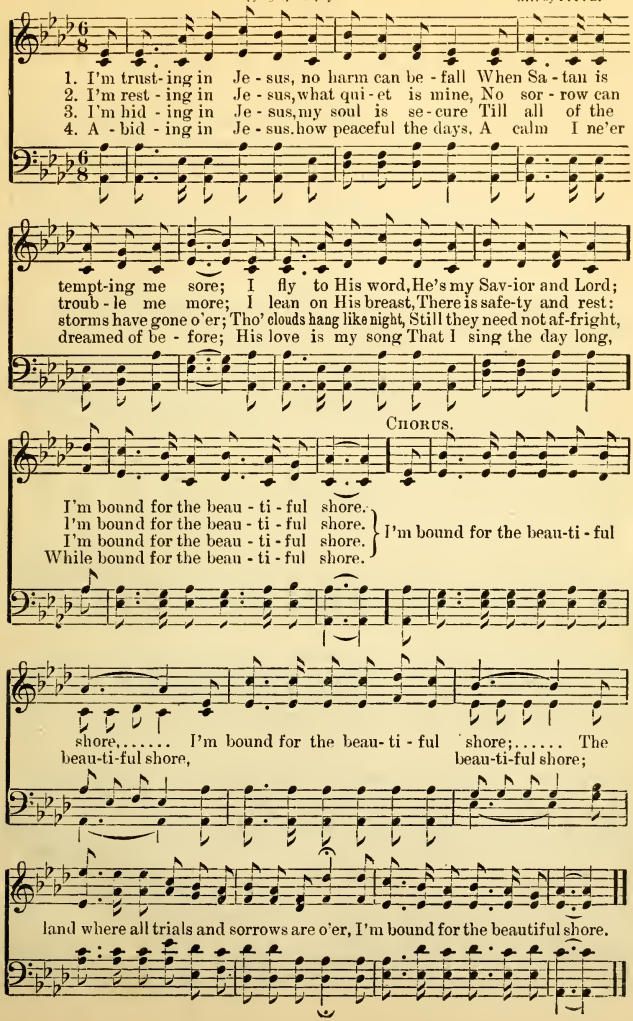
FERD DEGEN.
Arr. by P. P. B.



No. 74. Peace, Be Still!

Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

CHARLES GOULD BEEDE. P. P. BILHORN.

1. Tho' torn and tossed by wind and wave, O Helmsman, on Thy love I lean;
2. Tho' lulled on si-ren-sea to sleep, In dreams I see Thy shadowy form,
3. Tho' all the pow'rs of darkness hurled, Burst round my head, I know Thy might,
4. And so my soul sails on its way; Both storm and calm Thy love fulfill;

Tho' un-der me a yawning grave—I know Thy mercies stand between.
For love is crad-led in the deep, And bosomed on the sweeping storm.
And look beyond time's changing world, And see Thy hav-en thro' the night.
I hear Thy voice and I o-bey, And cry un-to my soul, Be still!

CHORUS.

Rit.

I'll trust in Thee; I'll watch and pray; When doubts assail me Thou wilt say—

p *p* *m* *p* *Rit.* *p* *m* *p*

Peace, peace, peace, be still! Peace, peace, be still!
Peace be still!

No. 75. There'll Be No Dark Valley.

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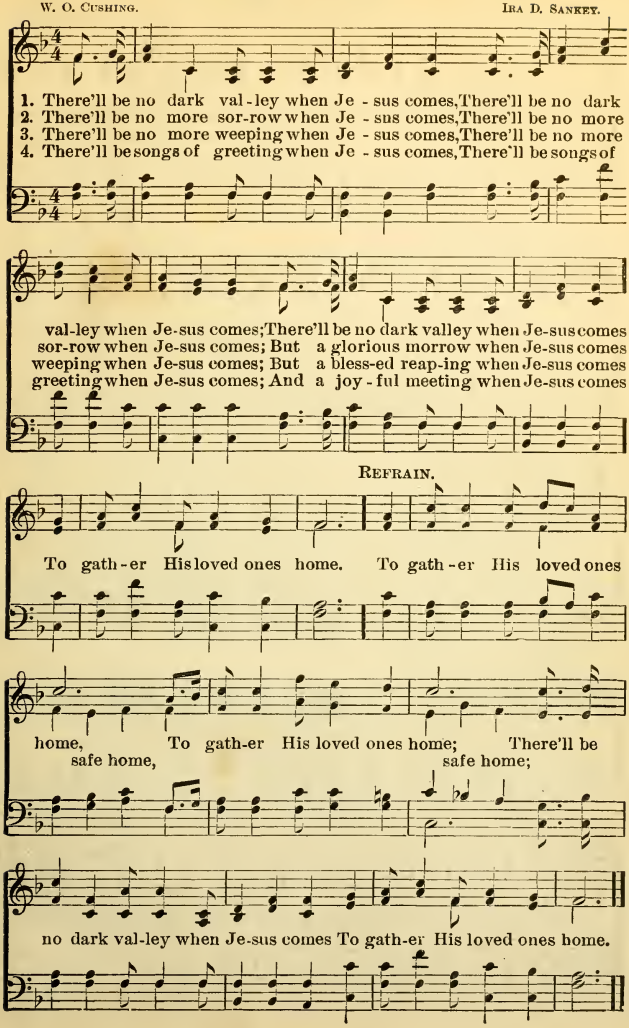
W. O. Cushing. Ira D. Sankey.



No. 76. We Shall See His Face.

Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

JENNIE E. HUSSEY.

FERD DEGEN.
Arr. by P. P. B.

1. Bless-ed tho't, that when our earthly toils are o'er. And we gath-er on the
2. All the saved shall walk there by the stream of life; There shall en-ter naught of
3. And the Spir- it and the Bride are saying, Come, And let him that is a-

bright, e - ter - nal shore, We shall see His blessed face, We shall
sor - row, sin or strife; Where the kings of earth bring in All the
thirst fear not to come; Then let who - so -ev - er will, Of the

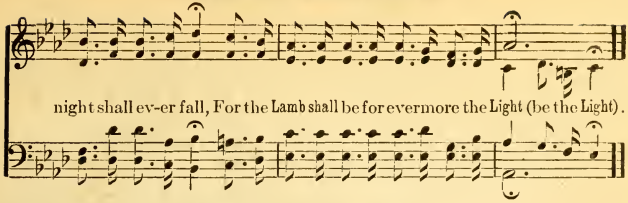
praise His wondrous grace; As His servants we shall serve Him ev-er - more.
glo - ry which they win, And all names are written in the Book of Life.
o - ver-flow - ing rill, Free -ly take, and bid his hear-ers now to come.

CHORUS.

We shall see His face, We shall sing His grace. And His name up-on our

foreheads He will write (He will write). Where no e - vil shall ap-pal, Where no

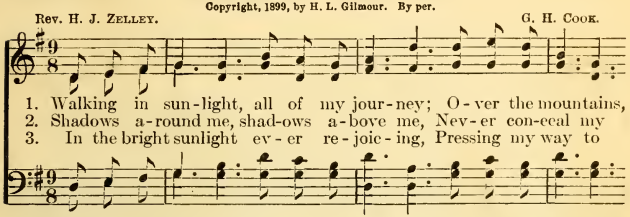
We Shall See His Face.

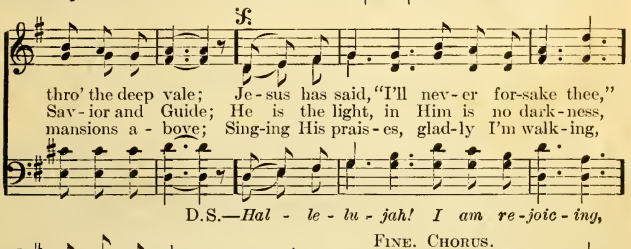


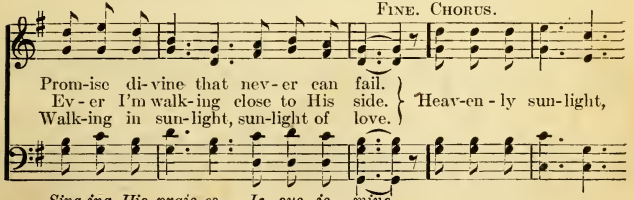
No. 77. Heavenly Sunlight.

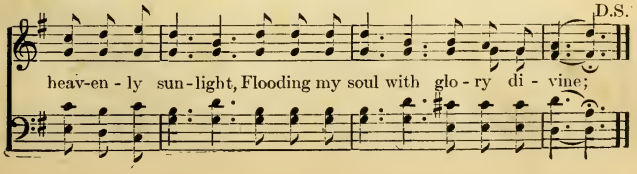
Copyright, 1899, by H. L. Gilmour. By per.

Rev. H. J. Zelley. G. H. Cook.









No. 78. Keep On Believing.

Arr. Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

M. Dufe

Miss Lucy M. Booth.
Arr. by P. P. B.

1. When you feel weak-est, dangers sur-round, Sub-tle temp-ta-tion,
2. If all were eas-y, if all were bright, Where would the Cross be?
3. God is your wis-dom, God is your Might, God's ev-er near you,
4. Let us press on, then, nev-er de-spair, Live a-bove feel-ing,

trou-bles a-bound, Nothing seems hope-ful, nothing seems glad,
Where would the fight? But in the hard-ness, God gives to you
guid-ing you right; He un-der-stands you, Knows all you need;
vic-to-ry's there; Je-sus can keep us so near to Him

f Chorus.

All is de-spair-ing, ev-en time sad.
Chanc-es of prov-ing that you are true.
Trust-ing in Him you'll sure-ly suc-ceed.
That nev-er-more our faith shall grow dim.
} Keep on be-liev-ing,

Je-sus is near, Keep on be-liev-ing, there's nothing to fear; Keep on be-

liev-ing, this is the way, Faith in the night, as well as the day.

No. 79. Trusting in Jesus.

LILLIAN BARKER BEEDE.

Words and Music
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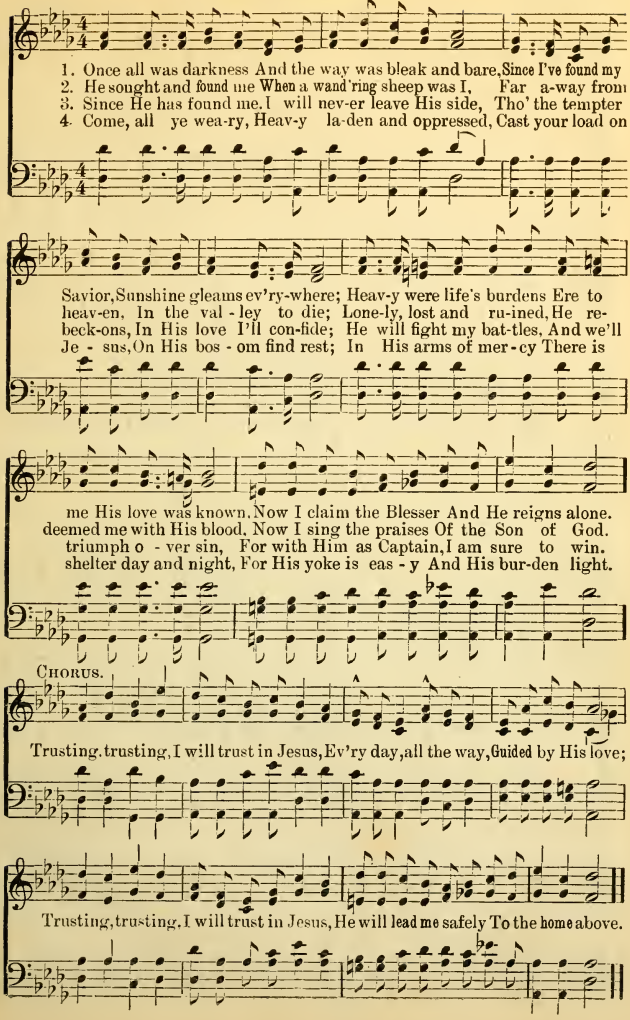
FERD DEGEN.
Arr. by P. P. B.



No. 80. The New Jerusalem.

Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

INA DULEY OGDON. P. P. BILHORN.

1. I am list'ning to the voi - ces that are call-ing un - to me,
I am catching wondrous vi-sions of the New Je - ru - sa-lem,
2. I have dear ones in the cit - y of the New Je - ru - sa-lem,
He will glad - ly own the faith-ful as they gather round His throne,
3. I am list'ning to the an - gels as they call me to come home,
They are passing thro' the por - tals of the New Je - ru - sa-lem,

1 2

They are mingling with the rip - ple of the tide;
And the shel - ter of my Sav - ior's riv- [*Omit.*] en side.
I shall join them, and my Sav - ior's love pro-claim;
He will know them, He will call them all [*Omit.*] by name.
And I hear a song of wel - come to the blest;
They are pass - ing, they are pass - ing un- [*Omit.*] to rest.

CHORUS.

O Je - ru - - - sa - lem, O Je-ru. - - - sa - lem, O the
O the New Je - ru - sa - lem, O the New Je - ru - sa - lem,

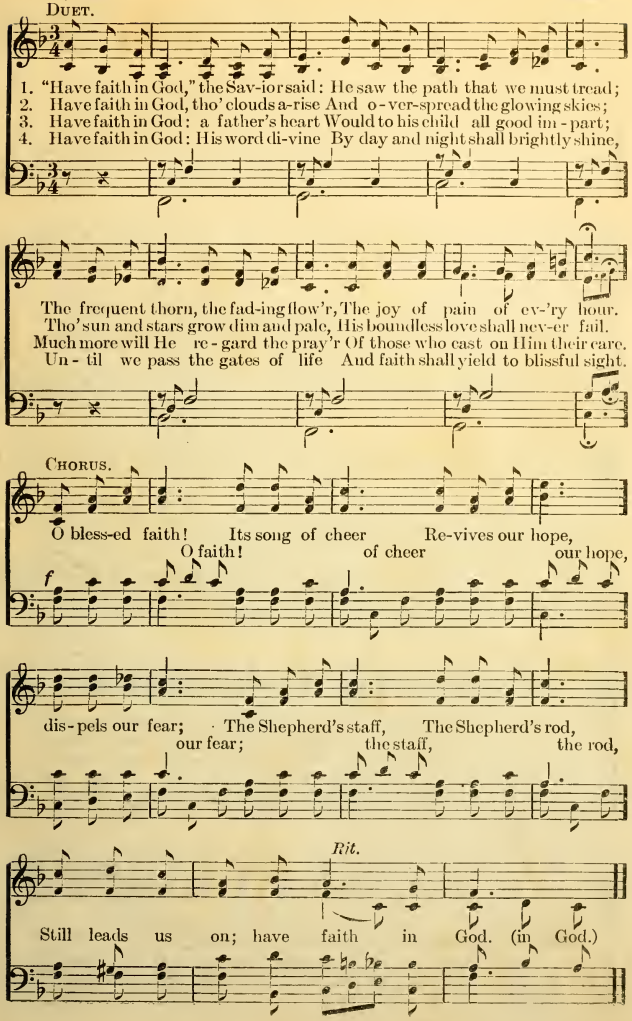
glo-ry of my Father I shall know; I shall sing His praises o'er, I shall

strike the harps of gold, For my garments have been washed as white as snow.

No. 81. Have Faith In God.

Copyright, 1898, by Geo. F. Rosche. Used by per.

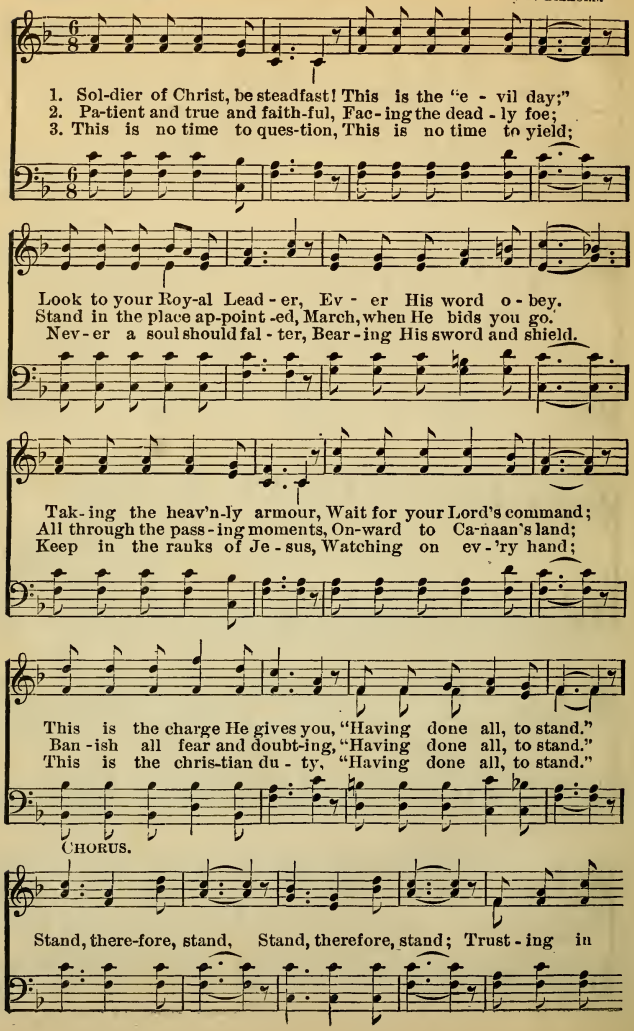
E. E. Hewitt. Geo. F. Rosche.



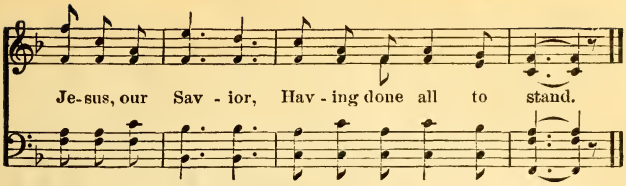
No. 82. Having done All, to Stand.

Copyright, 1891, by P. P. Bilhorn.

Miss. J. H. Johnston. P. P. Bilhorn.

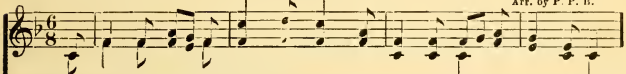


Having Done All, to Stand.

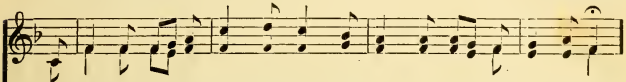


No. 83. When Victory is Won.

JULIA E. BURNHARD. Words and Music Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn. FERD DEGEN. Arr. by P. P. B.

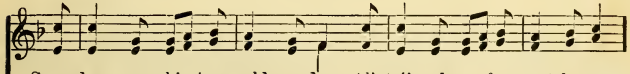


1. Some day our war-fare will be o'er, Some day we'll reach heav'n's shining shore;
2. Some day in garments pure and white, A-round the throne of radiant light,
3. Some day–what joy to work and wait Till we shall reach heav'n's golden gate!

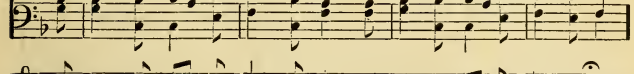


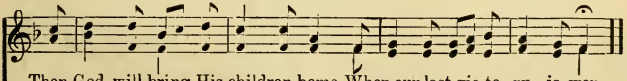
No more to toil, no more to roam, When God shall bring His children home.
We'll hear our Father's word, "Well done! Come, dwell with me and rest at home."
Earth's weeping o'er, earth's du-ties done, E - ter - nal life for us be-gun.

CHORUS.

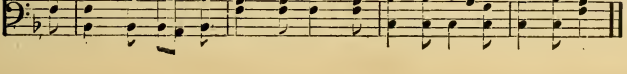


Some day, some shin-ing, gold - en day, All toil and war-fare past for aye,
Some day, some shin-ing, gold - en day, All toil and war-fare past for aye,
Some day, some shin-ing, gold - en day, All toil and war-fare past for aye,





Then God will bring His children home, When our last vic-to - ry is won.
We'll hear our Fa-ther's word, "Well done!" When our last vic-to - ry is won.
Heav'n's joy will be for us be-gun, When our last vic-to - ry is won.



No. 84. I Can Safely Walk With Jesus.

Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

INA DULEY OGDON. P. P. BILHORN.

1. Down the lone - ly val - ley, tho' a pil - grim stranger, I can
2. I can hear His voice in cheering ac - cents call -ing, I can
3. Nev - er faint -ing 'neath my cross of toil and sor - row, I can
4. Just be-yond the shad-ows, with a vi - sion clear-er, I can

safe - ly walk with Je-sus all the way; I shall fear no e-vil 'mid the
safe - ly walk with Je-sus all the way; O'er my heart His grace is ev - er
safe - ly walk with Je-sus all the way; I shall share His glo-ry on a
safe - ly walk with Je-sus all the way; I can see His mansions growing

gloom and dan-ger, I can safe - ly walk with Je - sus all the way.
sweet - ly fall-ing, I can safe - ly walk with Je - sus all the way.
joy - ful mor-row, I can safe - ly walk with Je - sus all the way.
near - er, near - er, I can safe - ly walk with Je - sus all the way.

CHORUS.

Walk with Je - sus, walk with Je - sus, I can safely walk with Jesus all the way;
Walk with Jesus all the way, walk with Jesus ev'ry day,

Walk with Je - sus, walk with Je - sus, I can safely walk with Jesus all the way.
Walk with Jesus all the way, walk with Jesus ev'ry day,

No. 85. There is Power in the Blood.

Copyright, 1899, by H. L. Gilmour. By per.

L. E. J. L. E. JONES.

1. Would you be free from your bur - den of sin, There's pow'r in the blood,
2. Would you be free from your passion and pride, There's pow'r in the blood,
3. Would you be whiter, much whiter than snow, There's pow'r in the blood,
4. Would you do serv - ice for Je-sus your King, There's pow'r in the blood,

pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win,
pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans-ing to Cal - va - ry's tide,
pow'r in the blood; Sin stains are lost in its life - giv-ing flow,
pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai - ly, His prais - es to sing,

CHORUS.

There's won - der - ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r,
There is pow'r,

Wonder working pow'r in the blood of the Lamb, There is
in the blood of the Lamb,

pow'r, pow'r, Wonder working pow'r, In the precious blood of the Lamb.
There is pow'r,

No. 86. The Story Never Old.

Words and Music

Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

INA DULEY OGDON. P. P. BILHORN.

1. They tell me that the sto-ry of my Sav-ior has grown old; It
2. I feel my love grow stronger as I near His riv - en side; It
3. I'll tell the same dear sto-ry, that none oth-er can en-dure; It
4. I'm waiting for the morning when a - gain my Lord will come, It

nev-er will be old to me. It grows more sweet and precious as a-
nev-er will be old to me. I've found no friend like Je-sus, my Re-
nev-er will be old to me. No ref-uge but my Sav-ior where my
nev-er will grow old to me. His word is sure and faith-ful, I shall

gain I hear it told; It nev - er will be old to me.
deem-er, cru - ci - fied; It nev - er will be old to me.
soul may rest se - cure: It nev - er will be old to me.
dwell with Him at home, It nev - er will grow old to me.

CHORUS.

It nev - er will grow old, The sto - ry oft - en told; The

sweet and bless - ed sto - ry, Oh, it nev - er will grow old.

No. 87. Turned Away From the Beautiful Gate.

Owned and controlled by D. E. Dortch.

D. E. D. D. E. Dortch. By per.

Not too fast.

1. Some one will knock at the saints' bright home, And hear the Lord saying, "You
2. Some one will hear the an - gel's song, And wish he could join with the
3. Some one will stand with an ach-ing heart, While Je - sus pro-noun-ces the
4. Some one will lin - ger with tearful eyes, While Christ and His peo-ple as-
5. Some one will go in - to darkness drear, Far off from the Sav - ior and
6. Some one will en - ter the door of hell, And hear the sad wail-ing no

can - not come;" With sad-ness he'll mourn o'er his sor - row-ful state;
hap - py throng; With sigh-ing he'll mourn o'er his sor - row-ful state;
word "de - part;" With groanings he'll mourn o'er his sor - row-ful state;
cend the skies, With weep-ing he'll mourn o'er his sor - row-ful state;
all that's dear; With an-guish he'll mourn o'er his sor - row-ful state;
tongue can tell; With hor - ror he'll mourn o'er his sor - row-ful state;

Fine. Refrain.

Turn'd a-way from the beau-ti-ful gate. Turn'd a-way from the beauti-ful

D. S.

gate,..... Turn'd a - way from the beau-ti - ful gate.....
beau - ti - ful gate, beau - ti - ful gate.

No. 88. There's a Great Day Coming.

By per. of W. L. Thompson & Co , East Liverpool, O.

Words and Music by W. L. Thompson.

1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day coming, There's a great day
2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day coming, There's a bright day
3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day coming, There's a sad day

com-ing by and by, When the saints and the sin-ners shall be part - ed
com-ing by and by, But its bright-ness shall on- ly come to them that
com-ing by and by, When the sin - ner shall hear his doom, "Depart, I

Chorus.

right and left, Are you read-y for that day to come?
love the Lord, Are you read-y for that day to come?
know ye not," Are you read-y for that day to come?
} Are you ready?

Are you read-y? Are you read-y for the Judg-ment day?

Are you read-y? Are you read - y for the Judg-ment day?

No. 89. What He has Done for Me.

Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

B. P. MADDOX. FERD DEGEN. Arr. by P. P. B.

1. I oft - en heard of Je - sus, That He is God's dear Son,
2. I oft - en heard the sto - ry Of Christ the might-y King;
3. I oft - en heard that heav-en Is for the good and pure;
4. I nev - er knew that Je - sus Enthroned is ev - 'ry - where,

And that He al - ways sees us From His ex - alt - ed throne.
Of how He reigns in glo - ry, And how His an - gels sing.
And that all they who en - ter His fa - vor must se - cure.
And when we call He hears us, And is wher-e'er we are.

CHORUS. *f*

But I nev-er knew that He would do What He has done for me;

f *Rit.*

But now I am sure He'll do for you What He has done for me.

No. 90. Since Jesus Spoke Peace to My Soul.

Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

JNO. R. CLEMENTS.
Arr. by P. P. B.

P. P. BILHORN.

1. Life's pathway grows brighter, as onward I go, Since Je - sus spoke peace to my soul; Rich grac-es are flow-ing, new pleasures I know,
2. New songs I am singing from morning till night, Since Je - sus spoke peace to my soul; He lead-eth me on with a heav-en - ly light,
3. My heart doth re-joice in the full-ness of love, Since Je - sus spoke peace to my soul; My spir-it communes with the Heav-en - ly Dove,
4. A - bid - ing in Him I am hap - py and blest, Since Je - sus spoke peace to my soul; I know with as - sur-ance in Him I can rest.

CHORUS.

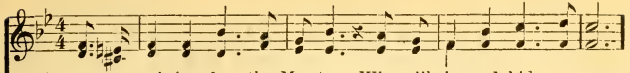
Since Je-sus spoke peace to my soul. Since Je-sus spoke peace to my soul; Since Je-sus spoke peace to my soul; 'Tis glo - ry to God, I am sing-ing to - day, Since Je-sus spoke peace to my soul.

p

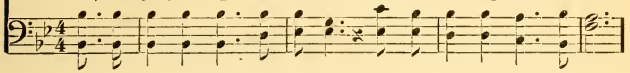
Rit.

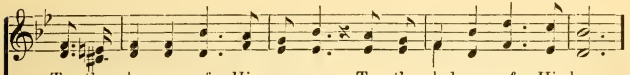
No. 91. I Am Waiting for the Master.

K. M. Reasoner. T. C. O'Kane, by per.

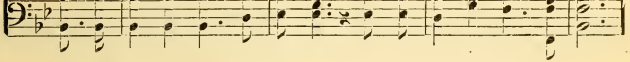


1. I am wait-ing for the Mas-ter, Who will rise and bid me come
2. Man-y a wea-ry path I've traveled In the darkest storm and strife,
3. Man-y friends who traveled with me- Reached that portal long a - go,
4. Yes, their pil-grim-age was short-er, And their tri-umph soon-er won;

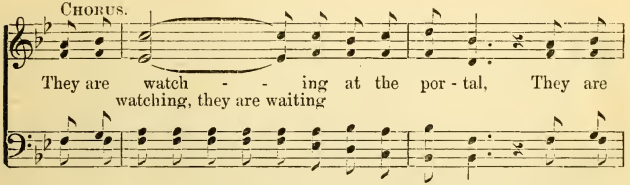




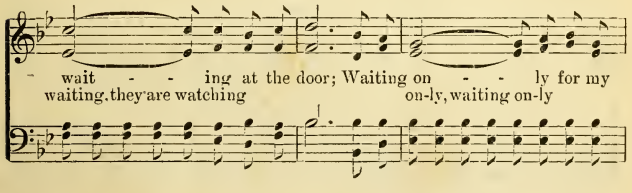
To the glo - ry of His pres-ence, To the glad-ness of His home.
Bear-ing man-y a heav - y bur - den, Oft - en struggling for my life.
One by one have left me bat-tling With the dark and craft - y foe.
Oh, how lov-ing - ly they'll greet me When the toils of life are done!



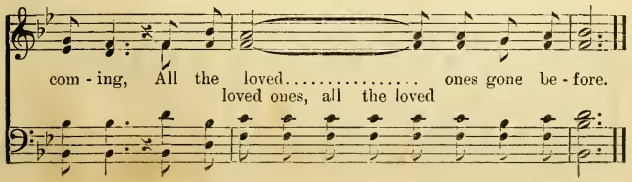
Chorus.



They are watch - - ing at the por - tal, They are watching, they are waiting



wait - - ing at the door; Waiting on - - ly for my waiting, they are watching on-ly, waiting on-ly



com - ing, All the loved..... ones gone be - fore.
loved ones, all the loved

No. 92. The Savior of Sinners.

Copyright, 1900, by H. N. Lincoln.

Mrs. W. J. Kennedy. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. The Sav- ior of sin-ners is call- ing, Ye wea-ry ones, come unto me; Like
2. O think that the blessing He offers, Was purchased with sorrow and woe; Ac-
3. How canst thou resist Jesus' pleading, Ye wea-ry ones, come unto me; And
4. O come, while thy Savior is call-ing, This haven of rest en-ter in; His

balm on thy heart sweetly fall - ing, The rest that He gives un-to thee.
cept now the gift that He prof - fers, And now to the dear Sav-ior go.
turn-ing a-way, still un-heed - ing The of - fer of rest un - to thee.
grace on thy heart ev - er fall - ing Will heal all its sor - row and sin.

Chorus.

He's call - - - - ing, He's call - - - - - ing, Ye
He's call - ing, call-ing now, He's call - ing, call - ing now, Ye

wea-ry ones, come un - to me, ... He's call - - - ing, O
wea-ry ones, come, O come un-to me, He's calling, calling now, O

has - - - - ten, While yet there is mer - cy for thee.
has - ten, sin - ner, come, While yet there is mer - cy for thee.

No. 93. I Want Everybody to Know.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.
From C. H.

Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

P. P. Bilhorn.

1. I have such a won - der - ful Sav - ior To help me wher-
2. He helps me o'er-come all temp - ta - tion, And makes me with
3. He cheers me if I am in sor - row, He press - es me
4. He heark - ens to hum - ble con - fess - ing, And ev - er His

ev - er I go, I have to keep tell-ing His good-ness,
glad-ness o'er - flow; He brings me a bless-ed sal - va - tion
close to His heart, And tells of that brighter to - mor - row.
mer - cy doth show; He crown-eth my life with His bless - ing,

Chorus.

For I want ev-'ry-bod - y to know.
That I want ev-'ry-bod - y to know.
Where troubles shall never have part.
And I want ev-'ry-bod - y to know.
} I want ev-'ry - bod - y to

know Of Je - sus who lov - eth me so! My time I will

give as long as I live To help ev-'ry - bod - y to know.

No. 94. The Light of His Throne.

Copyright, 1900, by H. N. Lincoln. All rights reserved.

JENNIE WILSON. WM. F. PARKER.

1. Tho' our way may seem dreary be - fore us, And we shrink from its tri - als un-known, We shall see that God dealt with us kind-ly, When we
2. We shall learn that a - mid all the shad - ows There was One walking close by our side—One who lis-tened in love to our pleading, Tho' the
3. We shall know that His care was most ten - der When the heav - i - est burdens we bore, And His hand, tho' un-seen, led us safe - ly Till we
4. In the light that is shin-ing for - ev - er O'er the num-ber - less throngs of the blest, We shall see that, what-ev - er our path-way, In the

CHORUS.

stand in the light of His throne. O the wonderful light of His throne!....
answer we craved was de-nied.
en-tered the heav-en - ly door.
earth-life God's leading was best. bright jeweled throne!

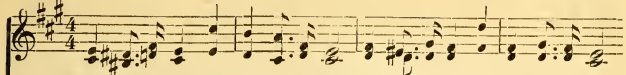
O the glo - ri- ous light of His throne! All that seems so dark here to our sight will be clear When we stand in the light of His throne!....
glittering throne!

No. 95. Let In the Sunlight To-day.

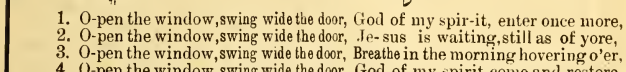
CHAS. GOULD BEEDE.

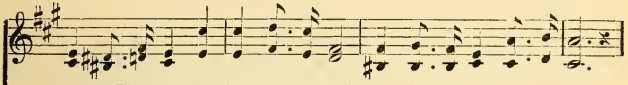
Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

FERD DEGEN.
Arr. by P. P. B.

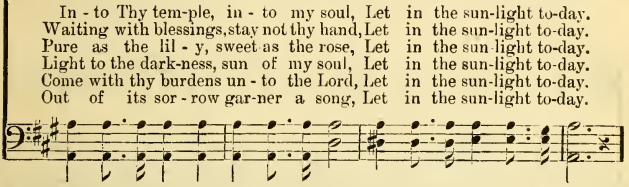


1. O-pen the window, swing wide the door, God of my spir-it, enter once more,
2. O-pen the window, swing wide the door, Je-sus is waiting, still as of yore,
3. O-pen the window, swing wide the door, Breathe in the morning hovering o'er,
4. O-pen the window, swing wide the door, God of my spirit, come and restore,
5. O-pen the window, swing wide the door, Blessings unnumbered ever in store,
6. O-pen the window, swing wide the door, Bring in the sunshine, darkness is o'er,

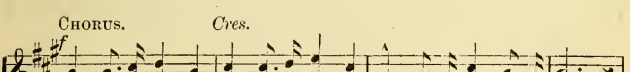




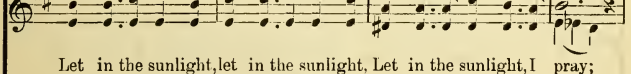
In - to Thy tem-ple, in - to my soul, Let in the sun-light to-day.
Waiting with blessings, stay not thy hand, Let in the sun-light to-day.
Pure as the lil - y, sweet as the rose, Let in the sun-light to-day.
Light to the dark-ness, sun of my soul, Let in the sun-light to-day.
Come with thy burdens un - to the Lord, Let in the sun-light to-day.
Out of its sor - row gar-ner a song, Let in the sun-light to-day.

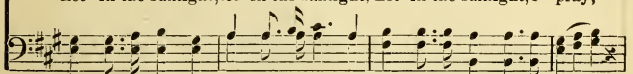


CHORUS. *Cres.*



Let in the sunlight, let in the sunlight, Let in the sunlight, I pray;





O-pen the window, swing wide the door, Let in the sunlight to-day.

No. 96. Beautiful Homeland.

LAURA E. NEWELL. Copyright, 1901, by Geo. B. Holsinger. GEO. B. HOLSINGER, by per.

1. A cit - y a - waits us we soon shall be-hold, Whose walls are of
2. The friends that we love who have gone on be-fore Now wait for our
3. Oh, homeland! dear homeland, tho' eye hath not seen, And sometimes the

jas - per, whose streets are of gold; Not half of its glo-ries have
com-ing on yon- der bright shore, Where day nev - er fades, tears may
shad-ow - y clouds in - ter - vene, Thy light we'll be-hold and thy

D. S.—place our dear Sav-ior has

FINE.

ev - er been told,
fall nev - er more,
pas-tures so green,
} Blessed homeland, dear homeland, sweet home of the soul.

gone to pre-pare, Blessed homeland, dear homeland, sweet home of the soul.

CHORUS.

O I long, yes, I long there to dwell, (there to dwell.)

D. S.

Mid the pleas-ures no mor - tal can tell, ... In the
no mor- tal can tell,

No. 97. By and By.

Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

INA DULEY OGDON — P. P. BILHORN.

1. When our jour - ney shall be o'er, and we lay our burdens down
2. From the cleft in yon - der Rock, flows a cleansing, liv - ing stream,
3. Will you meet with friends a - gain? will you hear your Sav-ior's voice

At the gate that stands a - jar be - yond the sky, When the
Will you come and share its full and free sup - ply? Will you
Bid you wel - come to His Fa-ther's home on high? Will you

D. S.—When the

saints are press - ing home, on the res - ur - rec - tion morn, Tell me,
wear a snow - y robe on that fair and fade-less day, Shall we
join the vic - tor's song, as it ech - oes round the throne, On that

saints are press - ing home, on the res - ur - rec-tion morn, Tell me,

FINE. CHORUS.

brother, will you meet me, by and by? } By and by, by and
meet in life e - ter - nal, by and by? }
res - ur - rec-tion morning, by and by? } By and by,

brother, will you meet me, by and by?

D.S.

by, Will you meet me in the morning by and by?
by and by.

No. 98. O Tell Me More of Christ.

E. E. Hewitt. Words and Music Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn. P. P. Bilhorn.

1. O tell me more of Christ, my Sav-ior; On this glad theme
2. O tell me more of love's sweet sto-ry, If you would cheer
3. O tell me more! How waves of sor-row Shall hear His voice
4. O tell me more! And I re-peat-ing The hap-py news,

dwell o'er and o'er; His boundless grace, His sav-ing fa-vor,
and com-fort me; How Je-sus wept, the King of glo-ry,
say, "Peace, be still;" How af-ter night, bright dawns the mor-row,
shall spread the joy; Come, bless-ed Lord, Thy work com-plet-ing,

Chorus. *Cres.*

His precious name, O tell me more!
Those ten-der tears of sym-pa-thy.
To those who trust His bless-ed will.
Till songs of praise our lips em-ploy.
} O tell me more! So much I

m *m*

need His pow'r to keep, His hand to lead; O tell me more

Cres. *f* *Rit.*

of Him I love, Un-til I see His face a-bove (face a-bove).

No. 99. Wonderful Savior of All.

Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

INA DULEY OGDON.

FERD DEGEN.
Arr. by P. P. B.

1. Since I have tast-ed the joys of my Lord, Since I o-beyed at the call of His word,— I am so glad ev-'ry crea-ture may come,
2. I am so glad that His mer-cy is free, Reaching, reclaiming, poor sin-ners like me; Fall-en and lost ones, give heed to His voice,
3. I am so glad that the fa-vor He gives, Ev-er thro' time and e-ter-ni-ty lives; All who will hear Him and trust in His might,
4. Man-y the mansions His love will pre-pare, Man-y the dear ones a-wait-ing us there; Broth-er, the prom-ise He left you is true;

Rit. CHORUS. *Faster.*

I am so glad in His love there is room.
Je-sus can save you; a-rise and re-joice!
Those will He crown in His kingdom of light.
Heav-en has ref-uge and wel-come for you!
} Wonderful, won-der-ful Sav-ior of men! Nev-er a pil-grim has sought Him in vain,

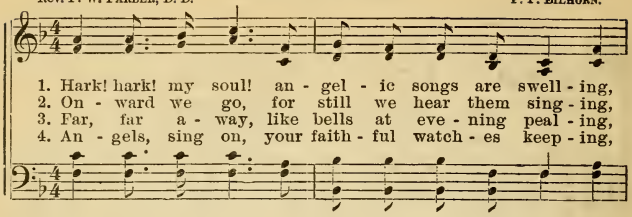
Rit.

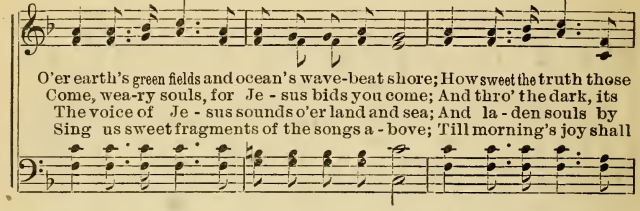
I am so glad we may come at His call, I am so glad He is Sav-ior for all.

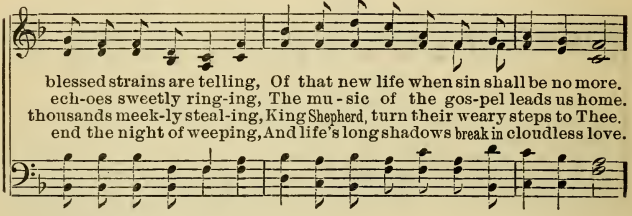
No. 100. Angels, Sing On.

Words arr. and Music
Copyright, 1898, by P. P. Bilhorn.

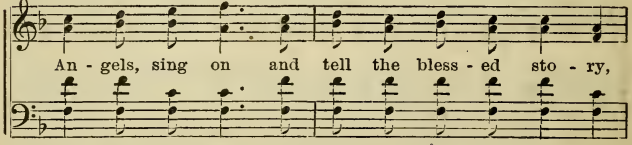
Rev. F. W. Farbee, D. D. P. P. Bilhorn.

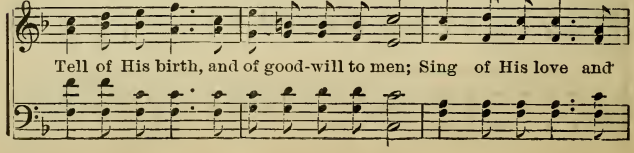




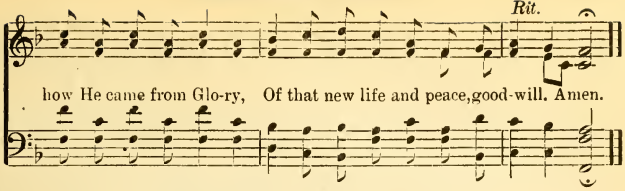


Chorus.





Angels Sing On.

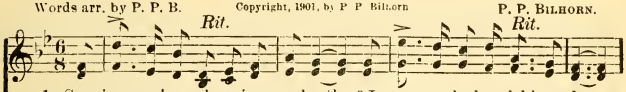


No. 101 Let Your Light So Shine.

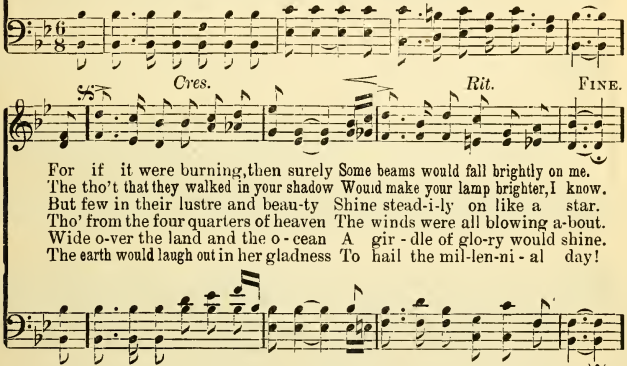
Words arr. by P. P. B.

Arr. of Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P P Bilhorn

P. P. BILHORN.

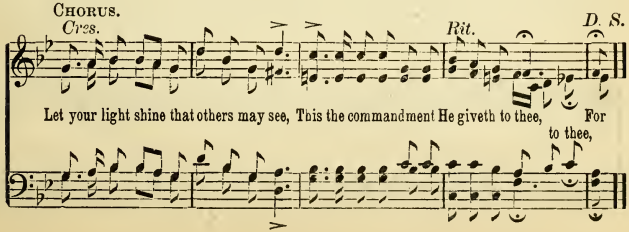


1. Say, is your lamp burning, my brother? I pray you look quickly and see,
2. Re-mem-ber how many a-round you Will fol-low wher-ev-er you go;
3. There's many a lamp that is lighted, We see them from near and from far,
4. But if they were trimmed night and morning, They'd never burn down, nor go out.
5. If once all the lamps that are lighted Should steadily blaze in a line.
6. How all the dark places would brighten! The mists would roll up and away!



D. S.—if it were burning, then surely Some beams would fall brightly on me.

CHORUS.



No. 102. Hear Him Calling.

Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

Jno. R. Clements. P. P. Bilhorn.

1. Don't you hear the Sav - ior call - ing In those tones so matchless sweet?
2. Don't you hear the Sav - ior call - ing? How He loves each wand'ring child:
3. Don't you hear the Sav - ior call - ing? He may nev - er call a - gain;

Don't you hear Him call - ing you from sin a - way (from sin a-way)?
What re - joic - ing when He sees one com-ing home (one coming home)!
It is now He bids you turn to Him and live (O turn and live);

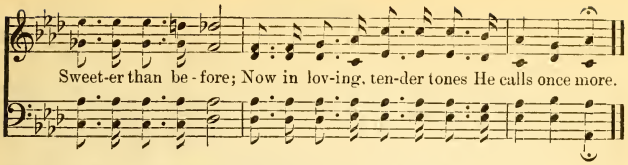
Can't you catch the ten - der plead-ing As He bids you to His feet,
Not a night was e'er so cheer-less, Nor a storm has raged so wild
For His ways are ways of pleas - ant-ness, And all His paths are peace;

Chorus.

There to learn love's sweetest les - son for each day?
To restrain Him in His search for those who roam.
'Tis a life of joy and hap - pi - ness He'll give.
} Calling, calling;

Heed His tender voice; Listen, listen, Make to-day the choice. Calling, calling,

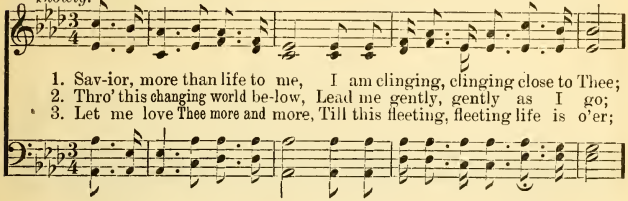
Hear Him Calling.

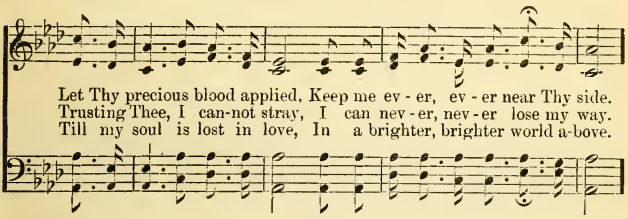


No. 103. Every Day and Hour.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE, by per.

Slowly.





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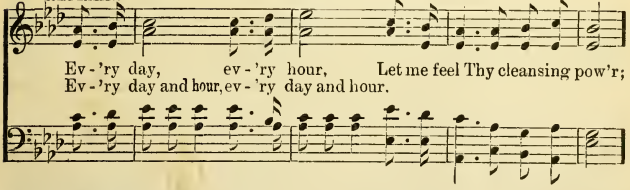

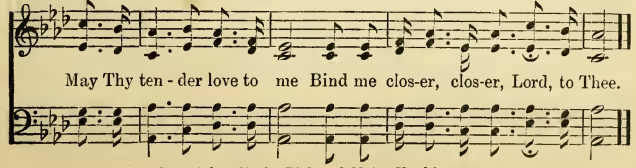

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No. 104. Look Up.

E. B. Moody.

Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

Ferd Degen.
Arr. by P. P. B.

1. When shadows oppress thee, And gloomy tho'ts vex thee, Look up—they will
2. When lone-ly and wea-ry, Life's outlook grown dreary, Look up; it will
3. Thy sky may be mist-ing, Thy hopes may be drift-ing, Yet dark clouds are

rest thee, The stars gleaming down; From far spa-ces well - ing, In
cheer thee, To think of thy home; Where doubts do not har-row, Where
rift - ing, And light shin-ing thro'; The light of His glo - ry Who

Rit.

grand cho-rus swelling, Each si - lent voice tell-ing Of heav-en—thy home.
com - eth no sor - row, No part-ing, no mor-row, In heav-en—thy home.
bore thy grief for thee, And now watcheth o'er thee, A Friend ev - er true.

Chorus.

Look up..... to the bright-land, the sun - land, the home-land; Look
Look up to the bright-land, the bright-land, look up to the sun-land, the home-land; Look

f

up where the saints stand to wel - - come thee home.
up to the place where the saints stand, to bid thee a wel -come home.

No. 105. Oh, Lord, Keep Watch Between Us.

Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

JENNIE E. HUSSEY. P. P. BILHORN.

1. Oh Lord, keep watch between us When ab - sent we may be,
2. Oh, save and bless Thy peo-ple, Up-lift them ev - er-more,
3. Oh Lord, keep watch between us And to us gra-cious be,

And make Thy face up - on us To shine in ma - jes - ty.
May dark and rug - ged pathways Lead up to heaven's door.
Give rest with - in green pastures, And keep us close to Thee;

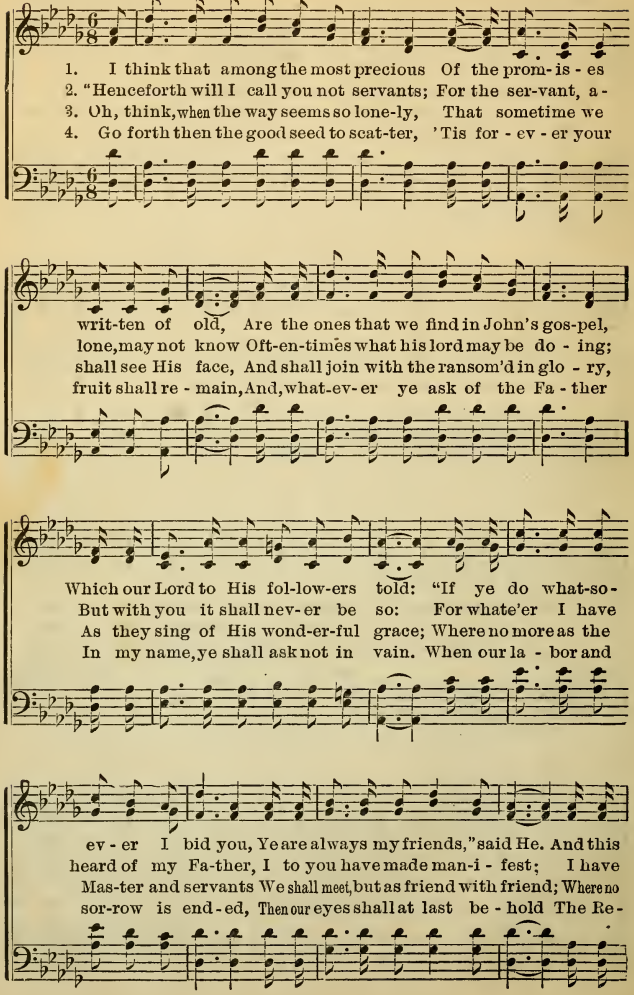
We have but Thee, our Fa-ther, With Christ, our Sav-ior, too;
Be round us as the mountains In grandeur all sub-lime,
Be-side still wa - ters lead us, From fears and doubts release,

Oh, fill us with Thy Spir-it, That we Thy will may do.
And guide to that fair ha - ven Be-yond the shores of time.
Oh, lead us thro' earth's shadows, And give us peace, sweet peace.

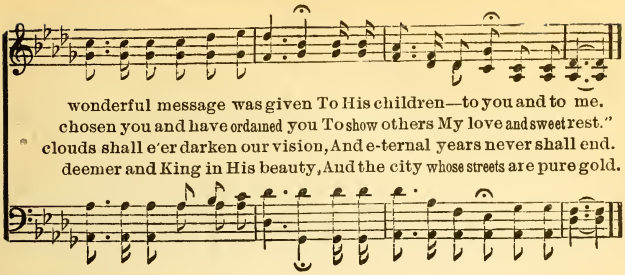
No. 106. Not Servants, but Friends.

Words and Music
Copyright, 1899, by P. P. Bilhorn.

JENNIE E. HUSSEY. P. P. BILHORN.



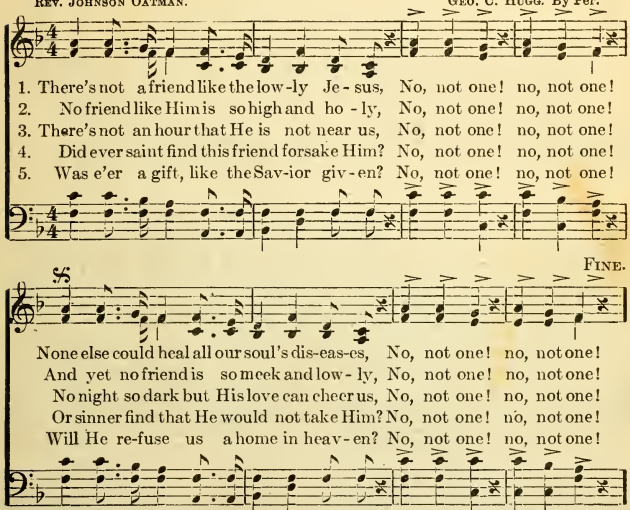
Not Servants, But Friends.

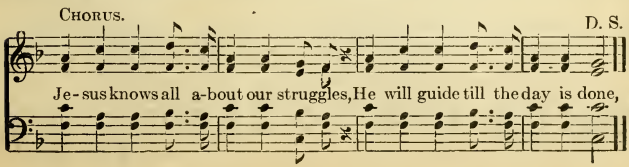


No. 107. No, Not One.

From "Heaven's Echo," by per. of Geo. C. Hugg.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN. GEO. C. HUGG. By Per.





No. 108. What Would Jesus Do?

Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

ADA BLENKHORN. P. P. BILHORN.

1. If a-cross your earth-ly vi - sion Drift the clouds of doubt and fear,
2. Is the cross that rests up-on you More than human strength can bear?
3. When the strong and wi-ly tempt-er With ma - li - cious, cru-el art
4. If the Mas-ter of the vine-yard Un - to you some day shall call,
5. If you'd be His true dis-ci-ple, In His king-dom have a part,

And the shin-ing lights that led you, In the dark-ness dis-ap-pear,
And the bur-den of an-oth-er Are you ev - er called to share?
In a weak, un-guard-ed mo-ment Hurls at you his cru-el dart,
Will you read-y be and will-ing, Glad to sac - ri - fice your all?
Let the pre-cious love of Je-sus Fill and o - ver-flow your heart.

Soon the way a-gain will o - pen Still more clear-ly to your view,
To your God, yourself, your broth-er, If you would be kind and true,
Look to God whose strength will keep you, He can ev - 'ry foe sub-due.
Will you to His glo-rious serv-ice Con - se - crate your-self a - new?
If you'd fol-low in His foot-steps All the toilsome journey through,

If you pon-der well this question: What would Christ, the Savior, do?
Nev-er fail to ask this question: What would Christ, the Savior, do?
In temp-ta-tion ask this question: What would Christ, the Savior, do?
When He call-eth, ask this question: What would Christ, the Savior, do?
Let your life this ques-tion an-swer: What would Christ, the Savior, do?

What Would Jesus Do?

CHORUS.

What would Christ, the Sav-ior, do? What would Christ, the Sav-ior, do?

Rit.

In your heart decide this question· What would Christ, the Savior, do.

No. 109. Shall We Meet.

H. L. HASTINGS. ELISHA S. RICE.

1. Shall we meet beyond the riv-er, Where the surg-es cease to roll,
2. Shall we meet in that blest harbor, When our storm-y voyage is o'er?
3. Shall we meet in yon-der cit-y, Where the tow'rs of crys-tal shine,

f. FINE.

Where in all the bright for-ev-er, Sor-row ne'er shall press the soul?
Shall we meet and cast the an-chor By the bright, ce-les-tial shore?
Where the walls are all of jas-per, Built by workmanship di-vine?

D. S.–Shall we meet beyond the riv-er, Where the surg-es cease to roll?

CHORUS. *D. S.*

Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er?

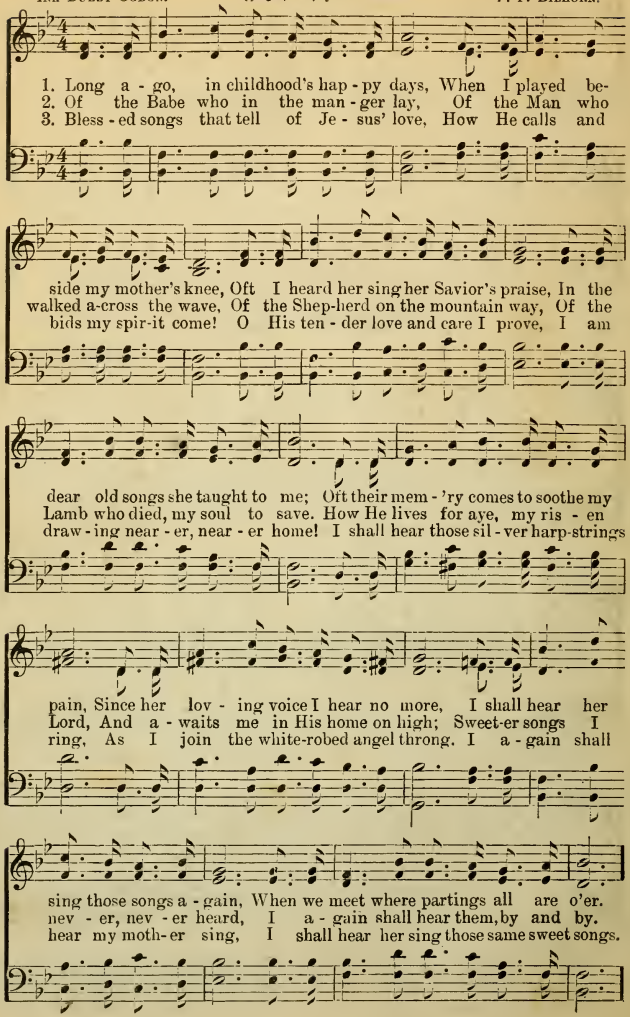
4 Shall we meet there many loved ones,
That were torn from our embrace?
Shall we listen to their voices,
And behold them face to face?

5 Shall we meet with Christ, our Savior,
When He comes to claim His own?
Shall we know His blessed favor,
And sit down upon His throne?

No. 110. I Shall Hear Those Songs Again.

Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

Ina Duley Ogdon. P. P. Bilhorn.



I Shall Hear Those Songs Again.

CHORUS. *p* *p*

I shall { hear her sing those songs again, / some day hear those songs again, } When I'm free from sorrow, sin, and pain,

p *Rit.*

'Mid the joys of Eden's sun-ny plain, I shall hear { her / and } sing those songs again.

No. 111. God Calling Yet.

Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

Tr. by JANE BORTHWICK. P. P. BILHORN.

1. God calling yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
2. God calling yet! shall I not rise? Can I His lov - ing voice despise,
3. God calling yet! and shall He knock, And I my heart the clos-er lock?
4. God calling yet! I can-not stay; My heart I yield without de - lay:

Rit.

Shall life's swift passing years all fly, And still my soul in slumbers lie?
And base-ly His kind care re - pay? He calls me still; can I de-lay?
He still is wait - ing to re-ceive, And shall I dare His Spir-it grieve?
Vain world, farewell! from thee I part; The voice of God hath reached my heart.

No. 112. Jesus, the Way.

Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

INA DULEY OGDON. P. P. BILHORN.

1. When the voice of the Mas-ter is call - ing, And the gates of the
2. Am I true to the trust that He gave me? Am I heed-ing my
3. What a glo - ri - ous, won-der - ful morn-ing! What a gath - er - ing

kingdom un-fold; When the saints shall a-rise in His like-ness, And are
Master's com-mand? To the soul fall-en low by the way - side, Am I
round the white throne! Oh, the meetings and greetings of loved ones! Oh, the

throng-ing the cit - y of gold; How my soul shall re-joice on that
lend-ing a strengthening hand? Am I ev - er His mes-sage re -
joy of the Master's "Well done!" Then my heart shall o'er-flow in the

morn - ing, If a broth-er shall greet me, and say, "You
peat - ing, And pleading with men to o - bey? Am I
rap - ture, If one of the ransomed shall say, "You

guided my footsteps to heav-en, You told me of Je-sus, the Way."
tell-ing the glo-ries of Zi - on, And pointing to Je-sus, the Way?
guided my footsteps to heav-en, You told me of Je-sus, the Way."

Jesus, the Way.

CHORUS.

Oh, sweeter than songs of the angels, If a brother shall greet me and say,

Rit.

"You guided my footsteps to heaven, You told me of Jesus, the Way."

No. 113. Heavenward, Traveler.

MRS. L. A. DEWEY. Words and Music Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn. FERD DEGEN.

1. Rest not, trav'ler, on-ward has - ten In the nar - row way;
2. Sleep not, trav'ler, on thy jour - ney, Keep thy gar-ments pure;
3. Cour - age, pilgrim, brave each dan - ger, Ev - 'ry foe o'er - come;
4. Speed thee, trav'ler, do not lin - ger; Lo! thy rest is near;

FINE.

Straight be - fore thee lies the path - way, Haste thee, do not stay.
Je - sus trod the way be - fore thee, By His grace en - dure.
Christ your leader's ev - er with you, Vic - to - ry is won.
Soon thy jour-ney will be end - ed; Cour - age, do not fear.

D. S.—Thro' its gates the saints will en - ter; Walk its streets of gold.

CHORUS. *D. S.*

Just beyond God's roy - al cit - y. Glo-rious to be - hold;

No. 114. Safe in Jesus.

Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

INA DULEY OGDEN. FERD DEGEN.

1. Safe within my ris - en Sav - ior I have found a sure re - treat;
2. Once my soul was bowed in an-guish, Lost a-mid the tempter's snare;
3. Je - sus res - cued me from dan- ger, Lit my path with ho - ly fire;
4. Come, de-spair-ing, dy - ing pil-grim, Driv-en far by storms of sin,

Christ in me, my hope of glo - ry, Makes my peace and joy com-plete.
Long I wandered on the mountains, Thirsted in the des-ert bare.
At re-demp-tion's liv - ing foun-tain, Sat - is-fies my soul's de - sire.
Seek this shelt'ring, sav- ing Ref -uge; Let your Sav - ior dwell with-in.

CHORUS.

I am rest - ing safe in Je - sus. Ev - er-more my soul's re - treat;

In my heart His bless-ed spir - it Makes my peace and joy com- plete.

No. 115. Love Supreme.

C. M. Hicks.

Words and Music
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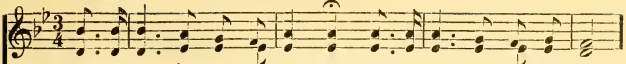
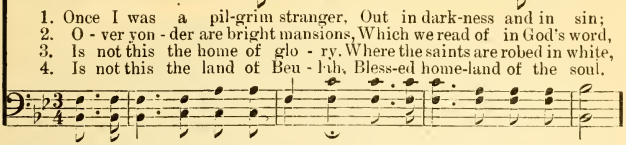
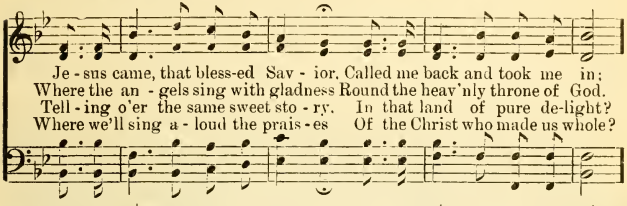
P. P. Bilhorn.



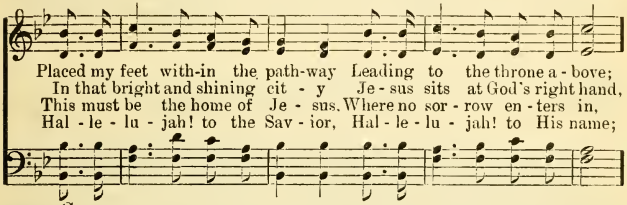
1. Once I was a pil-grim stranger, Out in dark-ness and in sin;
2. O - ver yon - der are bright mansions, Which we read of in God's word,
3. Is not this the home of glo - ry, Where the saints are robed in white,
4. Is not this the land of Beu - lah, Bless-ed home-land of the soul.



Je - sus came, that bless-ed Sav - ior, Called me back and took me in;
Where the an - gels sing with gladness Round the heav'nly throne of God.
Tell - ing o'er the same sweet sto - ry, In that land of pure de-light?
Where we'll sing a - loud the prais - es Of the Christ who made us whole?

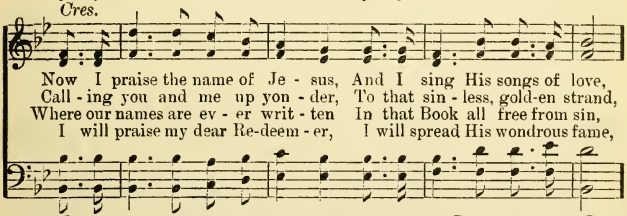


Placed my feet with-in the path-way Leading to the throne a - bove;
In that bright and shining cit - y Je - sus sits at God's right hand,
This must be the home of Je - sus, Where no sor - row en - ters in,
Hal - le - lu - jah! to the Sav - ior, Hal - le - lu - jah! to His name;



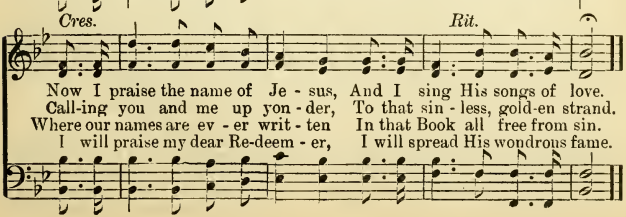
Cres.

Now I praise the name of Je - sus, And I sing His songs of love,
Call - ing you and me up yon - der, To that sin - less, gold-en strand,
Where our names are ev - er writ - ten In that Book all free from sin,
I will praise my dear Re-deem - er, I will spread His wondrous fame,



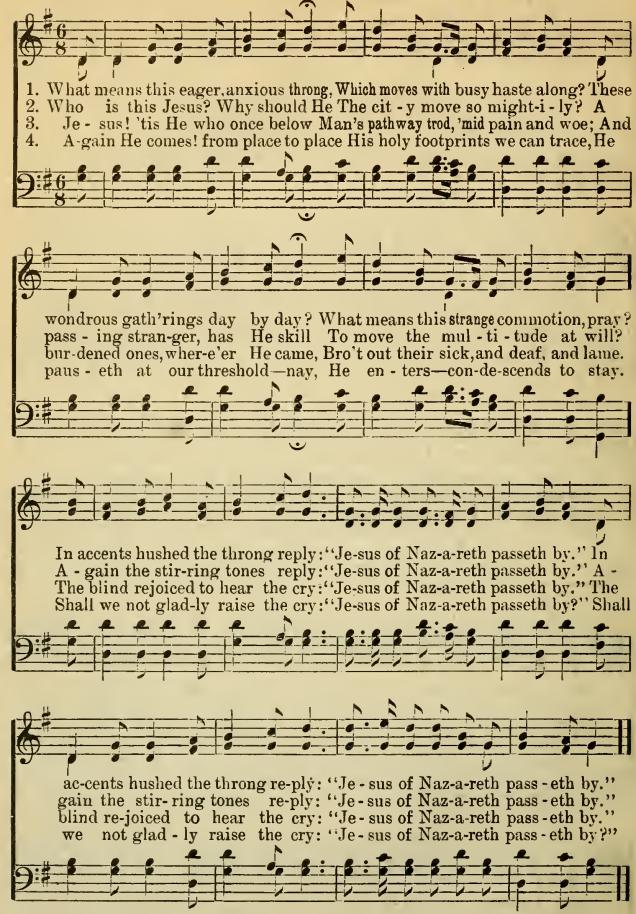
Cres. *Rit.*

Now I praise the name of Je - sus, And I sing His songs of love.
Call-ing you and me up yon - der, To that sin - less, gold-en strand.
Where our names are ev - er writ - ten In that Book all free from sin.
I will praise my dear Re-deem - er, I will spread His wondrous fame.



No. 116. Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By.

EMMA CAMPBELL. THEO. E. PERKINS, by per.



5 Ho! all ye heavy-laden, come!
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home.
Ye wanderers from a Father's face,
Return, accept His proffered grace.
‖: Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh;
"Jesus of Nazareth nasseth by." :‖

6 But if you still this call refuse,
And all His wondrous love abuse,
Soon will He sadly from you turn,
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.
‖: "Too late! too late!" will be the cry;
"Jesus of Nazareth *has passed by.*" :‖

No. 117. Behold I Stand at the Door.

E. L. THOMPSON.

Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

FERD DEGEN.
Arr. by P. P. B.

1. Be - hold I stand at the door and knock, Let me in, let me in; No
2. Be - hold I stand at the door with grace, Let me in, let me in; I
3. Be - hold I stand at the door in love, Let me in, let me in; With
4. Be - hold I stand at the door and wait To come in, to come in; Do
5. I now will o - pen the bolt - ed door, Lord, come in, Lord, come in; I

longer against me Thy closed heart lock, But let me come in to - day.
suffered on Cal - va - ry in your place, O let me come in to - day.
pardon and peace from my home above, O let me come in to - day.
not de - lay till it be too late, But let me come in to - day.
give Thee myself, I can do no more, O en - ter my heart to - day.

CHORUS. *f*

Be-hold I stand at the door and knock, If an - y man hear my voice
L. V. I now will o - pen the bolt - ed door, And welcome the Sav - ior in;

f *Rit.*

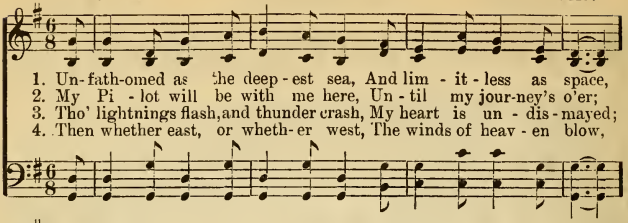
And o - pen the door, I will come in, And will sup with him and rejoice.
Lord, enter my heart, my life, my soul, And de - liv - er me from all sin.

No. 118. Because He Loves Me So.

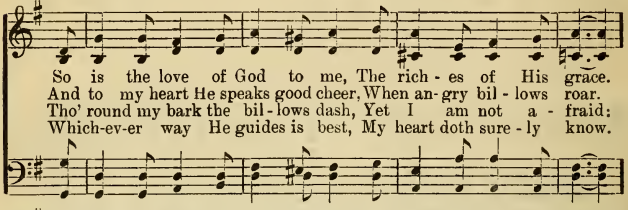
Words and Music

Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

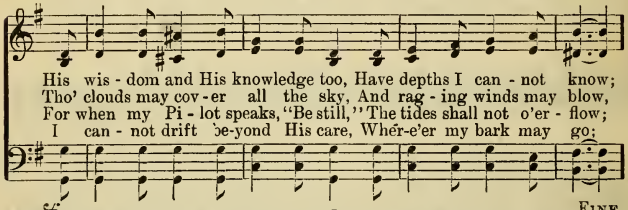
JENNIE E. HUSSEY. FERD DEGEN.



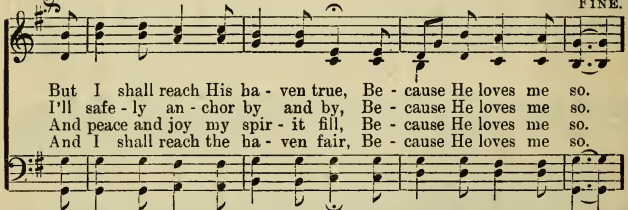
1. Un-fath-omed as the deep-est sea, And lim - it - less as space,
2. My Pi - lot will be with me here, Un - til my jour-ney's o'er;
3. Tho' lightnings flash, and thunder crash, My heart is un - dis - mayed;
4. Then whether east, or wheth-er west, The winds of heav - en blow,



So is the love of God to me, The rich - es of His grace.
And to my heart He speaks good cheer, When an-gry bil - lows roar.
Tho' round my bark the bil - lows dash, Yet I am not a - fraid;
Which-ev-er way He guides is best, My heart doth sure - ly know.



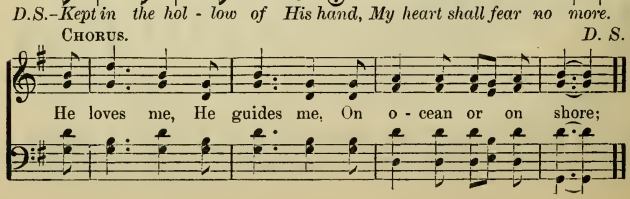
His wis - dom and His knowledge too, Have depths I can - not know;
Tho' clouds may cov - er all the sky, And rag - ing winds may blow,
For when my Pi - lot speaks, "Be still," The tides shall not o'er - flow;
I can - not drift be-yond His care, Whér-e'er my bark may go;



But I shall reach His ha - ven true, Be - cause He loves me so.
I'll safe - ly an - chor by and by, Be - cause He loves me so.
And peace and joy my spir - it fill, Be - cause He loves me so.
And I shall reach the ha - ven fair, Be - cause He loves me so.

D.S.—Kept in the hol - low of His hand, My heart shall fear no more.

CHORUS. *D. S.*



He loves me, He guides me, On o - cean or on shore;

No. 119. Christ is Coming.

Words and Music.
Copyright, 1898, by P. P. Bilhorn.

P. P. B. P. P. BILHORN.

1. Christ is com-ing, and all na-tions shall be-hold Him; Ev-'ry knee shall
2. Christ is com-ing, not as once,—a man of sor-row,—But as King of
3. Christ is com-ing, oh, what rap-ture to be-hold Him! Robed in splendor
4. Christ is com-ing, oh, my peo-ple are you rea-dy? Can you meet the

bow and call Him Lord and King; Ev'ry tongue shall then confess Of His
earth and heav-en He shall reign; War and strife and greed shall cease. O-ver
and in glo-ry He shall be; Dark-est night shall flee a-pace At the
Lord if He should come tonight? Will you hear the words, "Well done" Or the

Rit.

love and righteousness; He is com-ing, all His ransomed home to bring.
all the earth be peace, He is com-ing, Christ the Lamb for sinner slain.
brightness of His face, Hal-le-lu-jah! He is com-ing soon for me.
aw-ful word, "Be-gone!" He is com-ing in His glo-ry and His might.

CHORUS.

1

Christ is com-ing, Christ is com-ing, And His righteousness and
Christ is com-ing, Christ is com-ing,

2

glo-ry we shall see; He is coming soon to wel-come you and me.
we shall see;

No. 120. Tell Me the Story of Jesus.

ADAM CRAIG.

Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

P. P. BILHORN.

1. O tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, The sweetest that ev-er was told,
2. O tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, The dear, loving Sav-ior of men,
3. O tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, That sto - ry of love so sub - lime,

How He took in His arms little children, And led them as lambs to His fold.
How He healed all the sick and the dying, And soothed those in sorrow and pain;
How He died on the cross to save sinners, And rescue this poor soul of mine.

That sto - ry of Je-sus my Sav - ior, So lov-ing, so gen-tle, so mild,
He lived and He talked with the lowly, And lessons of love did un - fold;
O won-der-ful, won-der-ful sto - ry, Redemption for young and for old;

FINE.

When He said, "Those who enter the kingdom Must come like a dear little child."
I want to tell oth-ers that sto - ry— The sweetest that ever was told.
O tell all the world the sweet story—The sweetest that ever was told.

D.S.–How He took in His arms little children, And led them as lambs to His fold.

CHORUS. *D. S.*

O tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, The sweetest that ev - er was told.

No. 121. Lo! I am With You Alway.

MOLLIE CARRUTHERS. Words and Music Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn. Arr. by P. P. B.

1. Lo! I am with you al - way, E - ven un - to the end;
When on the path be - fore you Shad-ows of sor-row lie,
2. Lo! I am with you al - way, Un - to the end of life;
Days of your joy and glad-ness I will re - joice to see;
3. Lo! I am with you al - way, E'en to the end of time;
When in my Fa-ther's man-sions, O - ver the si - lent sea.

1

When you are sad and wea - ry, I will my com - fort send.
Then will I send my sun - shine, Then [*Omit.* . . . . .]
When with your sins in con - flict, When in the storm of strife.
Ev - er in dark temp-ta - tion, I [*Omit.* . . . . .]
When in your wel-come cho - rus Voi - ces of an - gels chime;
I who have shared your sor - row Give [*Omit.* . . . . .]

2 CHORUS.

will I heed your cry. No, nev - er a - lone, ...
will your Sav - ior be.
you a home with me. No, no, nev - er a - lone,

no, nev-er a - lone. . . . . He prom-ised nev-er to leave me,
no, nev-er a-lone,

1 2

Nev - er to leave me a - lone. Nev-er to leave me a - lone.

No. 122. Why Tarry Longer?

Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

R. H. Washburn. P. P. Bilhorn.

1. O why tar - ry long - er, my broth-er? The Sav - ior is
2. Why long - er re - fuse of - fered mer - cy? Sal - va - tion you
3. In Christ there is per - fect re-demp-tion; For you He was
4. O come while He's wait - ing to bles - you, His fa - vor so

call - ing to - day; Long years He has pa - tient - ly wait - ed;
now may re - ceive; His Spir - it is ten - der - ly plead-ing;
nailed to the tree; His arms are out-stretched to re - ceive you;
gra - cious to give; Look not to thy - self for a ref - uge,

Chorus.

O come to Him now while you may.
Make haste and in Je - sus be - lieve.
For - give - ness is yours full and free.
But look un - to Je - sus and live.
} Why tar - ry long - er,

why an - y long-er? Je - sus Himself free - ly gave; Why not be-

lieve, and par - don re-ceive? O come while He's waiting to save.

No. 123. Bring Them Hither to Jesus.

Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

P. P. B. P. P. BILHORN.

1. Have you burdens hard to bear? Bring them hith - er to Je - sus;
2. Have you doubts and fears with-in? Bring them hith - er to Je - sus;
3. Have you dear ones sore-ly vexed? Bring them hith - er to Je - sus;
4. All a-round the hun-gry lay; Bring them hith - er to Je - sus;
5. Say not, this a des - ert place; Bring them hith - er to Je - sus;
6. Are you filled with un - be - lief? Bring it hith - er to Je - sus;

Have you sor-row, sin, and care? Bring them hith-er to Je - sus.
Have you loved ones you would win? Bring them hith-er to Je - sus.
With their wand'rings oft perplexed? Bring them hith-er to Je - sus.
Do not bid them go a - way; Bring them hith-er to Je - sus.
When you lack suf - fi - cient grace, Bring them hith-er to Je - sus.
Why should thousands die in grief? Bring them hith-er to Je - sus.

CHORUS.

Bring them hith-er to Je - sus now. Bring them hith-er to Je - sus;

Bring your sor - row, sin, and care. Bring them hith-er to Je - sus.
Have you loved ones you would win? Bring them hith-er to Je - sus.
With their wand'rings oft perplexed? Bring them hith-er to Je - sus.
Do not bid them go a - way; Bring them hith-er to Je - sus.
When you lack suf - fi-cient grace. Bring them hith-er to Je - sus.
Why should thousands die in grief? Bring them hith-er to Je - sus.

No. 124. A Work for Me.

Ina Duley Ogdon. Words and Music Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn. Ferd Degen. Arr. by P. P. B.

1. When His bless-ed mission end - ed in that wondrous long a - go,
2. I am glad He left a message "tell the sto - ry o'er and o'er,"
3. I am glad that I am bidden with my gold - en sheaves to come,
4. O my grateful heart o'erfloweth with a joy - ful song of praise,

I am glad my Sav - ior left a work for me; When a-
I am glad my Sav - ior left a work for me; I would
I am glad my Sav - ior left a work for me; I am
I am glad my Sav - ior left a work for me; O how

gain the Fa - ther called Him from His la - bor here be-low, I am
bear His pre-cious prom-ise to the dark-est dis-tant shore, I am
glad that I may gar - ner for a heav'n-ly harvest home, I am
sweet to live to serve Him who has ransomed all my days, I am

Chorus.

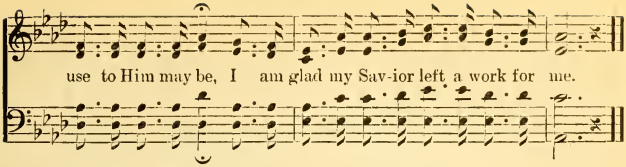
glad my Savior left a work for me.
glad my Savior left a work for me.
glad my Savior left a work for me.
glad my Savior left a work for me.
I am glad He left a work for me,

you and me,

I am glad He left a work for me; I am glad to know that I of some

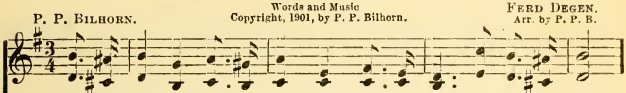
you and me;

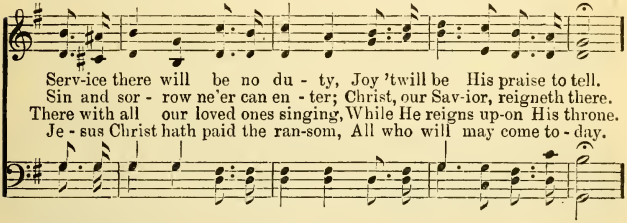
A Work for Me.



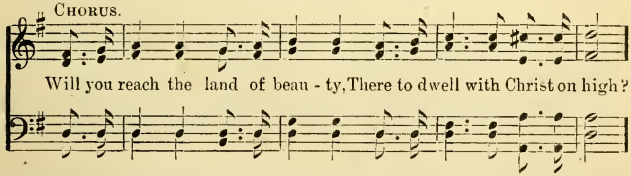
No. 125. In the Land of Beauty.

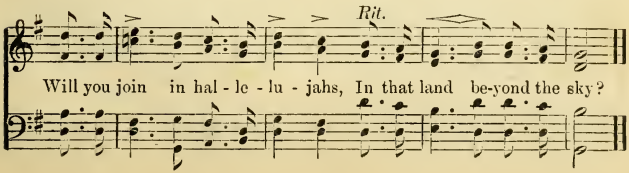
P. P. Bilhorn. Words and Music Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn. Ferd Degen. Arr. by P. P. B.





Chorus.





No. 126. Face to Face.

Copyright, 1899, by Tullar-Meredith Co.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

Moderato.

1. Face to face with Christ my Sav - ior, Face to face—what will it be?
2. On - ly faint - ly now I see Him, With the dark-ning veil be-tween,
3. What re - joic - ing in His pres-ence, When are banished grief and pain;
4. Face to face! oh, bliss-ful mo-ment! Face to face— to see and know;

When with rap-ture I be-hold Him, Je - sus Christ who died for me.
But a bless-ed day is com - ing, When His glo - ry shall be seen.
When the crooked ways are straightened, And the dark things shall be plain.
Face to face with my Re-deem - er, Je - sus Christ who loves me so.

CHORUS.

Face to face shall I be - hold Him, Far be-yond the star-ry sky;

Face to face in all His glo - ry, I shall see Him by and by!

No. 127. Drifting with the Tide.

FLORA KIRKLAND. Words and Music Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn. P. P. BILHORN.

1. Whither art thou drifting, 'Neath life's cloudless sky? Whither art thou drift - ing? Swift the mo-ments fly. Clouds may gath - er o'er thee,—
2. Whither art thou drifting? Time ebbs swift a - way; Soon the dimming twi - light Shall conclude the day. Where shall eve - ning find thee,
3. One hath come to guide thee, One who nev - er fails; One whose pow'r con- troll - eth Times and tides, and gales. Seek His will - ing guidance;

Who shall be thy guide? Storms may sore beset thee, Whither wilt thou hide?
With its fad - ing light? Whither cast thy an - chor For the coming night?
Trust His mighty hand; He will be thy Pi - lot To the bet - ter land.

CHORUS.

1

Drift-ing with the tide, Turn thy bark a - side; Danger lurks be-fore thee,

2

Rit.

Sure-ly shall be - tide. Life is not mere drifting, 'Tis struggling 'gainst the tide.

No. 128. I'll Count My Blessings.

Copyright, 1901, by F. E. Bilhorn.

Mrs. F. A. Breck. Geo. B. Holsinger.

1. I lift my heart to-day in praise To Him who loves me so,
2. I thank Him for un-clouded skies—For love be-yond my ken-
3. I go to meet an-oth-er day, year, With faith no doubt can dim,

Whose mer-cy crowneth all my days, And makes my cup o'er-flow.
Then when my path in shad-ow lies, The sun-shine comes a-gain.
God reign-eth, and I will not fear, But trust my way with Him.

Oh, have I loved Him as I should, For all His bless-ings free?
I thank Him for the hopes ful-fill'd—For ev-'ry answered plea,
Then if that way be bright or dark, Let peace un-shak-en be!

𝄋 Fine.

Praise God who giv-eth naught but good, For He is good to me!
That tho' life was not all I willed, My God is good to me.
And let me, like the soar-ing lark, Sing, God is good to me!

D.S. 2.—*Yet I can nev-er count them all—So good is God to me!*

𝄋 Chorus. D. S. 2.

I'll count my blessings— count them o'er and o'er—
I'll count my ma-ny blessings—I will count them o'er and o'er—
D.S. 1.—*I'll count my blessings, boun-ti-ful and free—*
I'll count my ma-ny blessings, Oh, how boun-ti-ful and free—

I'll Count My Blessings.

D. S. 1.

I'll tell my Fa-ther's goodness—I will love Him more,
love Him more and more,

No. 129. Jesus Will Help You.

WM. STEVENSEN. REV. R. LOWRY.

1. The Sav-ior is call-ing you, sin-ner—Urg-ing you now to draw nigh:
2. Thro' Him there is life in be-liev-ing; Sin-ner, O why will you die?
3. There's danger in long-er de-lay-ing, Swift-ly the moments pass by;

He asks you by faith to re-ceive Him; Je-sus will help if you try.
Ac-cept Him by faith as your Sav-ior; Je-sus will help if you try.
If now you will come, there is mer-cy; Je-sus will help if you try.

CHORUS.

Jesus will help you, Jesus will help you, Help you with grace from on high; The

weakest and poorest the Savior is calling; Je-sus will help if you try.

Copyright, 1875, by Biglow & Main. Used by per.

No. 130. The Best Friend is Jesus.

Copyright, 1896, by P. P. Bilhorn.

P. P. B. P. P. BILHORN.

DUET.

1. Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus, When the cares of life up-on you
2. What a friend I have found in Je - sus! Peace and comfort to my soul He
3. Tho' I pass thro' the night of sorrow, And the chilly waves of Jor-dan
4. When at last to our home we gath-er, With the loved ones who have gone be-

ORGAN OF PIANO.

roll; He will heal the wounded heart, He will strength and grace im-part;
brings; Lean - ing on His might-y arm, I will fear no ill nor harm;
roll, Nev - er need I shrink nor fear, For my Sav - ior is so near;
fore, We will sing up-on the shore, Praising Him for-ev - er more;

CHORUS. *Spirited.*

Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.
Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.
Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.
Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.
} The best friend to have is

Je - - - sus, The best friend to have is Je - - - sus, He will help you
Je-sus ev'ry day, Jesus all the way.

when you fall, He will hear you when you call; Oh, the best friend to have is Je-sus.

No. 131. Doing His Will.

Copyright, 1898, by H. L. Gilmour. By per.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Just to trust in the Lord, just to lean on His word, Just to feel I am
2. When my way darkest seems, when are blighted my dreams, Just to feel that the
3. Then my heart will be light, then my path will be bright, If I've Je-sus for

His ev-'ry day; Just to walk by His side with His Spirit to guide, Just to
Lord knoweth best; Just to yield to His will, just to trust and be still, Just to
my dearest friend; Counting all loss but gain, such a friend to obtain, True and

Chorus.

fol - low where He leads the way. } Just to say what He wants me to
lean on His bos - om and rest.
faith - ful He'll be to the end. } Just to say what He wants, what He

pp

say, And be still when He whispers to me;..... Just to
wants me to say, when He whispers to me;

go where He wants me to go,..... Just to be what He wants me to be.
where He wants me to go.

No. 132. We're Nearing the City.

Copyright, 1895, by I. H. Meredith

Rev. Harry White. I. H. Meredith.

1. We're near - ing the cit - y of which we are told;
2. Mid tri - als and dan - gers and an - guish of soul,
3. We're cross - ing the riv - er, we're out on the tide;
4. O sin - ner, now drift - ing far out on the tide

Its walls are of jas - per, its streets are of gold;
Tho' dark be the night and the wild bil-lows roll,
The cit - - y ap-pears on the fair E-den side;
Of sin's bit-ter an - guish, in death to a - bide,

Tho' lone - ly, and drear - y, and bois - t'rous the way,
I see a light gleam-ing a - cross the dark wave,
There, an - gels are wait - ing to wel - come us home,
Turn back to the Sav - ior—for you He has died;

We'll anch - or in heav - en, with Je - sus to stay.
And Je - - sus stands wait - ing the lost ones to save.
To swell the sweet cho - rus a - round the white throne.
Come anch - or your soul in the Lamb cru - ci - fied.

We're Nearing the City.

CHORUS.

We're bound..... for that cit - - - y where com - - eth no
We're bound for that cit - y, that beau-ti-ful cit-y where cometh no night, where

Rit.

night,..... Oh, glo - ri-ous cit - y of end-less de - light.
com-eth no night,

No. 133. Where will You Spend Eternity.

Copyright transfered 1891, to P. P. Bilhorn.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. T. H. TENNEY

1. Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty? This question comes to you and me!
2. Ma - ny are choosing Christ to - day, Turning from all their sins a - way;
3 Leav - ing the strait and nar-row way, Go - ing the downward road to - day,
4. Re-pent, be-lieve, this ver - y hour, Trust in the Sav-ior's grace and pow'r,

Tell me, what shall your an-swer be? Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty?
Heav'n, shall their hap - py por-tion be? Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty?
Sad will their fi - nal end-ing be,—Lost thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty!
Then will your joy - ous an-swer be, Saved thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty!

REFRAIN.

E - ter - ni - ty! e - ter - ni - ty! Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty?
3d v. E - ter - ni - ty! e - ter - ni - ty! Lost thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty!
4th. v. E - ter - ni - ty! e - ter - ni - ty! Saved thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty!

No. 134. Oh, to be Like Thee!

Copyright, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. Used by per.

T. O. CHRISTHOLM. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Oh, to be like Thee! bless-ed Re-deem - er, This is my con-stant
2. Oh, to be like Thee! full of com-pas - sion, Lov-ing, for-giv - ing,
3. Oh, to be like Thee! low - ly in spir - it, Ho - ly and harm-less,
4. Oh, to be like Thee! Lord, I am com - ing, Now to re-ceive th' a -
5. Oh, to be like Thee! while I am plead - ing, Pour out Thy Spir - it,

long-ing and pray'r; Glad-ly I'll for - feit all of earth's treas-ures,
ten - der and kind; Help-ing the help-less, cheer-ing the faint - ing,
pa - tient and brave; Meek-ly en - dur - ing cru - el re - proach - es,
nointing di - vine; All that I am and have I am bring - ing,
fill with Thy love; Make me a tem - ple meet for Thy dwell - ing,

CHORUS.

Je - sus, Thy per - fect like-ness to wear.
Seek-ing the wand'ring sin-ner to find.
Will-ing to suf - fer, oth-ers to save.
Lord, from this mo - ment all shall be Thine.
Fit me for life and heav-en a - bove.
} Oh, to be like Thee!

Oh, to be like Thee, Blessed Re-deem-er, pure as Thou art; Come in Thy

Rit.

sweet-ness, come in Thy fullness; Stamp Thine own image deep on my heart.

No. 135. I Will Follow Him.

INA DULEY OGDON. Words and Music Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn. P. P. BILHORN.

1. I see it now; it all is plain, Why Je-sus bore the scorn and pain;
2. And since I see the wondrous plan To res-cue lost and ru-ined man,
3. I see His ten-der, riv-en side; I see the free-ly flow-ing tide;
4. O thorn-y crown, O cru-el tree, How great the sac-ri-fice for me!

The Lamb of God for sin-ners slain, I now will fol-low Him.
I take His lov-ing, wound-ed hand, And rise to fol-low Him.
I feel the cleansing wave ap-plied, As now I fol-low Him.
O ris-en Lord of Cal-va-ry! I'll fol-low on-ly Thee.

CHORUS. *Faster.*

Yes, I will fol-low Him, fol-low Him, fol-low Him;
Will you not fol-low Him, fol-low Him, fol-low Him?
pp Yes, I will fol-low Thee, fol-low Thee, fol-low Thee;

Yes, I will fol-low Him, fol-low Je-sus now.
Will you not fol-low Him, fol-low Je-sus now?
Yes, I will fol-low Thee, fol-low on-ly Thee.

Just as I Am.

(*Use above music and last chorus, singing softly while heads are bowed.*)

1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

2 Just as I am, tho' tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

3 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

4 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

No. 136. Glory to God, Hallelujah!

Copyright, 1893, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. Used by per.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We are nev-er, nev-er wea-ry of the grand old song; Glo-ry to God,
2. We are lost a-mid the rapture of re-deem-ing love; Glo-ry to God,
3. We are go-ing to a pal-ace that is built of gold; Glo-ry to God,
4. There we'll shout redeeming mercy in a glad, new song; Glo-ry to God,

hal-le - lu - jah! We can sing it loud as ever, with our faith more strong;
hal-le - lu - jah! We are ris-ing on its pin-ions to the hills a - bove;
hal-le - lu - jah! Where the King in all His splendor we shall soon behold;
hal-le - lu - jah! There we'll sing the praise of Jesus with the blood-washed throng;

FINE. CHORUS.

Glo - ry to God, hal-le - lu - jah! O the children of the Lord have a

right to shout and sing, For the way is growing bright, and our

souls are on the wing; We are going by and by to the pal-ace of the King;

D. S.

No. 137. I Am On the Right Side.

Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

INA DULEY OGDON. P. P. BILHORN.

1. In the roy-al ar-my, fighting for the right, Serving for Je-ho-vah,
2. Many foes to conquer, ere the day be done, Ere the cry of tri-umph
3. See the ranks of darkness, backward as they fall. Never more to ral-ly,
4. Hasten onward, brother, triumph o-ver sin, Ev-'ry e-vil van-quish,

trust-ing in His might. Standing by my Cap-tain, vic-to-ry in view,
tells of vic-t'ry won; Clad in gos-pel ar-mor, Satan's hosts pursue;
ru-in o-ver all; See Je-ho-vah's ar-my, re-in-forced a-new;
ev-'ry con-flict win; Has-ten on to Zi-on, for the grand review;

Cres. *Rit.* CHORUS.

I am on the right side; brother, are you?
I am on the right side; brother, are you?
I am on the right side; brother, are you?
I am on the right side; brother, are you?
} I am on the right side,

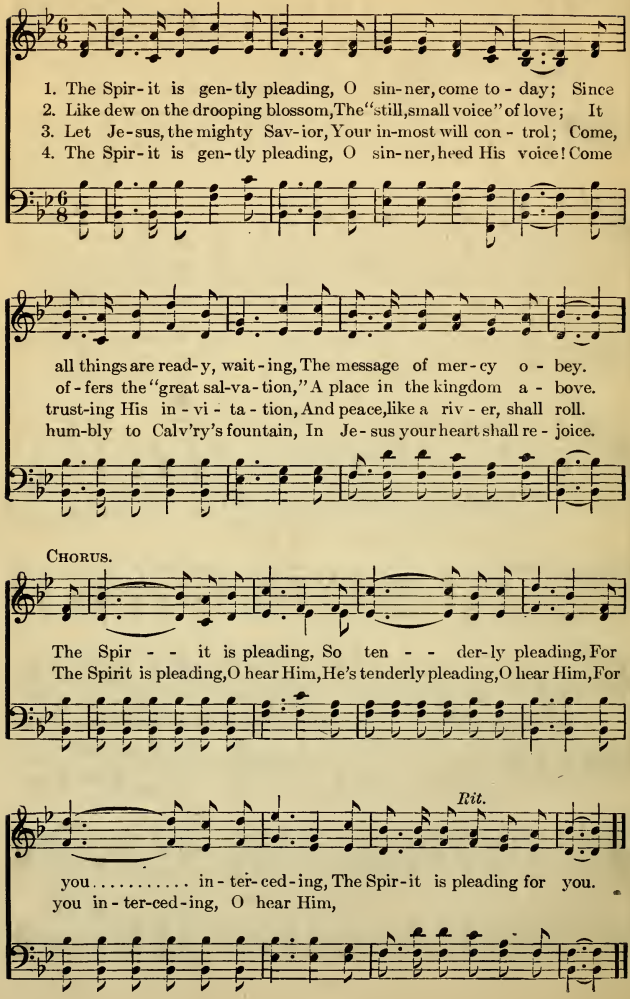
broth-er, are you? Standing by your Captain, brave, and tried, and true; Brother, will you

meet me in the grand review, I am on the right side; brother, are you?

No. 138. The Spirit is Pleading.

Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

E. E. Hewitt. F. Degen. Arr. by P. P. B.



No. 139. To His Name Be Glory.

Words and Music.
Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

E. E. Hewitt. P. P. Bilhorn.

1. Praise the Lord, who made the sky, Sun and moon to rule on high;
2. Praise the Lord, who wakes the flow'rs, Makes the earth like Eden bow'rs,
3. Praise the Lord, whose gen-tle care Breathes around us ev-'ry-where;
4. Praise the Lord—not lips a-lone—Let our lives His goodness own,

Let our grate-ful songs re-ply; Praise, O praise the Lord.
Sends these blooming sum-mer hours; Praise, O praise the Lord.
Trust Him like the lil-ies fair; Praise, O praise the Lord.
Till we stand be-fore the throne; Praise, O praise the Lord.

Chorus.

Glad hal-le-lu-jahs sing, Sing in joyful measures, Loud praises to our King,

For life's ma-ny pleasures. He guides and guards our way; Sing salvation's

Rit.

sto-ry, Sun and shield for ev-'ry day; To His name be glo-ry.

No. 140. Seek Him Now.

Ina Duley Ogdon.

Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

Ferd Degen.
Arr by P. P. B.

1. At the Cross on Calvary's mountain, where the ris-en Sav-ior died,
2. Seek ye first the Father's kingdom, do not fal-ter nor de-lay,
3. "Come, ye wea-ry, heav-y la-den," He hath bid-den thee to come.

Where He bore the shame and anguish, thorn-y crown, and riv-en side;
Ye who ear-ly seek shall find Him, He will turn thee not a-way;
Come, ye poor, des-pised, for-sak-en, in the Father's house is room;

D. S.

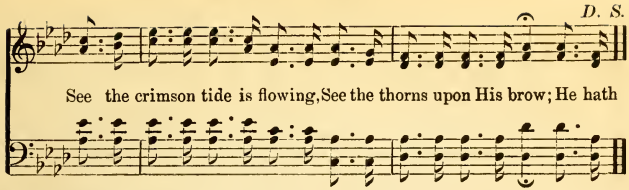
Lo! He giv-eth free sal-va-tion in the healing, cleansing tide, He hath
He hath promised life e-ter-nal, and He call-eth thee to-day, He hath
O re-pent-ant, hungry brother, He a-wait-eth thee at home, He hath

Fine. Chorus.

bidden ev'ry creature seek Him now. O a-rise.....and seek Him
bidden ev'ry creature seek Him now.
bidden ev'ry creature seek Him now. O arise and seek Him now, and seek Him

now, O a-rise..... and seek Him now;
now, and seek Him now, O a-rise and seek Him now, and seek Him now;

Seek Him Now.



No. 141. Parting Song.

Words and Music
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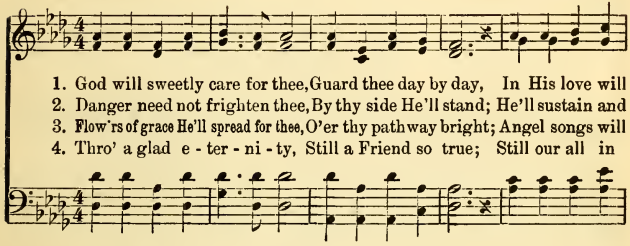
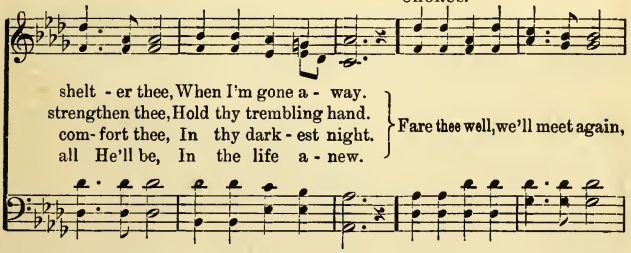
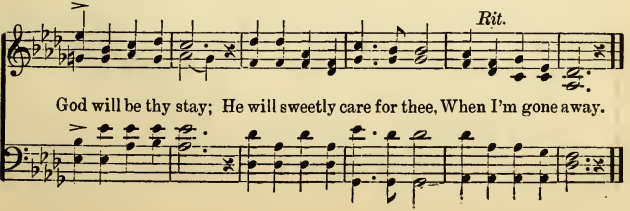
INA DULEY OGDON. P. P. BILHORN.







No. 142. Send the Light.

Copyright, 1890-1894, by Geo. F. Rosche.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL. By per.

1. There's a call comes ringing o'er the restless wave, "Send the light!
2. We have heard the Mac-e-do-nian call to-day, "Send the light!
3. Let us pray that grace may ev'rywhere abound; Send the light,
4. Let us not grow wea-ry in the work of love; Send the light,

Send the light!

Send the light!" There are souls to res-cue, there are souls to save,
Send the light!" And a gold-en off'ring at the cross we lay,
Send the light! And a Christ-like spir-it ev-'ry-where be found,
Send the light! Let us gath-er jew-els for a crown a-bove,

Send the light!

REFRAIN.

Send the light!.... Send the light!.... Send the light!.... the
Send the light! Send the light! Send the light!

1

bless-ed gos - pel light; Let it shine..... from shore to
the bless-ed gos-pel light; Let it shine

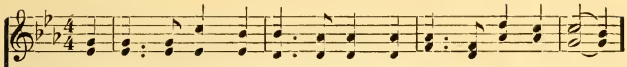
2

shore!..... Shine..... for ev - er - more.....
from shore to shore! Let it shine for ev - er-more.

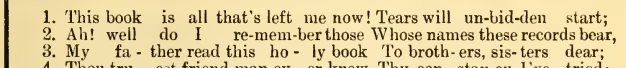
No. 143. The Family Bible.

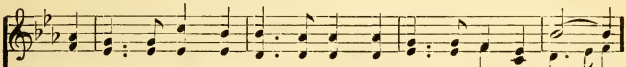
Copyright, 1899, by Jones & Broadhurst. By per. of T. E. Jones.

GEO. P. MORRIS. T. E. JONES.

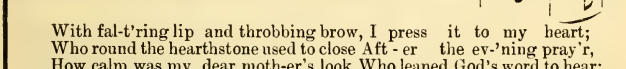


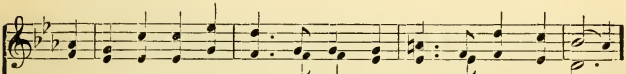
1. This book is all that's left me now! Tears will un-bid-den start;
2. Ah! well do I re-mem-ber those Whose names these records bear,
3. My fa - ther read this ho - ly book To broth - ers, sis- ters dear;
4. Thou tru - est friend man ev - er knew, Thy con - stan-cy I've tried;



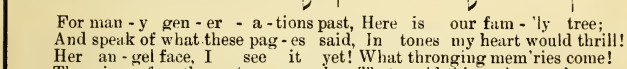


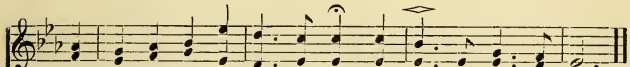
With fal-t'ring lip and throbbing brow, I press it to my heart;
Who round the hearthstone used to close Aft - er the ev-'ning pray'r,
How calm was my dear moth-er's look, Who leaned, God's word to hear;
When all were false, I've found thee true, My coun - sel- or and guide.



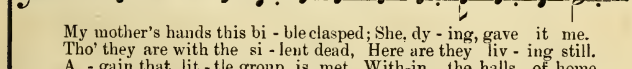


For man - y gen - er - a - tions past, Here is our fam - 'ly tree;
And speak of what these pag - es said, In tones my heart would thrill!
Her an - gel face, I see it yet! What thronging mem'ries come!
The mines of earth no treas- ure give That could this vol - ume buy;





My mother's hands this bi - ble clasped; She, dy - ing, gave it me.
Tho' they are with the si - lent dead, Here are they liv - ing still.
A - gain that lit - tle group is met With-in the halls of home.
In teach-ing me the way to live, It taught me how to die.



No. 144. Make Way for the King.

Words and Music
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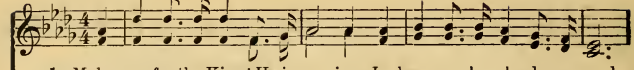
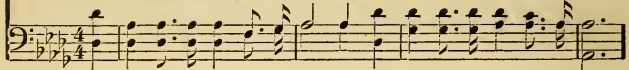
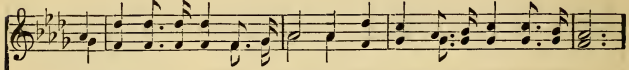
ADA BLENKHORN. FERD DEGEN. Arr. by P. P. B.

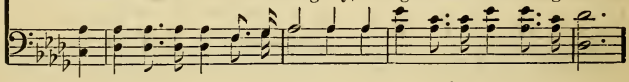


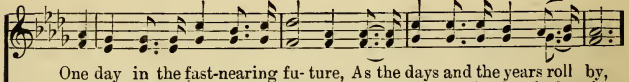
1. Make way for the King! He is com-ing In heav-en - ly splendor arrayed,
2. Make way for the King! He is com-ing, Make way for the Lord in your heart;
3. Make way for the King! Let your armor Be gleam-ing, and burnished with pray'r;
4. Make way for the King! He is com-ing, Go out on the highway and street,
5. Make way for the King! He is com-ing, The ho - ly, the pow-er-ful One,



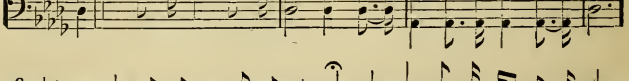


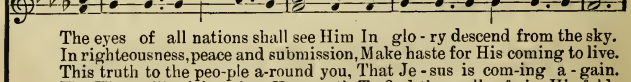
Ye Christians who love His appearing, Keep watching and be not dismayed.
All en - vy, and malice, and ha-tred, O bid it for-ev - er de-part.
Beneath the bright folds of His banner Your love and devotion de-clare.
And res-cue the careless and sin-ful, The maimed and the poor whom you meet.
The earth shall be filled with His glory, In brightness transcending the sun.



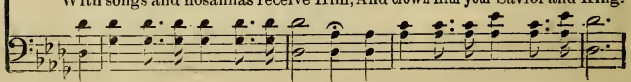


One day in the fast-nearing fu- ture, As the days and the years roll by,
Let love reign supreme in your spir-it, Your en - e-mies free-ly for-give;
With ar-dor and zeal un - a - ba - ted, By word and by ac-tion pro-claim
Go gath-er the sheep and the lambkins Who per-ish from hunger and cold,
Re-joice and be glad, all ye peo - ple, Let earth with your ju- bi-lees ring,





The eyes of all nations shall see Him In glo - ry descend from the sky.
In righteousness, peace and submission, Make haste for His coming to live.
This truth to the peo-ple a-round you, That Je - sus is com-ing a - gain.
The King will rejoice when He cometh To find them all safe in His fold.
With songs and hosannas receive Him, And crown Him your Savior and King.



Make Way for the King.

CHORUS.

Make way!..... Make way!.....

{ Make way, the King is coming, Make way, the King is coming! } Let
{ Make way, the King is coming, Make way, the King is coming! } And

1 2

earth with its ju - bi - lees ring.
[*Omit.* . . . . .] crown Him Sav-ior and King.

No. 145. Blessed Holy Spirit.

Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

P. P. BILHORN. FERD DEGEN.

DUET.

1. Wondrous gift, of God to earth, Bless - ed Ho - ly Spir - it,
2. Hear my cry, Thou Light di - vine, Lead me to the Sav - ior;
3. Be my wis - dom, thro' me speak, Give me strength and pow - er;
4. Teach me right-eous-ness with - in. Thou who art so ho - ly,

May my soul of Thee have birth, Bless - ed Ho - ly Spir - it.
O'er my dark-ened path-way shine, Guid - ing me for ev - er.
Give me grace to du - ty meet, In the try - ing hour.
Keep my heart from ev - 'ry sin, Show me Je - sus on - ly.

CHORUS.

1 2

Fill me with Thy light divine, Bless-ed Ho-ly Spir-it,
Let Thy likeness in me shine, [*Omit.* . . . .] Bless-ed Ho-ly Spir-it.

No. 146. Jesus is Leading the Way.

Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

INA DULEY OGDON. P. P. BILHORN.

1. The Lord is my Shep-herd, He lead-eth me on; His
2. The bow of His prom-ise is gird-ing the hills; No
3. A-down the green pas-tures my foot-steps He guides, And
4. And sure-ly His good-ness will al-ways en-dure; My

rod and His staff are my stay; The morning is dawning, the
storm in the heav-en ap-pears; The har-vest He giv-eth, His
now the still wa-ters I see; My soul He re-stor-eth, no
cup o-ver-flow-eth to-day; I'll dwell in His mansions, for-

dark-ness is gone, Since Je-sus is lead-ing the way.
word He ful-fills; My ev-'ry pe-ti-tion He hears.
e-vil be-tides; His mer-cies are fol-low-ing me.
ev-er se-cure, For Je-sus is lead-ing the way.

CHORUS.

Yes, Je-sus is leading the way, Yes, Je-sus is lead-ing the way; The

morning is dawning, the darkness is gone, For Je-sus is leading the way.

No. 147. To God be the Glory.

Copyright, 1875, by Biglow & Main. Used by per.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. To God be the glo-ry, great things He hath done, So loved He the
2. O per - fect re-demp-tion, the purchase of blood, To ev - 'ry be-
3. Great things He hath taught us, great things He hath done, And great our re-

world that He gave us His Son, Who yield - ed his life an a-
liev - er the prom-ise of God; The vil - est of - fend-er who
joic - ing thro' Je - sus the Son; But pur - er, and high-er, and

D. S.—O come to the Fa-ther, thro'

FINE.

tone-ment for sin, And o-pened the life-gate that all may go in.
tru - ly believes, That moment from Je - sus a par-don re-ceives.
great-er will be Our won-der, our transport, when Je-sus we see.

Je - sus the Son, And give Him the glo - ry, great things He hath done.

CHORUS.

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Let the earth hear His voice;

D. S.

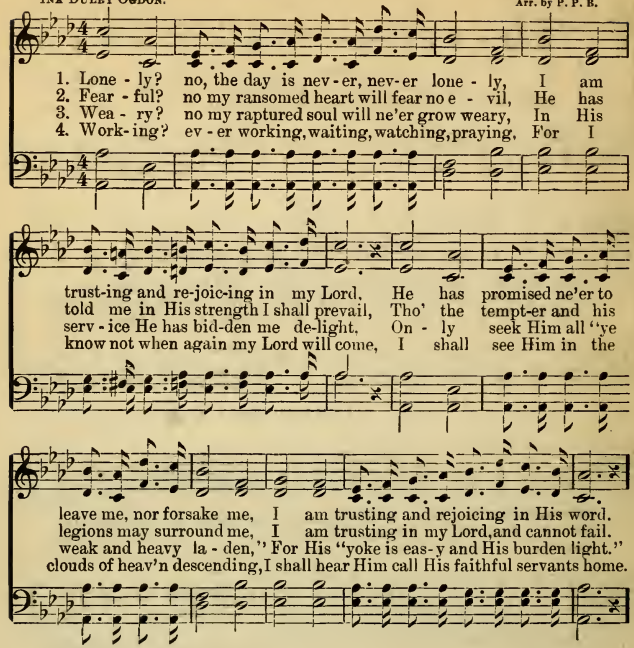
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Let the peo - ple re-joice.

No. 148. Trusting and Rejoicing.

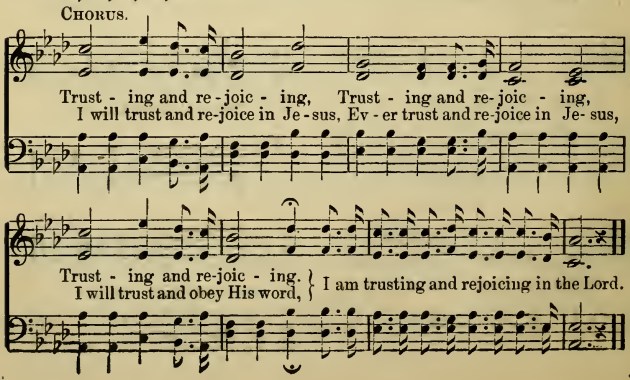
Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

INA DULEY OGDON.

FERD DEGEN.
Arr. by P. P. B.

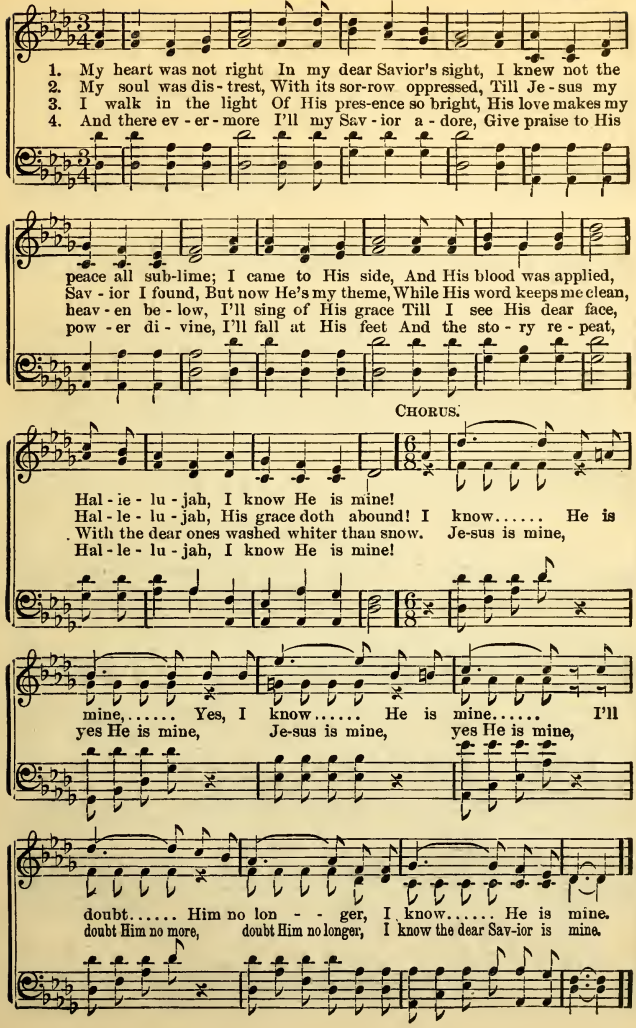


CHORUS.



No. 149. I Know He is Mine.

P. P. B. Copyright, 1896, by P. P. Bilhorn. P. P. Bilhorn.



No. 150. The Gospel Invitation.

Copyright, 1898, by H. N. Lincoln. Used by per.

H. N. Lincoln. W. H. Whitworth.

1. We are told of the feast and the wedding, Which the King had prepared in His home,
2. Christ, today, spreads a banquet of mercy, And His servants invite to His home;
3. Slight no longer the kind in-vi - ta- tion, And the message of mercy we bring;
4. Still the Spir-it so ten-der-ly woos you, And the Bride, full of love, echoes, "Come;"

When the few that were bidden had spurned it, Man-y more were invited to come.
Sinner, all now is read- y and waiting, On the highways of sin cease to roam.
O ac-cept now the bounty of Je - sus, And sit down at the feet of thy King.
Him that heareth and will, who-so-ev - er, Let him come to the heavenly home.

Chorus.

Out on the highways, into the byways, Over the
Out on the high - ways, into the by - ways, Over the moun -

mountain, o-ver the sea, Car-ry the message,
tain, over the sea, ... Carry the mes - - sage, tell of sal-

tell of sal-va tion, Ring out the tidings, "Mercy is free."
va - - tion, Ring out the ti - - dings, "Mercy is free." .....

No 151.

Redemption.

Copyright, 1887, by Ira D. Sankey. By per.

F. J. Crosby. P. P. Bilhorn.

1. O won - der - ful words of the Gos - pel! O won - der - ful
2. He came from the throne of His glo - ry, And left the bright
3. O come to this won - der - ful Sav - ior, Come, wea - ry and
4. There's no oth - er ref - uge but Je - sus, No shel - ter where

mes-sage they bring, Pro - claim - ing a bless - ed re-demp-tion, Thro'
man-sions a - bove, The world to re-deem from its bondage; So
sor - row-op-pressed, Be - hold on the cross how He suf-fered, That
lost ones may fly; And now, while He's ten-der - ly call-ing: Oh,

Chorus.

Je - sus, our Sav-ior and King.
great His com-pas-sion and love.
you in His kingdom might rest.
"turn ye, for why will ye die?"
} Be - lieve, oh, be-lieve in His

mer-cy That flows like a foun-tain so free; Be - lieve, and re-

Rit.

ceive the re-demp-tion He of - fers to you and to me.

No. 152. Fear Thou Not.

Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

KATE ULMER.

FERD DEGEN.
Arr. by P. P. B.

1. Sav - ior, I have heard Thee whisper, "Leave the world and fol - low me;"
2. Sav - ior, I am weak and sin - ful, And I dare not take the cross,
3. Sav - ior, if I come and fol - low, Some will mock, and some de - ride;
4. Bless-ed Sav - ior, I sur - ren - der; Thou hast conquered; I am Thine;

Rit.

But the way seems dark and lone-ly, And the light I can-not see.
Lest I bring re-proach up - on it, And Thy dear name suf-fer loss.
Man - y dear ones will for-sake me, Turn - ing cold - ly from my side.
I will fol - low where Thou leadest, Trust - ing in Thy love di - vine.

CHORUS.

Fear thou not, I will be with thee; I will guide thy feet a - right;

Cres. *Rit.*

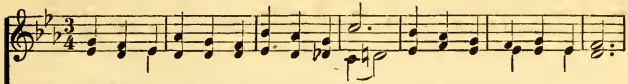
I will strengthen and up- hold thee; I will keep thee by my might.

No. 153. What Wilt Thou Have Me to Do?

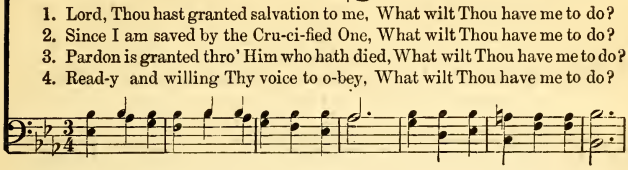
Words and Music
Copyright, 1898, by P. P. Bilhorn.

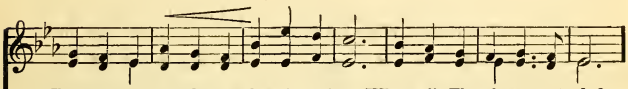
B. A. R.

Arr. from M. C.
by P. P. Bilhorn.

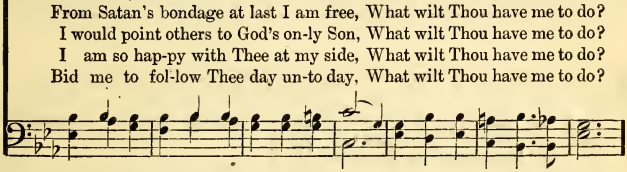


1. Lord, Thou hast granted salvation to me, What wilt Thou have me to do?
2. Since I am saved by the Cru-ci-fied One, What wilt Thou have me to do?
3. Pardon is granted thro' Him who hath died, What wilt Thou have me to do?
4. Read-y and willing Thy voice to o-bey, What wilt Thou have me to do?

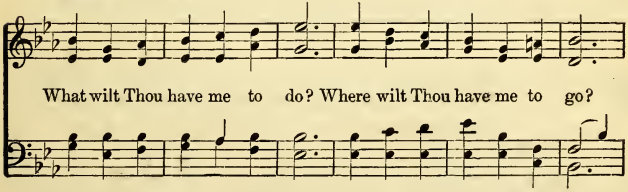




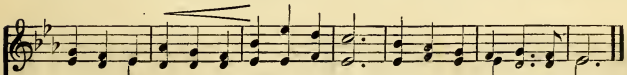
From Satan's bondage at last I am free, What wilt Thou have me to do?
I would point others to God's on-ly Son, What wilt Thou have me to do?
I am so hap-py with Thee at my side, What wilt Thou have me to do?
Bid me to fol-low Thee day un-to day, What wilt Thou have me to do?



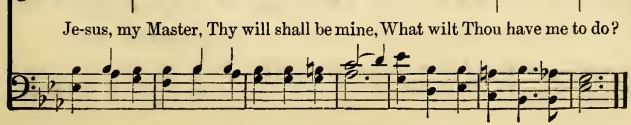
Refrain. *Faster.*



What wilt Thou have me to do? Where wilt Thou have me to go?



Je-sus, my Master, Thy will shall be mine, What wilt Thou have me to do?



No. 154. Labor On.

Copyright, 1870, by W. H. Doane. Used by per.

C. R. Blackall. W. H. Doane.

1. In the har-vest field there is work to do. For the grain is ripe,
2. Crowd the garner well, with its sheaves all bright. Let the song be glad,
3. In the gleaners' path may be rich re-ward, Tho' the time seems long,
4. Lo! the Harvest Home in the realms a-bove Shall be gained by each

and the reap-ers few; And the Master's voice bids the workers true
and the heart be light; Fill the precious hours, ere the shades of night
and the la-bor hard; For the Master's joy, with His chosen shared,
who has toiled and strove, When the Master's voice, in its tones of love,

Chorus.

Heed the call that He gives to-day.
Take the place of the gold-en day.
Drives the gloom from the dark-est day.
Calls a-way to e-ter-nal day.

La-bor on! la-bor on! Keep the bright re-ward in view; For the Mas-ter has
la-bor on!

Labor on!

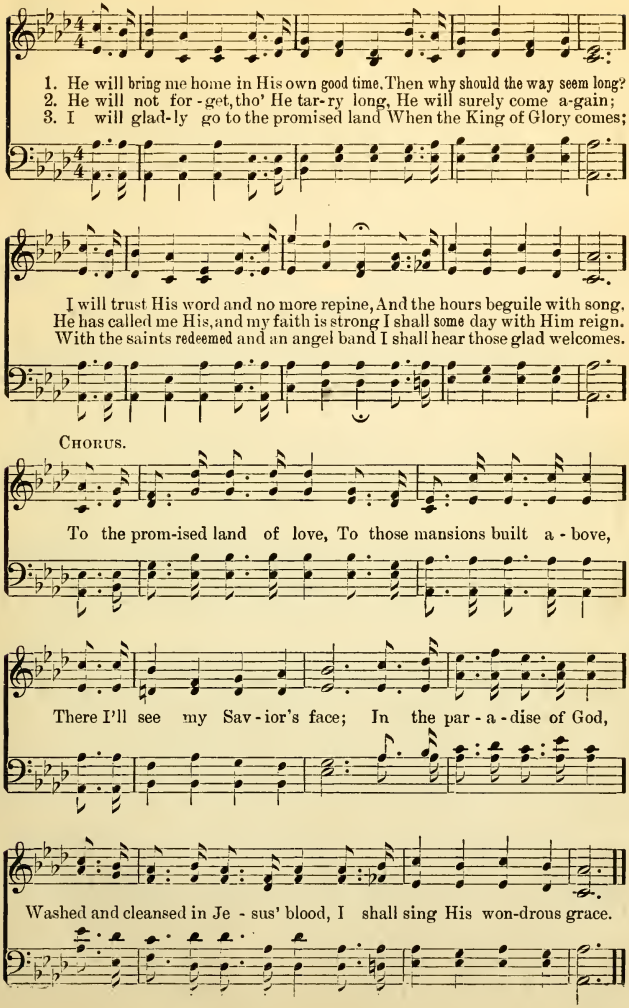
said He will strength re-new; La-bor on till the close of day!

No. 155. Away to the Promised Land.

P. P. Bilhorn.

Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

Ferd Degen.
Arr. by P. P. B.



No. 156. The World for Christ.

Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

INA DULEY OGDON. P. P. BILHORN.

1. We are march-ing a-long, Je-sus is our grateful song, For His
2. Ev - er on - ward we move, and His precious life and love In - to
3. Let us speed with the Light ere the fall-ing of the night, Ere the
4. We shall all rest at home, where no e-vil pow'r may come, Where is

blood has redeemed us from sin; O the sweet gos - pel call, praise His
earth's drearest lands we will bear; O His mer - cy and grace for a
bright, gold-en har - vest is past; He shall call, not in vain, we will
noth - ing that mak-eth a lie, Where the tried, faith-ful one, hears the

name, it is for all. And for Christ all the world we will win.
dy - ing, ru - ined race, Ev - 'ry crea - ture and na - tion shall share.
gar - ner in the grain, All His own shall be shel-tered at last.
bless-ed word "Well done;" All shall rest, safe at home, by and by.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - - jah! spread His fame, ... un - til
Hal - le - lu - jah! spread His fame,

ev - - - 'ry soul has heard, Hal - le - lu - - - jah! praise His
un - til ev - 'ry soul has heard, Hal - le - lu - jah!

The World for Christ.

name, un - til all the world shall crown Him Lord.
praise His name, crown Him Lord.

No. 157. The Voice of Peace.

FLORA J. TUBBS.

Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

FERD DEGEN.
Arr. by P. P. B.

1. Sometimes my heart is sad and heav - y, Dark seems the way; Then
2. Sometimes I faint beneath my bur - dens, Heav - y to bear; Some-
3. So I go on my way re - joic - ing, Hap - py and blest; Trust-

man - y doubts and fears as-sail me, Hope sheds no cheer-ing ray.
times I long to rest for - ev - er, Free from each earth-ly care.
ing a - lone in Christ, my Sav - ior, Who giv-eth peace and rest.

CHORUS.

Hark! I hear a voice so sweet - ly Whisp'ring in my ear, "I'll
Hark! a-gain that voice, so ten - der Calms my troubled breast; "Come
Hark! that voice of blest as - sur - ance Comes a - gain to me, "In

guard and guide thee on thy path- way, Trust me and do not fear."
un - to me, thou heavy la - den, And I will give you rest."
per-fect peace Thou'lt ever keep him Whose mind is stayed on Thee."

No. 158. Blessed is He that Endureth.

© Copyright, 1894, by P. P. Bilhorn.

IDA L. REED. L. H. MEREDITH.

Moderato.

1. Bless-ed is he that en-dur-eth, Who faith-ful-ly keepeth his way,
2. Bless-ed is he that en-dur-eth, Re-sist-ing temptation and wrong;
3. Bless-ed is he that en-dur-eth, To him shall be giv-en a crown;

Looking for help to the Sav-ior, Re-new-ing his strength day by day.
Je-sus will ev-er-more aid him, He shall in his weakness be strong.
Crown of e-ter-nal re-joic-ing, When life and its griefs are laid down.

CHORUS.

Cres.

Bless-ed is he that en-dur-eth, Who is true when he's

Rit.

tempt-ed and tried,..... Bless-ed is he, and for-
tempted and tried,

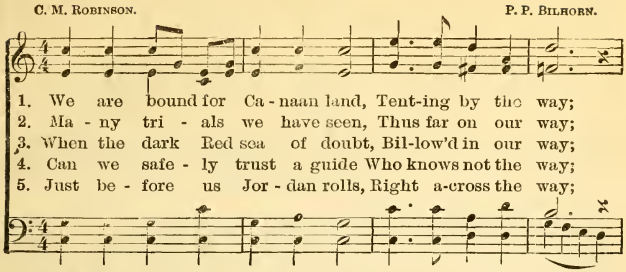
Rit.

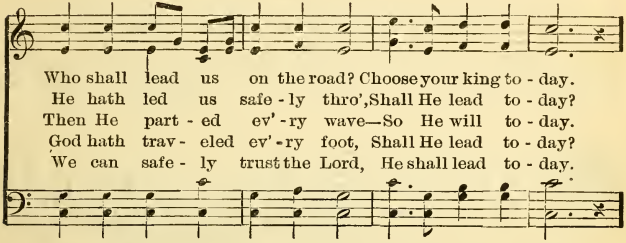
ev-er..... He shall walk by the Sav-ior's side.

No. 159. Dare to Stand Like Joshua.

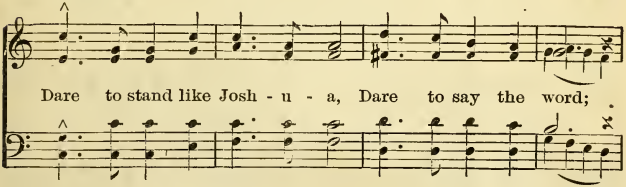
Words and Music.
Copyright, 1898, by P. P. Bilhorn.

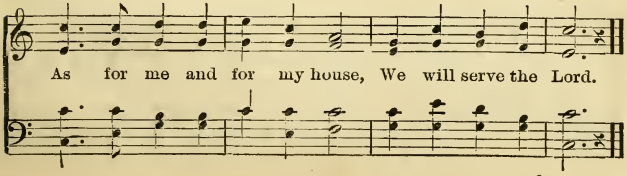
C. M. Robinson. P. P. Bilhorn.





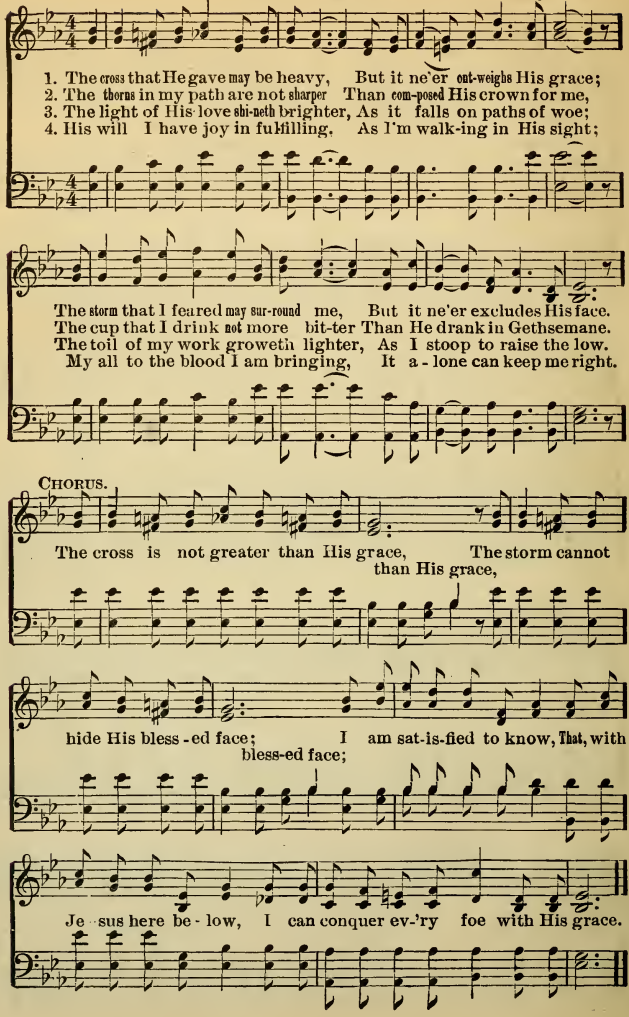
Chorus.





No. 160. The Cross That He Gave.

Gen. Ballington Booth. Arr. by P. P. B.



No. 161. Bid Him Come In.

Copyright, 1891, by P. P. Bilhorn.

P. P. B. P. P. BILHORN.

1. Oh, what a Sav-ior, He's pleading for you, Plead-ing for you,
2. Will you not trust Him as Sav-ior to-day? Trust Him to-day?
3. O-pen your heart's door and bid Him come in, Bid Him come in,
4. Come now to Je-sus, for why will you die? Why will you die?

plead-ing for you; Come and ac-cept Him, He's lov-ing and true,
trust Him to-day? He will drive sor-row and sigh-ing a-way,
bid Him come in; He hath re-deemed you, He'll cleanse you from sin,
why will you die? While He in mer-cy is com-ing so nigh,

CHORUS.

'Tis Je-sus now pleading for you. Shall..... He come
Will you not trust Je-sus to-day?
Oh, bid the dear Sav-ior come in.
Oh, broth-er, then why will you die? Shall He come in?

in?..... Shall..... He come in?..... Will
Shall He come in? He will redeem you and save you from sin; Bid Him come in,

you not bid..... the dear Sav - ior come in?
bid Him come in, Bid the dear Sav-ior come in.

No. 162. By and By.

Copyright, 1898, by J. M. Black.

FANNY J. CROSBY. J. M. BLACK.

1. We shall cross..... the roll-ing tide By and
2. There are crowns..... that we shall win By and
3. There are dear..... ones we shall meet By and

by, By and by, And our ar - - - mor lay a-
by, By and by, When our sheaves..... are gathered
by, By and by, At a lov - - - ing Savior's

side, By and by,..... By and by.
in, By and by,..... By and by.
feet, By and by,..... By and by.

Con spirito.

We shall reach the oth- er shore, And with millions gone be-fore, We shall
O, the won-der and surprise That will greet our waking eyes, When to
And the chains of friendship true Will be twined for us a-new, When each

Rit.

rest for ev - er-more, By and by,..... By and by.
glo - ry we shall rise, By and by,..... By and by.
oth-er's face we view, By and by,..... By and by.

No. 163. The Lord Is My Shepherd.

Arr. Copyright, 1898, by P. P. Bilhorn.

T. Koschat.

Lento. *m*

1. The Lord is my Shep-herd, no want shall I know, I
2. Thro' the val - ley and shad - ow of death tho' I stray, Since
3. In the midst of af - flic - tion my ta - ble is spread; With
4. Let good - ness and mer - cy, my boun - ti - ful God, Still

m

feed in green pas - tures, safe fold - ed I rest; He lead-eth my
Thou art my Guardian, no e - vil I fear; Thy rod shall de-
bless-ings un-meas-ured my cup run-neth o'er; With perfume and
fol - low my steps till I meet Thee a - bove. I seek by the

f *m*

soul where the still wa-ters flow, Re - stores me when wand'ring, re-
fend me, Thy staff be my stay; No harm can be - fall, with my
oil Thou a - noint-est my head; Oh, what shall I ask of Thy
path which my fore - fa-thers trod, Thro' the land of their so-journ, Thy

p *ff* *Rit.* *p*

deems when oppressed. Re-stores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppressed.
Com-fort - er near, No harm can be - fall, with my Com-fort - er near.
prov - i-dence more? Oh, what shall I ask of Thy prov-i-dence more.
king-dom of love, Thro' the land of their so-journ, Thy kingdom of love.

No 164. Hear the Joy-Bells Ringing.

Words and Music.
Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

E. E. Hewitt. F. Degen. Arr. P. P. B.

1. Hear the joy - bells ring - ing, Hap - py voic - es sing - ing, Hal - le-
2. Praise His name for - ev - er, He will fail us nev - er, Naught our
3. Hear the joy - bells ring - ing, See the foun-tain springing, Bloom and

lu-jahs bring-ing To the Lord a - bove, Oh, the pre-cious sto-ry,
souls shall sev - er From our gra-cious Lord; Oh, what con-so - la-tion
glad-ness bring-ing In the des - ert place; Dai - ly will He guide us,

f.

Life, and peace, and glo - ry, Bless - ed Gos - pel sto - ry Of re-
In His great sal - va - tion! He our ex - pect - a - tion, And our
Need - ful good pro-vide us, In the Rock will hide us, Till we

D. S.–*Love is watch-ing o'er us, See the Home be - fore us, Praise our*

Fine. Chorus.

deem - ing love.
bright re - ward.
see His face.
} Crown Him, crown Him, hear the joy-bells ring;

Sav - ior King.

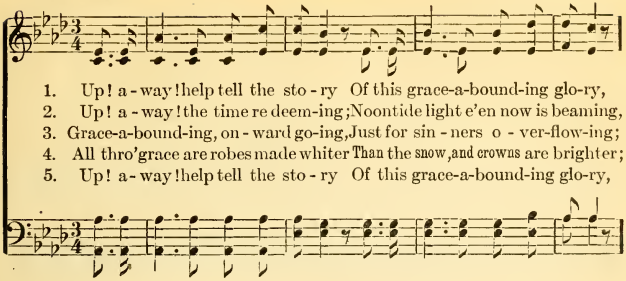
D. S.

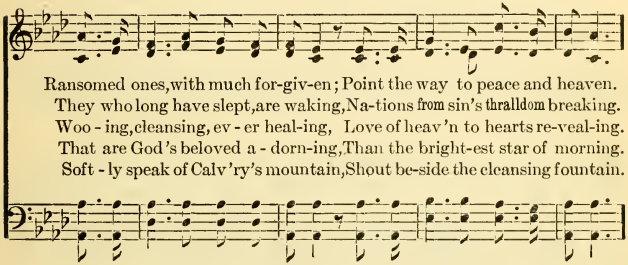
Crown Him, crown Him, Hear His people sing; Come and swell the cho-rus,

No. 165. Grace Abounding.

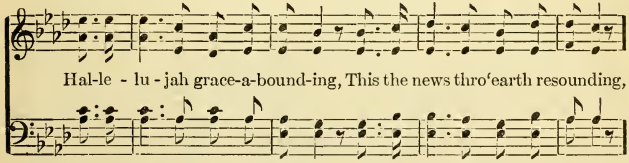
Copyright, 1893, by W. S. Nickle.

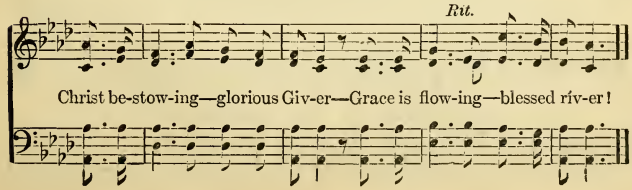
ABBIE MILLS. W. S. NICKLE. By per.





CHORUS.





No. 166. Only a Touch!

Words and Music.
Copyright, 1891, by P. P. Bilhorn.

MRS. CYNTHIE H. WILSON. P. P. BILHORN.

Not too fast.

1. On - ly a touch of the trem - u - lous hand, As the
2. On - ly a touch! but the an - swer came swift, And tho'
3. On - ly a touch of the trem - u - lous soul, As she
4. On - ly a touch of His gar - ment's hem, With a

cu - ri - ous throng drew nigh; On - ly a touch! but how
all of her living was spent, On - ly a touch! what a
pressed in the surg - ing throng; On - ly a touch! yet it
hope in His heal - ing grace, On - ly a touch! with a

won-drous and grand! The Mas - ter was pass - ing by.
glo - ri - ous gift! The heal - ing to her was sent.
made her whole, And vir - tue had made her strong.
faith in Him, He turned and be - held her face.

REFRAIN. *Cres.*

On - ly a touch! on - ly a touch! Touch Him and you'll know why;

Rit.

On - ly a touch of His garment's hem, O touch Him! ere He pass by.

No. 167. Since the Comforter is Mine.

P. P. B.

Words and Music
Copyright, 1898, by P. P. Bilhorn.

P. P. Bilhorn.

1. I can sing the wondrous sto - ry, Since the Com - fort-er is mine;
2. Now I claim a full sal - va - tion, Since the Com - fort-er is mine;
3. All my task and toil is light - er, Since the Com - fort-er is mine;
4. All the clouds have sil-ver lin - ing, Since the Com - fort-er is mine;

I can tell of Je - sus' glo - ry, Of His grace and love di-vine.
Jus - ti - fied from con-dem-na-tion, Thro' His grace and pow'r di-vine.
And the way keeps growing brighter, Walking in the light di-vine.
And His love, the storm out-shin-ing, Bears me on to realms sub-lime.

Chorus.

Since the Com - - - fort-er is mine,..... Since the
Since that He is mine, The Com-fort-er di-vine, I have

Com - - - fort-er is mine,..... There is peace within my heart,
peace and joy sublime, Since that He is mine,

And it nev - er will de-part, Since the blessed Comforter is mine.

No. 168. The Lord is Good.

E. E. Hewitt. Words and Music Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn. P. P. Bilhorn.

1. The Lord is good, ... and full of grace..... To all who
2. The Lord is good, ... is good to all,..... The Eye that
3. The Lord is good; ..... shall we not sing,..... And sound the

Cres.

seek..... His blessed face;.... For trustful souls..... who wait for
sees..... the sparrow's fall..... Will kindly note..... His children's
praise.... of Christ our King?... His roy-al throne.... is o - ver

Him,..... The light breaks thro'..... the shadows dim..... Why
need,..... Thro' paths un-known.... will gen-tly lead..... Who
all..... He sees our wants,.... He hears our call,..... Thro'

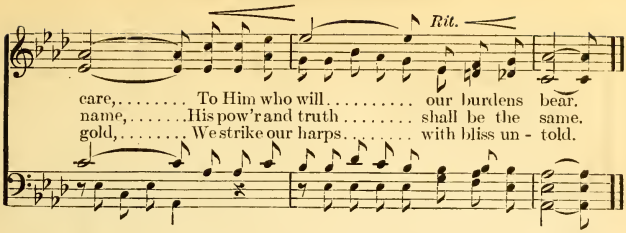
m

should we doubt?..... Why should we fear?..... Since changeless
robes the flow'r..... in beau-ty fair,..... Will grant to
sun and shade,..... thro' storm and calm,..... Still may we

m

love..... abides so near,.... Bring ev'ry grief,.... bring ev-'ry
us..... His tender care;.... Thro' passing years,... O bless His
lift..... a joy-ful psalm,... Till in that Home.... of pur-est

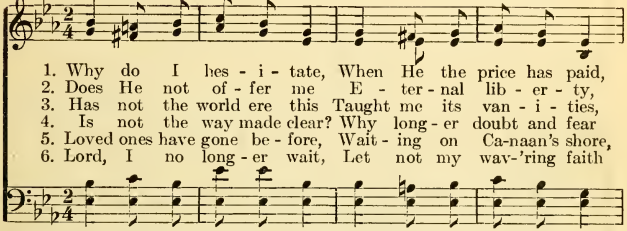
The Lord is Good.

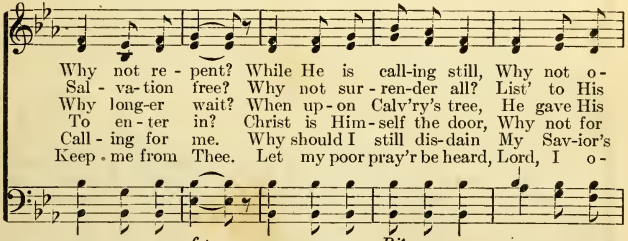


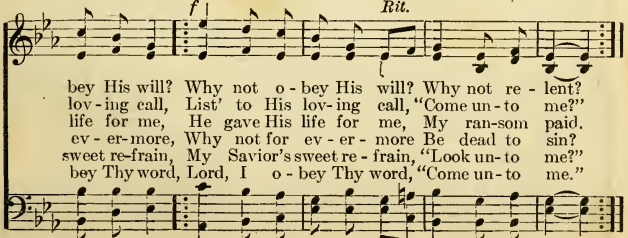
No. 169. Why Longer Wait?

Copyright, 1891, by P. P. Bilhorn.

C. W. Von Crayer. P. P. Bilhorn.







No. 170. Sometime, Somewhere.

Copyright, 1894, by Charlie D. Tillman. Used by per

F. G. Browning. Charlie D. Tillman.

1. Un-an-swered yet? The pray'r your lips have plead-ed In ag - o-
2. Un-an-swered yet? tho' when you first pre - sent - ed This one pe-
3. Un-an-swered yet? Nay, do not say un - grant - ed; Per-haps your
4. Un-an-swered yet? Faith can-not be un - an-swered; Her feet are

ny of heart these ma-ny years? Does faith be-gin to fail, is hope de-
ti - tion at the Fa-ther's throne, It seemed you could not wait the time of
part is not yet whol-ly done. The work began when first your pray'r was
firm - ly plant-ed on the Rock; A-mid the wildest storms she stands un-

part-ing, And think you all in vain those falling tears? Say not the
ask-ing, So ur-gent was your heart to make it known. Tho' years have
ut-tered, And God will fin - ish what He has be-gun. If you will
daunt-ed, Nor quails be-fore the loud-est thun-der-shock. She knows Om-

Father hath not heard your pray'r; You shall have your desire, sometime, some-
pass'd since then, do not de-spair; The Lord will answer you, sometime, some-
keep the incense burning there, His glo - ry you shall see, sometime, some-
nipotence has heard her pray'r, And cries, "It shall be done," sometime, some-

Rit. *Ad lib.*

where, You shall have your de - sire, some-time, some - where.
where, The Lord will an - swer you some-time, some - where.
where, His glo - ry you shall see, some-time, some - where.
where, And cries, "It shall be done," some-time, some - where.

No. 171. Is it Well with Your Soul?

Copyright, 1894, by P. P. Bilhorn.

P. P. B. P. P. Bilhorn.

1. Is it well with your soul to - day, brother? With your
2. If the sum - mons of death should fall, brother? Should
3. If you still will re - fuse His love to choose, His
4. There's a prom - ise of life for you, brother, For

soul, your soul to - day? Are your sins all for-given of
fall, should fall to - day? Are you read - y to meet at the
love, His love to you, He may nev - er re - peat that
you, for you to - day, If you'll trust in the blood of the

Chorus.

God in heaven? Is it well with your soul to - day?
judg-ment seat, If the summons should fall to - day?
call so sweet, Oh, then, brother, what will you do?
lamb of God, He will wash all your sins a - way.
} There's a

fountain that's set for you, brother, A fountain of life for you. You may

wash and be clean from ev'ry stain; Is it well, { with your soul to - day!
is it well with you?

No. 172. Jesus is Tenderly Pleading.

Copyright, 1894, by Mrs. C. E. Leslie, By permission.

C. E. L. C. E. LESLIE.

1. Je-sus is ten-der-ly plead-ing, Pleading with you to-day,
2. Je-sus is ten-der-ly plead-ing, Pleading in ac-cents sweet,
3. Je-sus is ten-der-ly plead-ing, Why will you ling'ring wait?

Whis-per-ing gen-tly, "O sin-ner, Turn from your sins a-way."
Plead-ing for peace and for par-don, There at the mer-cy-seat.
Glo-ries im-mor-tal a-wait you, Glo-ries with-in the gate.

Sweet are His ac-cents so ten-der, Tear-ful-ly call-ing to thee,
Free from all care and temp-ta-tion, Free from the trammels of sin,
See, at the por-tals He's wait-ing, Wait-ing to welcome you home.

Hear the sweet voice of your Sav-ior, Saying, "Oh, come un-to me."
Je-sus stands ready to greet you, Read-y to welcome you in.
Heed the sweet voice of your Sav-ior, Come to Him, sin-ner, oh, come.

CHORUS.

Je - - sus is plead - ing, Plead - ing with thee, ...
Pleading with thee, pleading with thee, Pleading with thee, pleading with thee,

Jesus is Tenderly Pleading.

Ten - - der-ly plead - ing, "Come . . . . . un-to me." . . . . . .
Tenderly pleads, tenderly pleads, "Come unto me, come un-to me."

Sad - - ly He's turn - ing, Turn - ing a - way, ...
Sad-ly He turns, sad-ly He turns, Turning a-way, turning a-way,

Rit.

Why . . . . . will ye fal - ter? Seek . . . . . Him to-day . . . . . .
Why falter now, why falter now? Seek Him to-day, seek Him to-day.

No. 173. On the Cross.

Arr.

1. { Be-hold, be-hold the Lamb of God, On the cross, yes, on the cross;
   { For you He shed His precious blood, On the cross, yes, on the cross.
2. { Come, sinners, see Him lift-ed up, On the cross, yes, on the cross;
   { He drinks for you the bit-ter cup, On the cross, yes, on the cross.

D.C.—*Draw near and see the Sav-ior die, On the cross, yes, on the cross.*
Then bows His sa-cred head and dies, On the cross, yes, on the cross.

D. C.

O hear His ag - o - niz-ing cry,—"E - loi la - ma sa-bach-tha - ni!"
To heav'n He turns His languid eyes, "'Tis finish'd," now the Conq'ror cries.

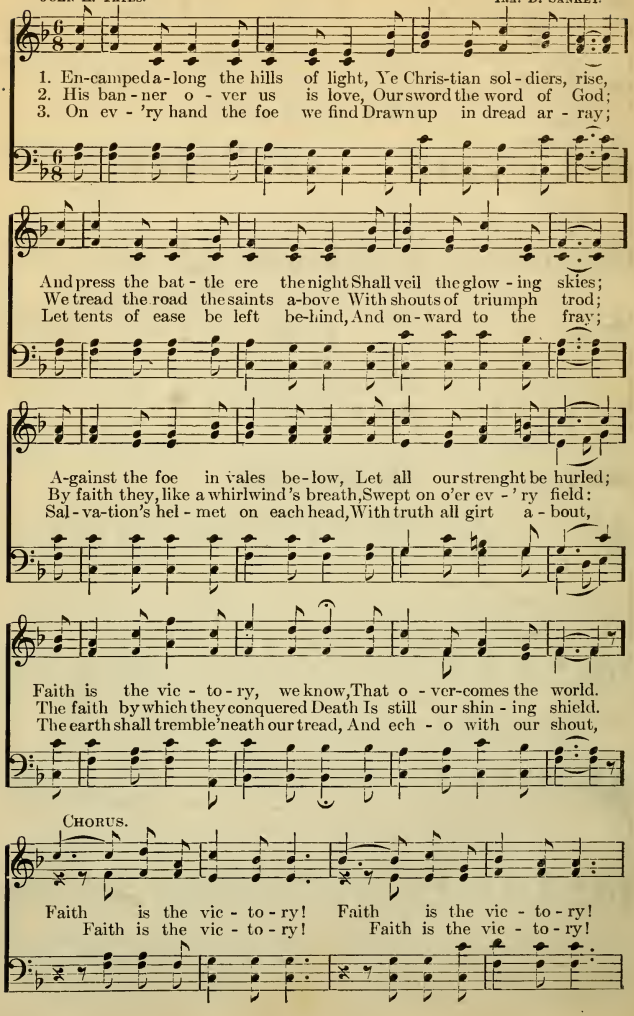
3 And now the mighty deed is done
On the cross, yes, on the cross;
The battle's fought, the victory's won,
On the cross, yes, on the cross.

The rocks do rend, the mountains quake,
While Jesus doth atonement make;
While Jesus suffers for your sake,
On the cross, yes, on the cross.

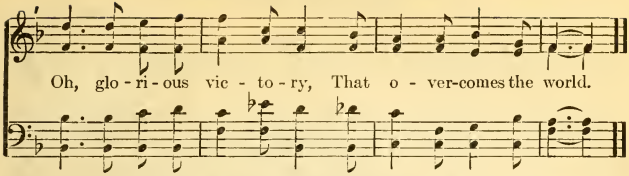
No. 174. Faith is the Victory.

Copyright, 1891, by The Biglow & Main Co. Used by per.

JOHN H. YATES. IRA. D. SANKEY.



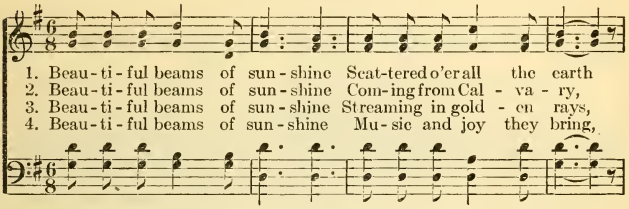
Faith is the Victory.

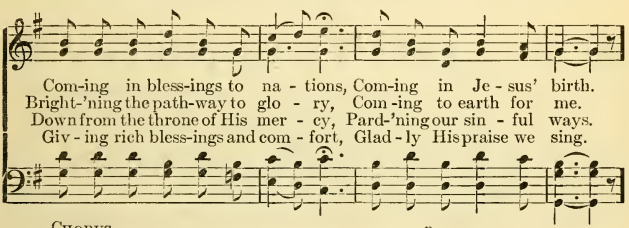


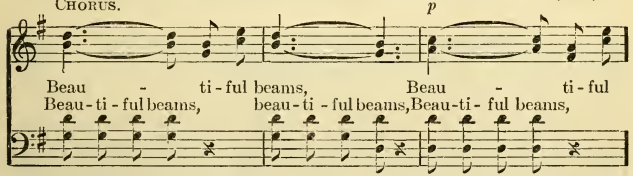
No. 175. Beautiful Beams of Sun-shine.

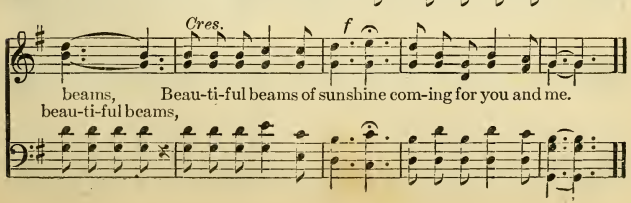
Copyright, 1895, by P. P. Bilhorn.

P. P. B. P. P. BILHORN.









No. 176. We Would Follow Thee.

Copyright, 1898, by P. P. Bilhorn.

IDA L. REED. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Where-so-e'er Thou leadeth, O-ver vale and hill, Sav-ior, we would
2. Thou, our souls' dear Shepherd, E'er must be our Guide Thro' life's lone-ly
3. Where-so-e'er Thou leadest, Thine our path must be, All thro' life's lone

fol-low At Thy ho-ly will; In Thy bless-ed foot-prints,
plac-es, Keep us near Thy side; Nev-er lost nor stray-ing
jour-ney, We would fol-low Thee; Ev-er-more o-bey-ing,

D. S.—*In Thy bless-ed foot-prints,*

FINE.

Keeping Thee in sight, We would journey onward T'ward the fields of light.
From Thy fold of love; Guide us, gen-tle Sav-ior, To our home a-bove.
Lord, Thy lov'd command, Till we reach Thy pastures In the heav'nly land.

Keep-ing Thee in sight, We would journey onward T'ward the fields of light.

CHORUS.

Where - - - - so-e'er Thou lead - - - eth,
Where-so-e'er Thou lead-eth, Where-so-e'er Thou lead-eth,

D. S.

O - - - - ver vale and hill,
O-ver vale and hill, O-ver vale and hill, ...

No. 177. Come, We that Love the Lord.

Copyright, 1867, by Robert Lowry.

I. Watts. Robert Lowry. By per.

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join
2. Let those re - fuse to sing, Who nev - er knew our God; But
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou - sand sa - cred sweets; Be -
4. Then let our songs a-bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're

in a song with sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet ac - cord,
chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King, But chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King
fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields,
marching thro' Immanuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,

And thus sur - round the throne, And thus surround the throne.
May speak their joys a-broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
Or walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
To fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.
And thus surround the throne, And thus surround the throne.

Chorus.

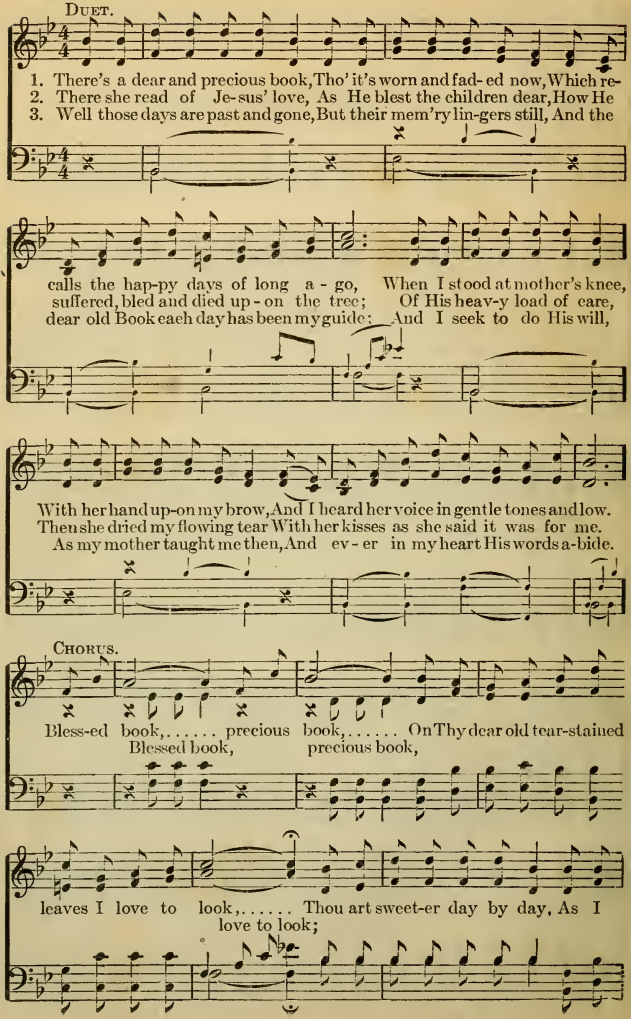
We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on, We're
We're marching on to Zi - on,

marching up-ward to Zi - on, The beau - ti - ful cit - y of God.
Zi - on, Zi - on,

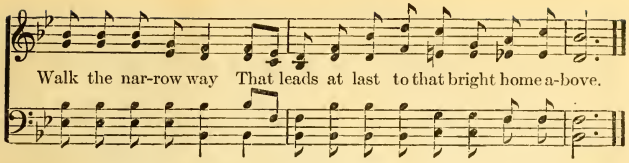
No. 178. My Mother's Bible.

Copyright, 1893, by C. D. Tillman. Used by per.

M. B. Williams. C. D. Tillman.

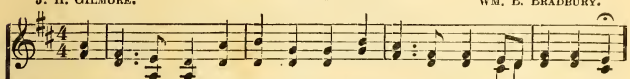


My Mother's Bible.

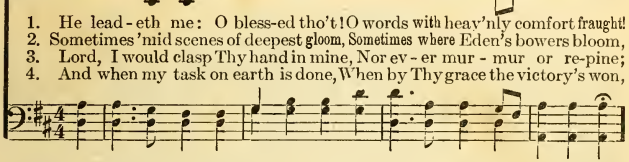


No. 179. He Leadeth Me.

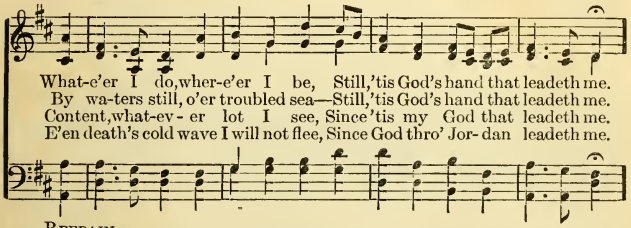
J. H. Gilmore. By Per. of The Biglow & Main Co. Wm. B. Bradbury.



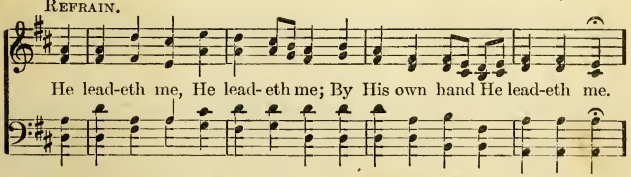
1. He lead-eth me: O bless-ed tho't! O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev-er mur-mur or re-pine;
4. And when my task on earth is done, When by Thy grace the victory's won,

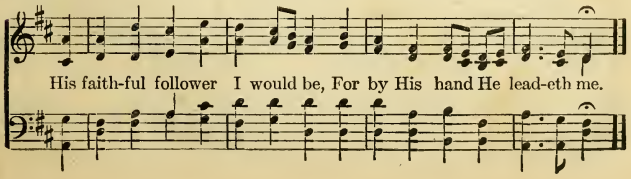


What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still, 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.
By wa-ters still, o'er troubled sea—Still, 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.
Content, what-ev-er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor-dan leadeth me.



Refrain.

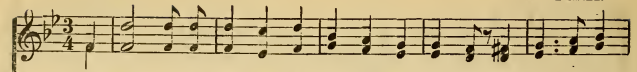




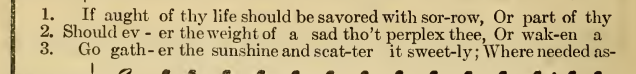
No. 180. A Bright To-morrow.

Copyright, 1889, by P. P. Bilhorn.

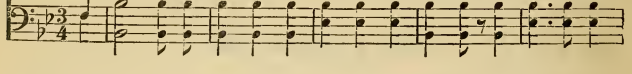
F. H. JACOBS. ALFRED BEIRLY.



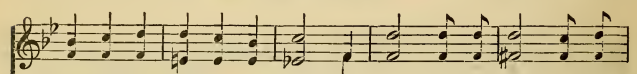
1. If aught of thy life should be savored with sor-row, Or part of thy
2. Should ev - er the weight of a sad tho't perplex thee, Or wak-en a
3. Go gath - er the sunshine and scat-ter it sweet-ly; Where needed as-



pathway o'er-shadowed with gloom, Then be not dismayed, 'twill be
chord that sounds harsh to thine ear, Then whis - per a pray'r, for thy
sist-ance is ev - er made known, Be one of the few who in

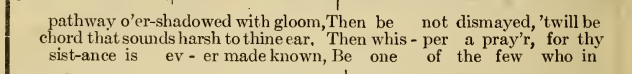


bet-ter to-mor-row, When the sun shall break forth in the splendor of noon.
Sav-ior will hear thee; And mark the sweet chime in the fall of a tear.
life's course completely Are lost to themselves, but their Savior enthrone.

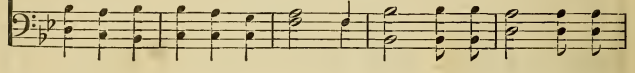


CHORUS.

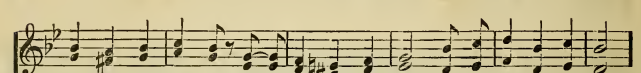
Then to Je - sus draw near,..... Ev - er be of good



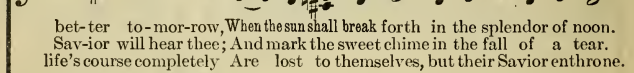
Then to Je - sus draw near,



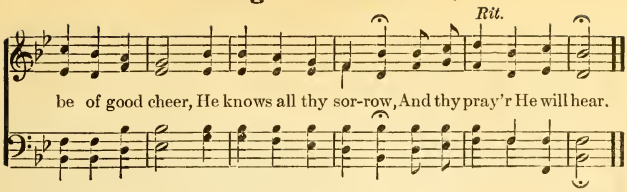
cheer;.....



Ev - er be of good cheer; Then to Je - sus draw near, Ev - er



A Bright To-morrow.

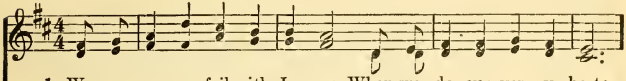


No. 181. Let Us Work.

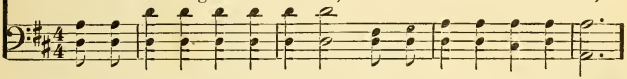
J. McP.

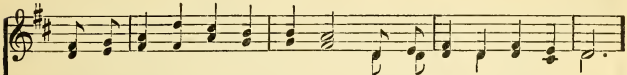
Copyright, 1895, by P. P. Bilhorn.

JOHN MCPHAIL.

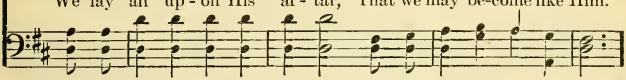


1. We can nev-er fail with Je-sus, When we do our ver-y best;
2. If we let our feet grow wea-ry, In the way of do-ing well,
3. Nothing can re-veal af-fec-tion To our Master's ho-ly cause,
4. So with hearts a-glow with ar-dor, Al-so free from love of sin,

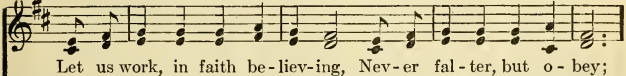




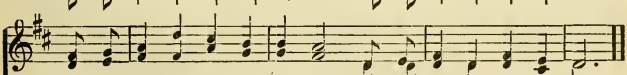
For when-e'er we do our ut-most, Then His grace will do the rest.
Then the pathway will grow drear-y, And the loss no tongue can tell.
Like an ear-nest, true de-vo-tion To His word, His work, His laws.
We lay all up-on His al-tar, That we may be-come like Him.

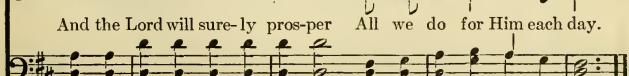


CHORUS.

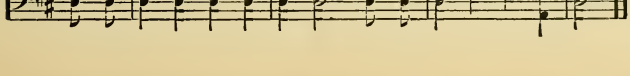


Let us work, in faith be-liev-ing, Nev-er fal-ter, but o-bey;





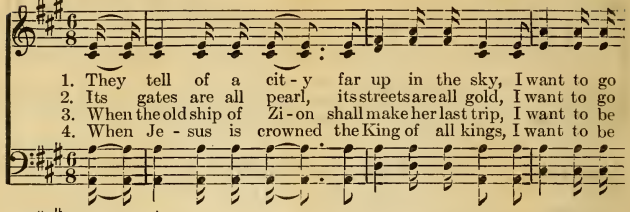
And the Lord will sure-ly pros-per All we do for Him each day.



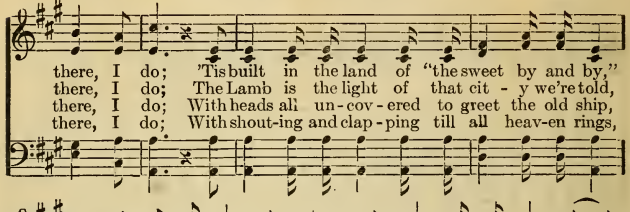
No. 182. I Want to Go There.

Copyright, 1899, by Charlie D. Tillman. By por.

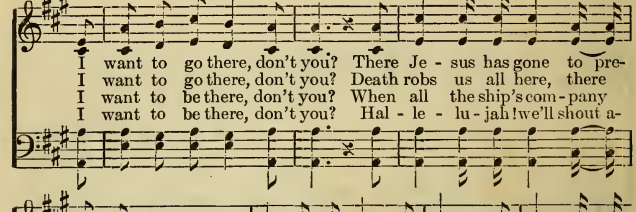
Words and Melody by D. SULLINS. Arr. by Prof. RIGGS. C. F. College.



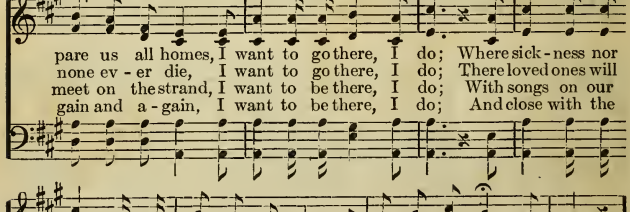
1. They tell of a cit - y far up in the sky, I want to go
2. Its gates are all pearl, its streets are all gold, I want to go
3. When the old ship of Zi - on shall make her last trip, I want to be
4. When Je - sus is crowned the King of all kings, I want to be



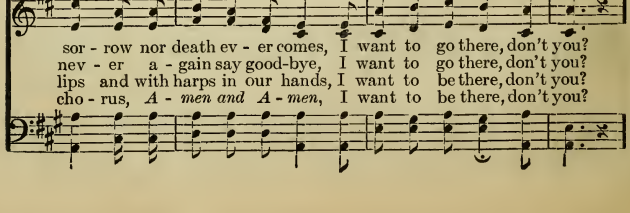
there, I do; 'Tis built in the land of "the sweet by and by,"
there, I do; The Lamb is the light of that cit - y we're told,
there, I do; With heads all un - cov - ered to greet the old ship,
there, I do; With shout-ing and clap - ping till all heav-en rings,



I want to go there, don't you? There Je - sus has gone to pre-
I want to go there, don't you? Death robs us all here, there
I want to be there, don't you? When all the ship's com - pany
I want to be there, don't you? Hal - le - lu - jah! we'll shout a-

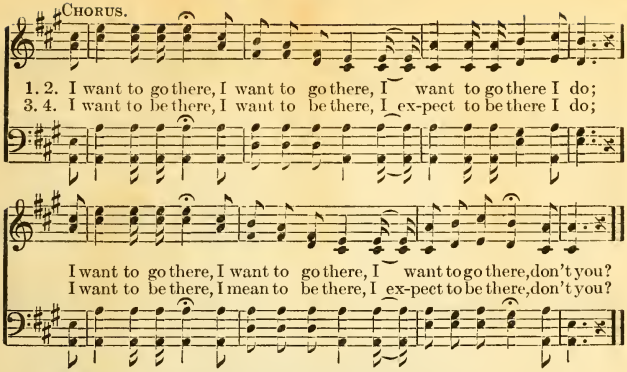


pare us all homes, I want to go there, I do; Where sick - ness nor
none ev - er die, I want to go there, I do; There loved ones will
meet on the strand, I want to be there, I do; With songs on our
gain and a - gain, I want to be there, I do; And close with the



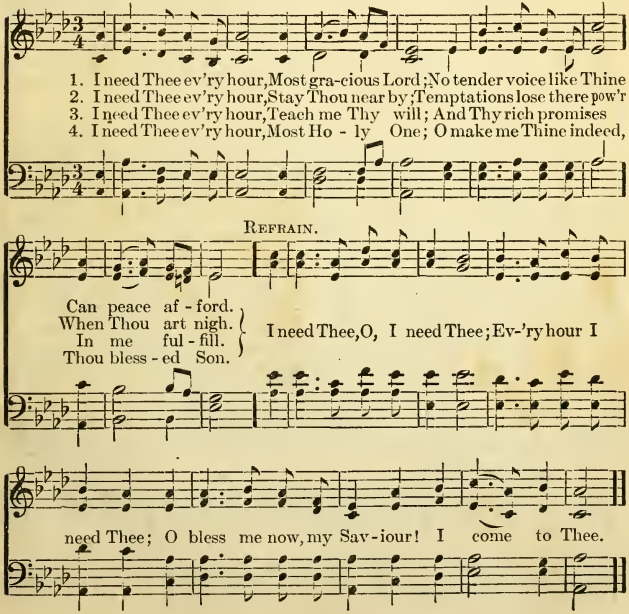
sor - row nor death ev - er comes, I want to go there, don't you?
nev - er a - gain say good-bye, I want to go there, don't you?
lips and with harps in our hands, I want to be there, don't you?
cho - rus, *A - men and A - men*, I want to be there, don't you?

I Want to Go There.



No. 183. I Need Thee Every Hour.

MRS. ANNIE S. HAWKS. REV. R. LOWRY.

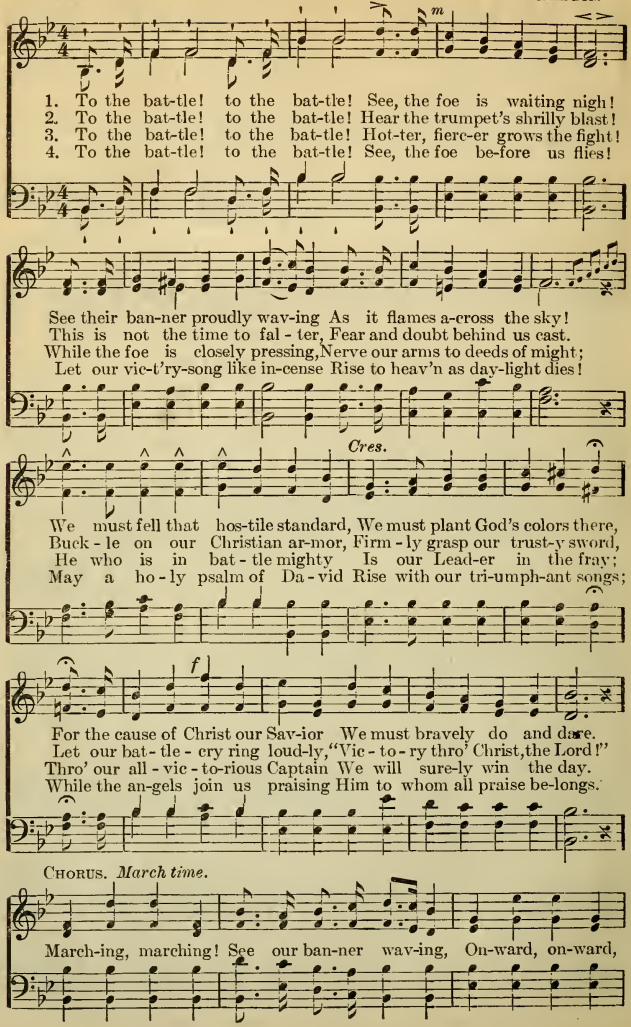


Copyright, 1900, by Mary Runyon Lowry. Renewal. Used by permission.

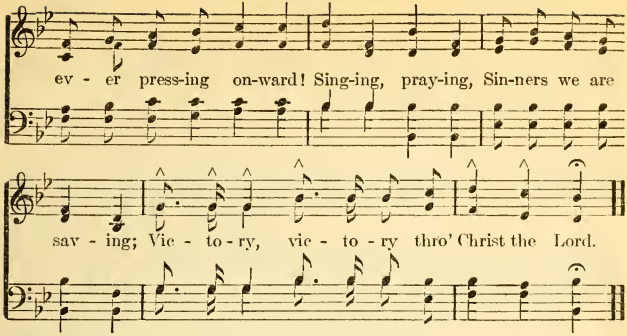
No. 184. To the Battle!

Copyright, 1894, by P. P. Bilhorn.

Miss Ada Blenkhorn. E. M. Herndon.

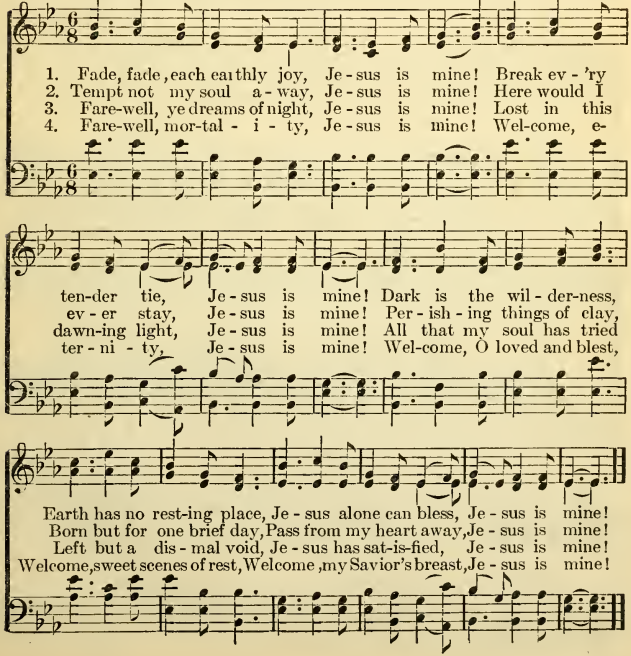


To the Battle!



No. 185. Jesus is Mine!

Mrs. Catharine J. Bonar. T. E. Perkins. By per.



No. 186. Sowing Seed.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.
Arr. by P. P. B.

Words and Music
Copyright, 1898, by P. P. Bilhorn.

R. M. TRUMBLE.
Arr. by P. P. B.

1. Out in the highway wher-ev-er we go, Seed we must gath-er, and
2. Out of each moment some good we obtain, Something to win-now and
3. Gath-er-ing seed we must scatter as well; God will watch o-ver the

seed we must sow; Ev-en the ti-ni-est seed has a pow'r, Be it a
scat-ter a-gain; All that we lis-ten to, all that we read, All that we
place where it fell; On-ly the gain of the harvest is ours, Shall we plant

CHORUS.

this-tle or be it a flow'r.
think of, is gathered in seed.
thistles or shall we plant flowr's?

Seed..... we must gath - er,
Be..... it in ac - - tion,
Seed we must gather, and seed we must sow,
Be it in ac-tion or be it in word,

Seed..... we must sow;.....
Be..... it in word,.....
Seed we must scatter, and seed we must sow;
Be it in ac-tion or be it in word,

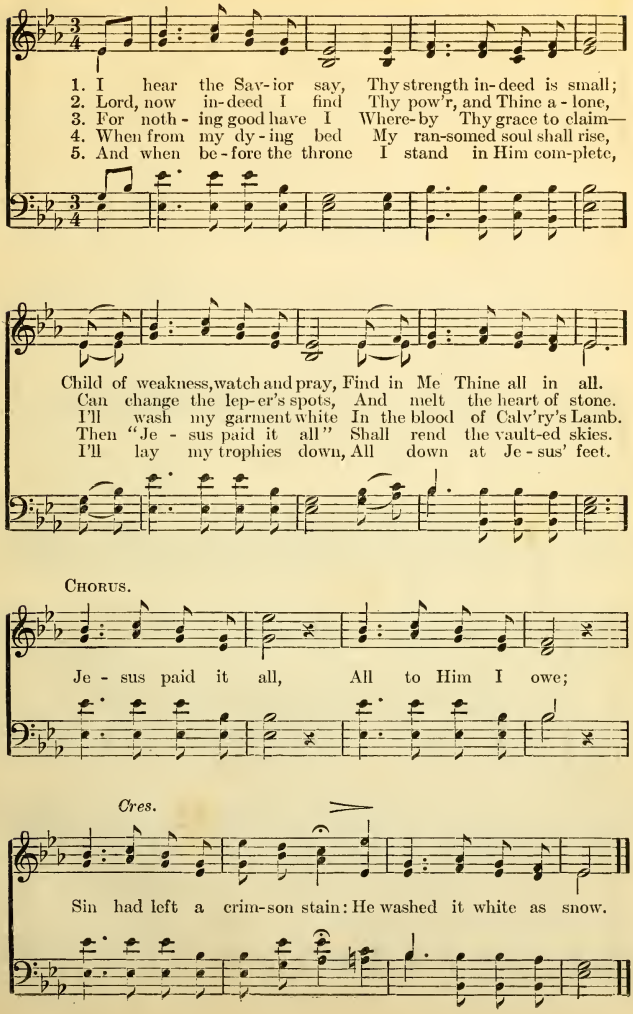
Sced..... we must scat -
Each.....one must give
Seed we must scatter wherever we
Each one must give his account to the

1 2 *Rit.*

ter wher-ev - er we go,..... his ac-count.... to the Lord.
go, Yes, seed we must scatter wherever we go, Lord, Must give his account to the Lord.

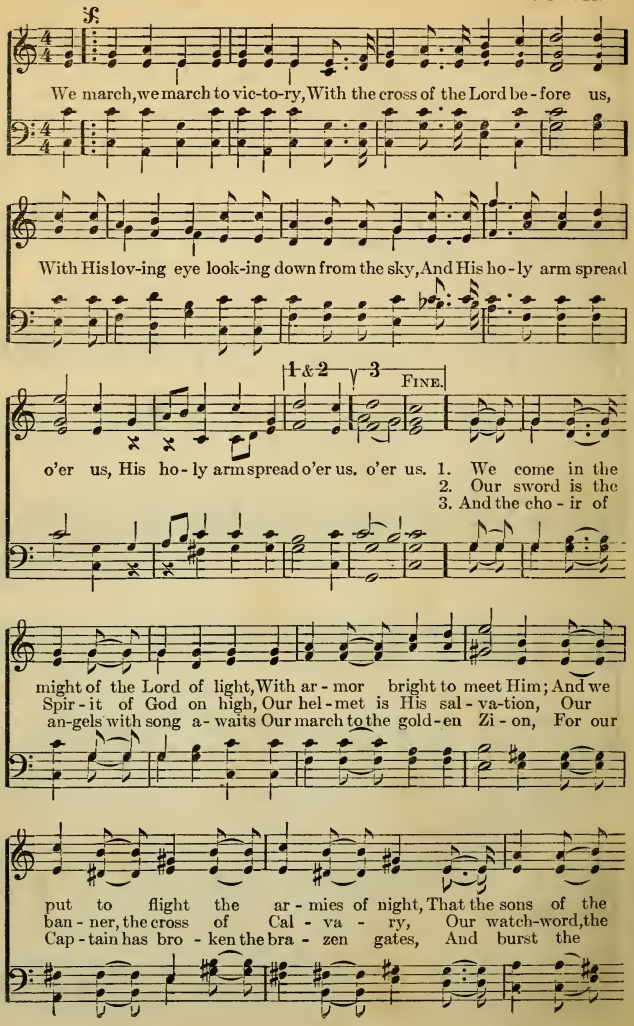
No. 187. Jesus Paid it All.

Mrs. Elvina M. Hall. John T. Grape. By per.

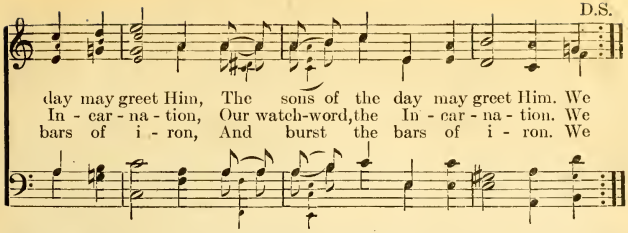


No. 188. We March to Victory.

G. Moultrie. J. Barnby.



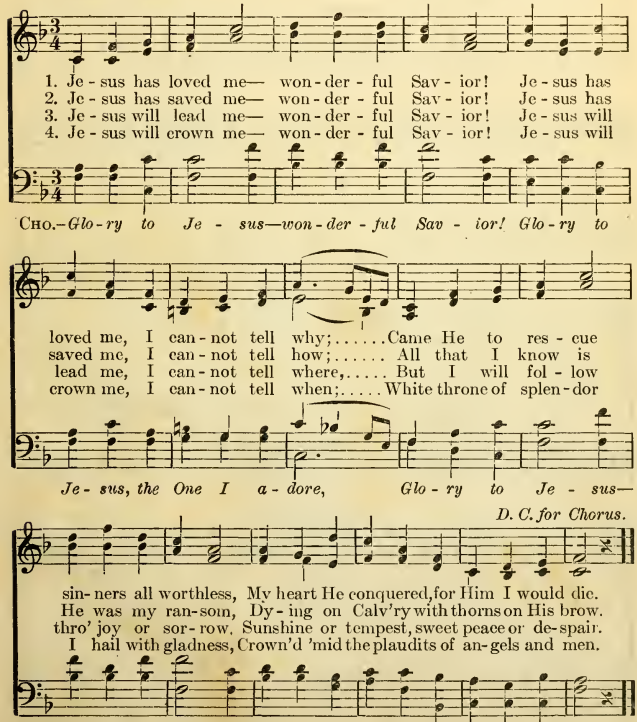
We March to Victory.



No. 189. Glory to Jesus.

J. Wakefield Macgill.

Har. by Caroline Wichern and Ella Macgill.



No. 190. Praise Ye Jehovah.

Copyright, 1900, by Wm. Kirkpatrick. Used by per.

J. H. E.—Flora Kirkland. Arr. from Gounod, by J. H. E.

Full Chorus. *Maestoso.*

Praise ye Je-ho-vah, O praise the Lord who reigns above, Praise ye Je-
Glo-ry and hon-or to God our heav'nly Fa-ther, Praise and a-

ho-vah, the Ruler great, the God of love; Praise ye Je-ho-vah, O praise the
dore Him who reigns in might and majesty. Tell of His goodness proclaim His

Lord who reigns above, Praise ye Je-ho-vah, the Ruler great, the God of love.
name to ev-'ry land, 'Till all the nations shall own Him King for evermore.

Praise be to God, Let the chorus loud-ly swell, Let ev'ry voice sing His
O praise to God, sing praise,
Sing and give praise to the Lord the King of kings, For He is good, He is
O sing, give praise, is good,

praise, who doth crown with loving kindness. Sing un-to God, source of
sing praise, O sing to God,
good, and His mer-cy ev-er-last-ing. Sing to the Lord, tho' a
is good, O sing, O sing,

No. 191. Praise Ye Jehovah!

ev-'ry joy and blessing, Lift the voice in a glad, triumphant shout, Re-
host en-camp a-gainst thee, For His pow'r and His love o'ershadow thee. Sing

joice, and praise ye the Fa-ther! Praise ye, praise the Father, he is God o'er
praise to the God of bat-tles. Glo-ry and hon-or to the God of

all victorious, Praise ye, praise the Father, for the gift of His only Son;
our salvation! Glo-ry and hon-or un-to God our Sun and Shield!

Praise Him for His wond'rous works, Let the glad triumphant anthem ring, Laud and
O lift joyous songs of praise, Praise for all His loving kindnesses. Give to

magnify His great and glorious name, O praise ye the Lord; praise ye the Lord.
God the worship due His holy name, Give glory and praise; praise for evermore.

* Use small notes if desirable.

No. 192. Prohibition Battle Cry.

Copyright, 1881, by H. R. Palmer. By per.
Prohibition Words, Copyright, 1898, by F. P. Bilhorn.

ADA BLENKHORN—FANNY J. CROSBY. H. R. PALMER.

1. For-ward we go joy-ful-ly to the con-flict, Peal-ing forth the
2. On-ward we go, driv-ing the foe be-fore us, In the long-con-
3. On-ward! still on! un-til the glad day cometh, When the dead-ly.

1. Praise ye the Lord! joy-ful-ly shout ho-san-na! Praise the Lord with
2. Praise ye the Lord! He is the King e-ter-nal! Glo-ry be to

bat-tle cry. Forward we go, trusting the Lord to help us, On His
test-ed fray. Brave hearts and true never will faint or fal-ter, Vic-t'ry
strife shall cease, When from the earth rolleth the dark'ning shadows, And there

glad ac-claim; Lift up your hearts unto His throne with gladness.—Mag-ni-
God on high! Praise ye the Lord, tell of His lov-ing kindness,—Join the

strength we will re-ly, Meet-ing the foe ev-er with courage strong,
winning day by day; Still pressing on un-der our ban-ner bright,
comes the time of peace. Then o'er the world gladness and joy shall reign,

fy His ho-ly name. Marching a-long un-der His ban-ner bright,
cho-rus of the sky. Still marching on, cheer-i-ly marching on,

Hold-ing up the temp'rance han-ner high, (hold-ing it high);
Till our col-ors wave o'er ev-'ry land, (o'er ev-'ry land);
And the hearts that bled will shout and sing, (joy-ful-ly sing);

Trust-ing in His mer-cy as we go, (trust-ing we go),
In the ranks of Je-sus we will go, (ev-er we'll go),

No. 193. Prohibition Battle Cry.

And with our might ev - er we'll strike for the right, Un - til the
Nev - er we'll rest till from the East to the West Soundeth the
Glo - ry di - vine ev - er up - on us will shine, And we will
His light di - vine ten - der - ly o'er us will shine; We shall be
Home to our rest, joy - ful - ly home, where the blest Gath - er and

CHORUS.

temp'rance flag shall wave o'er us for - ev - er.
glad, the welcome cry: "Vict'ry for - ev - er!" } Joy-ful-ly on we go,
praise our conqu'ring King now and for - ev - er.
guid - ed by His hand now and for - ev - er.
praise the Savior's name praise Him for - ev - er. } *Stead-i- ly marching on,*

with our temp'rance banner o'er us, Joy - ful - ly on we go, driv - ing
with our ban-ner wav-ing o'er us, Stead-i - ly marching on, while we

ev - 'ry foe be - fore us, Joy - ful - ly on we go, knowing the
sing the joy - ful cho - rus; Stead-i - ly marching on, pil - lar and

Lord conquereth for us, Shouting "Pro-hi-bi-tion" is our bat - tle cry.
cloud go-ing be-fore us, To the realms of glo-ry, to our home on high.

No. 194. O Turn Ye.

(MALE VOICES.)

JOSIAH HOPKINS. Arr. from KOSCHAT.

1. O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die, When God in great mer - cy is com - ing so nigh? Now Je - sus in - vites you, the Spir - it says, "come," And an - gels are wait-ing to wel-come you home, And an - gels are wait-ing to wel-come you home.

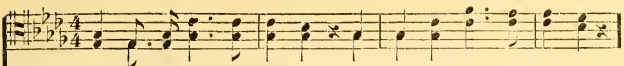
2. And now Christ is read - y your souls to re - ceive, O how can you ques-tion, if you will be - lieve? If sin is your bur - den, why will you not come? 'Tis you He bids welcome; He bids you come home, 'Tis you He bids wel-come; He bids you come home.

3. In rich - es, in pleas-ures, what can you ob - tain, To soothe your af - flic - tion, or ban - ish your pain? To bear up your spir - it when summoned to die, Or waft you to man-sions of glo - ry on high? Or waft you to man-sions of glo - ry on high.

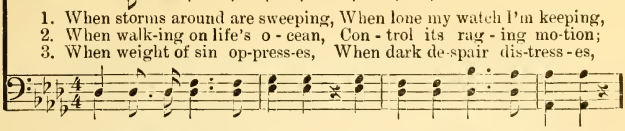
4. Why will you be starv - ing, and feed - ing on air? There's mer - cy in Je - sus, e-nough and to spare; If still you are doubting, make tri - al and see, And prove that His mer - cy is boundless and free, And prove that His mer - cy is boundless and free.

No. 195. Remember Me.

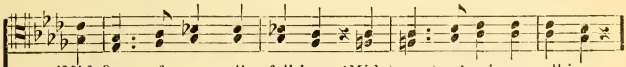
ANON. MALE VOICES. JOANNA KINKEL.



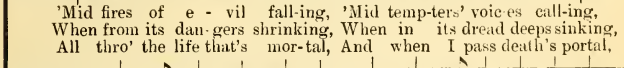
1. When storms around are sweeping, When lone my watch I'm keeping,
2. When walk-ing on life's o - cean, Con - trol its rag - ing mo-tion;
3. When weight of sin op-press-es, When dark de-spair dis-tress - es,



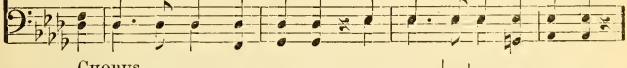
'Mid fires of e - vil fall-ing, 'Mid temp-ters' voic-es call-ing,
When from its dan-gers shrinking, When in its dread deeps sinking,
All thro' the life that's mor-tal, And when I pass death's portal,



CHORUS.

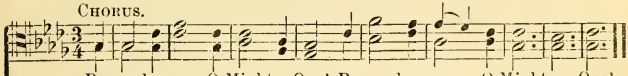


Remember me, O Might-y One! Remember me, O Might-y One!

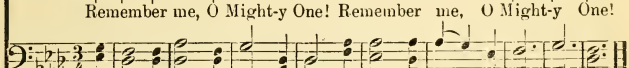


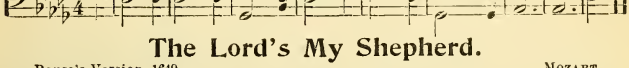
The Lord's My Shepherd.

Rouse's Version, 1649. MOZART.

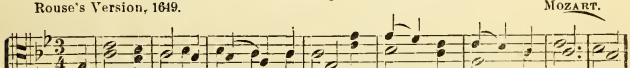


1. The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want: He makes me down to lie
2. My soul He doth re - store a-gain; And me to walk doth make
3. Yea, tho' I walk in death's dark vale, Yet will I fear no ill;
4. My ta - ble Thou hast fur-nish-ed In pres-ence of my foes;
5. Good-ness and mercy all my life Shall sure - ly fol - low me;





In pastures green; He leadeth me The qui - et wa - ters by.
Within the paths of right-eous-ness. E en for His own name's sake.
For Thou art with me; and Thy rod And staff me com - fort still.
My head Thou dost with oil a-noint, And my cup o - ver - flows.
And in God's house for-ev - er-more My dwell-ing-place shall be.



No. 196. Where Will You Spend Eternity?

MALE VOICES.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. Copyright, 1891, by P. P. Bilhorn. J. H. TENNEY.

1. Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty? This question comes to you and me!
2. Man - y are choosing Christ to day, Turning from all their sins a - way;
3. Leaving the strait and nar-row way, Go-ing the downward road to - day,
4. Sin - ner, believe, this ver - y hour, Trust in the Savior's grace and pow'r,

Tell me what will your an-swer be? Where will you spend e - ter - ni-ty?
Heav'n shall their hap-py por-tion be, Where will you spend e - ter - ni-ty?
Sad will their fi - nal end-ing be, Lost thro' a long e - ter - ni-ty!
Then will your joy-ous an-swer be. Saved thro' a long e - ter - ni-ty!

E-ter - ni- ty! e - ter - ni - ty! Where will you spend e - ter - ni-ty?
E-ter - ni- ty! e - ter - ni - ty! Where will you spend e - ter - ni-ty?
E-ter - ni- ty! e - ter - ni - ty! Lost thro' a long e - ter - ni-ty!
E-ter - ni- ty! e - ter - ni - ty! Saved thro' a long e - ter - ni-ty!

No Tears in Yonder Home.

J. H. ENTWISLE. ISAAC BAKER WOODBURY.

1. No tears in yon-der home, There, all se - rene and bright, Sor-row and
2. Blest home beyond death's sea, What sa-cred pleasures there! There, on the
3. Je - sus, my all in all, Keep me till life is past; Tho' shadows

pp *Rit. molto.*

pain are o'er, Sickness and death – no more; No tears, no tears, but peace and light.
gold-en street, Kindred and friends to greet; Blest home, blest home, so bright and fair!
round me fall, No darkness can ap-pall; No fears, no fears within Thy fold.

THE

SUPPLEMENT

TO

"The Century Gospel Songs"

CONTAINS

Ten Choice Responsive Bible Readings

215 Standard Hymns, a Topical and General Index.

SEE OTHER SIDE.

BILHORN BROTHERS, Publishers,

56 Fifth Avenue,

Chicago, - - - Illinois.

FACTS

Concerning the Supplement of

"The Century Gospel Songs."

REGARDLESS of the Supplement, the fore-part of "The Century Gospel Songs," consisting of 200 pages, is a complete book in itself of new and popular songs, comprising the best from the most competent writers,

And is well worth the price.

THE SUPPLEMENT contains ten pages of concise, choice Bible Readings, each under proper heads and divisions. The Bible Readings, while suitable for responsive readings, are so arranged that they can effectually be used in conducting prayer meetings, young people's meetings, preparatory meetings for revivals, etc.

ANOTHER HELPFUL FEATURE FOR THE PURPOSE OF SAVING TIME: We have selected the most appropriate songs, and printed the numbers with each reading, so that anyone can conduct a meeting successfully, though they have but a moment's notice.

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE IN A FEW WORDS TO EXPLAIN THE FULL VALUE OF THIS SUPPLEMENT. An idea of the real merit cannot be obtained by merely looking it through, but you will be convinced by giving it a fair test and trial.

THE **215** *STANDARD HYMNS AND SONGS IN THE SUPPLEMENT are indispensable for general Christian work. They are songs that everyone is familiar with or ought to be. Therefore a compilation of them, together with the full music, in place of the words only, is unquestionably a very helpful feature.*

YOU CAN READILY UNDERSTAND that if all the songs in the Supplement were printed in full type like the "fore-part" of the book, it would make a very large and expensive volume, the price of which few persons would care to pay.

THERE is also a complete Topical Index worthy of note.

WHEN you become thoroughly familiar with the helpfulness of this Supplement, we believe it will meet your hearty commendation.

No. 197. GENERAL SUBJECTS.

Pardon.

Leader. Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.—*Isa. 55:7.*

Response. I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins: return unto me; for I have redeemed thee.—*Isa. 44:22.*

All. Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us: for it is written, Cursed *is* every one that hangeth on a tree. —*Gal. 3:13.*

Nos. of Songs:—49, 169, 232, 237.

Peace.

Leader. Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.—*John 14:27.*

Response. Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.—*Rom. 5:1.*

L. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.—*Phil. 4:7.*

R. For God is not *the author* of confusion, but of peace, as in all churches of the saints.—*I. Cor. 14:33.*

All. Now the God of peace *be* with you all. Amen.—*Rom. 15:33.*

Nos. of Songs:—11, 47, 58, 74, 90, 157.

Purity.

Leader. But the wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, *and* easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy. —*James 3:17.*

All. Finally, brethern, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things *are* honest, whatsoever things *are* just, whatsoever things *are* pure, whatsoever things *are* lovely, whatsoever things *are* of good report; if *there be* any virtue, and if *there be* any praise, think on these things.—*Phil. 4:8.*

Nos. of Songs:—158, 210, 213, 214.

Power.

Leader. And, behold, I send the promise of my Father upon you: but tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be endued with power from on high.—*Luke 24:49.*

Response. But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth.—*Acts 1:8.*

All. And with great power gave the apostles witness of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus: and great grace was upon them all.—*Acts 4:33.*

Nos. of Songs:—85, 98, 159, 210.

Praise.

Leader. Praise ye the Lord. Sing unto the Lord a new song, *and* his praise in the congregation of saints. —*Ps. 149:1.*

Response. Praise ye the Lord. Praise God in his sanctuary: praise him in the firmament of his power.

L. Praise him with the sound of the trumpet: praise him with the psaltery and harp.

R. Praise him upon the loud cymbals: praise him upon the high sounding cymbals.

All. Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord.—*Ps. 150:1, 3, 5, 6.*

Nos. of Songs:—2, 9, 18, 21, 22, 36, 42.

Promise.

Leader. Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises; that by these ye might be partakers of the devine nature, having escaped the corruption that is in the world through lust.—*II. Peter 1:4.*

Response. For all the promises of God in him *are* yea, and in him Amen, unto the glory of God by us. —*II. Cor. 1:20.*

All. Having therefore these promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God.—*II. Cor. 7:1.*

Nos. of Songs:—3, 33, 34, 64, 75, 76.

No. 198 PRAYER.

Prevailing Prayer.

Moses. *Leader.* And it came to pass, when Moses held up his hand, that Israel prevailed: and when he let down his hand, Amalek prevailed.

Res. But Moses' hands were heavy; and they took a stone, and put it under him, and he sat thereon; and Aaron and Hur stayed up his hands, the one on the one side, and the other on the other side; and his hands were steady until the going down of the sun.—*Ex. 17:11, 12.*

Abraham. *L.* And Abraham drew near, and said, Wilt thou also destroy the righteous with the wicked?

R. That be far from thee to do after this manner, to slay the righteous with the wicked; and that the righteous should be as the wicked, that be far from thee: Shall not the judge of all the earth do right?—*Gen. 18:23, 25.*

Jacob. *L.* And Jacob was alone; and there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day.

R. And he said, Let me go, for the day breaketh. And he said, I will not let thee go, except thou bless me.

L. And he said, Thy name shall be called no more Jacob, but Israel: for as a prince hast thou power with God and with men, and hast prevailed.—*Gen. 32:24, 26, 28.*

Elijah. *R.* Elias was a man subject to like passions as we are, and he prayed earnestly that it might not rain: and it rained not on the earth for the space of three years and six months.

L. And he prayed again, and the heaven gave rain, and the earth brought forth her fruit.—*Jas. 5:17, 18.*

Nehemiah. *R.* O Lord, I beseech thee, let now thine ear be attentive to the prayer of thy servant, and to the prayer of thy servants, who desire to fear thy name: and prosper, I pray thee, thy servant this day, and grant him mercy in the sight of this man. For I was the king's cupbearer.

Esther. *L* And Esther spake yet again before the king, and fell down at his feet, and besought him with tears to put away the mischief of Haman the Agagite, and his device that he had devised against the Jews.

R. The the king held out the golden sceptre toward Esther. So Esther arose and stood before the king.—*Esther 8:3, 4.*

David. *L.* I sought the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears.

R. This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles.—*Ps. 34:4, 6.*

Daniel. *L.* And when Daniel knew that the writing was signed, he went into his house; (now his windows were open in his chamber toward Jerusalem;) and he kneeled upon his knees three times a day, and prayed, and gave thanks before his God, as he did aforetime.—*Dan. 6:10*

Jonah. *R.* Then Jonah prayed unto the Lord his God out of the fish's belly.

L. I went down to the bottoms of the mountains; the earth with her bars was about me for ever: yet hast thou brought up my life from corruption, O Lord my God.—*Jonah 2:1, 6.*

Jesus. *R.* And he went a little further, and fell on his face, and prayed, saying, O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt.—*Mat. 26:39*

L. And there appeared an angel unto him from heaven, strengthening him.—*Luke 22:43.*

Disciples. *R.* And when they had prayed, the place was shaken where they were assembled together; and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and they spake the word of God with boldness.—*Acts 4:31.*

The Church. *L.* Peter therefore was kept in prison: but prayer was made without ceasing of the church unto God for him.—*Acts 12:5.*

All. And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that hareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.—*Rev. 22:17.*

He teaches us to pray.

Repeat in concert the Lord's Prayer. (See Matt. 6:6-13.)

☞ These numbers indicate songs in this book suited to the above Readings:
1, 53, 170, 180, 210, 211, 229, 230, 241.

No. 199. THE COMING OF THE LORD.

Prophecies of His Coming.

Leader. And to wait for his Son from heaven, whom he raised from the dead, *even* Jesus, which delivered us from the wrath to come.—*I. Thes. 1:10.*

Response. Which also said, Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? this same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven. —*Acts 1:11.*

All. He which testifieth these things saith, Surely I come quickly: Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus. —*Rev. 22:20.*

That Blessed Hope.

Leader. Looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ.

Response. These things speak, and exhort, and rebuke with all authority. Let no man despise thee. —*Titus 2:13, 15.*

L. When Christ, *who is* our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory.—*Col. 3:4.*

R. Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God: therefore the world knoweth us not, because it knew him not.

L. Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is.—*I. John 3:1, 2.*

All. And every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as he is pure.—*I. John 3:3.*

He Himself.

Leader. For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first:

Response. Then we which are alive *and* remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord.

L. Wherefore comfort one another with these words.—*I. Thes. 4: 16-18.*

R. Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me.

L. In my Father's house are many mansions: if *it were* not *so*, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

All. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, *there* ye may be also.—*John 14:1-3.*

The Body Raised.

Leader. But some *man* will say, How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come?

Response. *Thou* fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die.

L. All flesh *is* not the same flesh: but *there is* one *kind of* flesh of men, another flesh of beasts, another of fishes, *and* another of birds.

R. *There are* also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial: but the glory of the celestial *is* one, and the *glory* of the terrestrial *is* another.

L. So also *is* the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption.

R. It is sown in dishonour, it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power.

L. It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body.

L. The first man *is* of the earth, earthy: the second man *is* the Lord from heaven.

All. And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly.—*I. Cor. 15:35, 36, 39, 40, 42, 43, 44, 47, 49.*

☞ These numbers indicate songs suited for the above Readings:—72, 91, 97, 110, 112, 119, 144, 217, 228.

No. 200. FOLLOWING JESUS.

I. The Shepherd Leads.

Leader. Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber.

Response. But he that entereth in by the door is the shepherd of the sheep.

L. To him the porter openeth; and the sheep hear his voice: and he calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out.

R. And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him: for they know his voice.

L. And a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him; for they know not the voice of strangers.

R. This parable spake Jesus unto them; but they understood not what things they were which he spake unto them.

L. Then said Jesus unto them again, verily, verily, I say unto you, I am the door of the sheep.

R. All that ever came before me are thieves and robbers: but the sheep did not hear them.

L. I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture.

All. The thief cometh not, but for to steal, and to kill and to destroy, I am come that they might have life, and that they might have *it* more abundantly.—*John 10:1–10.*

II. The blessedness of following.

Leader. And he saith unto them, Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men.

Response. And they straightway left *their* nets and followed him.

L. And going on from thence, he saw other two brethren, James *the son* of Zebedee and John his brother, in a ship with Zebedee their father, mending their nets; and he called them.

R. And they immediately left the ship and their father, and followed him.—*Matt. 4:19–22.*

L. And a certain scribe came, and said unto him, Master, I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest.

R. And Jesus said unto him, the foxes have holes, and the birds of the air *have* nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay *his* head.

L. And another of his disciples said unto him, Lord, suffer me first to go and bury my father.

R. But Jesus said unto him, Follow me and let the dead bury their dead.—*Matt. 8:19–22.*

L. And as Jesus passed forth from thence, he saw a man, named Matthew, sitting at the receipt of custom; and he saith unto him, Follow me. And he arose, and followed him.—*Matt. 9:9.*

R. Then Jesus said unto his disciples, If any *man* will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me.

L. For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it.

All. For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?—*Matt. 16:24–26.*

III. The Great Provider.

Leader. The Lord *is* my shepherd, I shall not want.

Response. He maketh me lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

L. He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

R. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou *art* with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

L. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou annointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

All. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.—*Ps. 23:1–6.*

☞ These numbers indicate songs in this book suited to the above Readings:
23, 26, 33, 45, 49, 53, 64, 84, 103, 121, 146, 176.

No. 201. SOWING SEED.

I. Sowing and Reaping.

Leader. Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again.—*Luke 6:38.*

Response. Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

All. For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.—*Gal. 6: 7 and 8.*

L. And he spake unto them many things in parables, saying, Behold, a sower went forth to sow;

R. And when he sowed, some seeds fell by the way side, and the fowls came and devoured them up:

L. Some fell upon stony places, where they had not much earth: and forthwith they sprung up, because they had no deepness of earth:

R. And when the sun was up, they were scorched; and because they had no root, they withered away.

L. And some fell among thorns; and the thorns sprung up, and choked them:

All. But other fell into good ground, and brought forth fruit, some a hundredfold, some sixtyfold, some thirtyfold.—*Matt. 13:3-8.*

II. Sowing to the Spirit.

L. In the morning sew thy seed' and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good. —*Eccl. 11:6.*

R. Sow to yourselves in righteousness, reap in mercy; break up your fallow ground: for it is time to seek the Lord, till he come and rain righteousness upon you.—*Hos. 10:12.*

L. Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal:

R But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal

All. For where your treasure is there will your heart be also.—*Mat. 6:19-21.*

III. Sowing to the Flesh.

L. But this I say, He which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he that soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully.—*2 Cor. 9:6.*

R. A false witness that speaketh lies, and he that soweth discord among brethren.—*Prov. 6:19.*

L. They have sown wheat, but shall reap thorns: they have put themselves to pain, but shall not profit: and they shall be ashamed of your revenues because of the fierce anger of the Lord.—*Jer. 12:13.*

All. Ye have sown much and bring in little; ye eat, but ye have not enough; ye drink, but ye are not filled with drink; ye clothe you, but there is none warm; and he that earneth wages, earneth wages to put it into a bag with holes.—*Hag. 1:6.*

IV. God Giveth the Increase.

L. I have planted, Apollos watered; but God gave the increase.

R So then neither is he that planteth anything, neither he that watereth; but God that giveth the increase.

L. Now he that planteth and he that watereth are one: and every man shall receive his own reward according to his own labour.—*1 Cor 3:6-8.*

All. Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.—*Mal. 3-10.*

☞ These numbers indicate songs in this book suited to the above Readings: 5, 70, 112, 181, 186, 235, 239, 246.

No. 202. WORD OF GOD.

It Gives Life.

Leader. Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on me hath everlasting life.

Response. I am the living bread which came down from heaven: if any man eat of this bread, he shall live for ever: and the bread that I will give is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world.

L. Whoso eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life; and I will raise him up at the last day.

R. This is that bread which came down from heaven: not as your fathers did eat manna, and are dead: he that eateth of this bread shall live for ever.—*John 6:47, 51, 54, 58.*

L. And I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any *man* pluck them out of my hand.—*John 10:28.*

All. Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life.—*John 5:24.*

It Is Everlasting Life.

Leader. In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.

Response. The same was in the beginning with God.

L. All things were made by him; and without him was not any thing made that was made.—*John 1:1-3.*

R. Being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever.

L. For all flesh *is* as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away:

All. But the word of the Lord endureth for ever. And this is the word which by the gospel is preached unto you.—*I. Peter 1:23-25.*

It Is Powerful.

Leader. For the word of God *is* quick, and powerful, and sharper than any twoedged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and *is* a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart.—*Heb. 4:12.*

Response. And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God:—*Eph. 6:17.*

L. It is the Spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing: the words that I speak unto you, *they* are spirit, and *they* are life.—*John 6:63.*

All. For the weapons of our warfare *are* not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strong holds;—*II. Cor. 10:4.*

Expresses His Purpose.

Leader. God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets,

Response. Hath in these last days spoken unto us by *his* Son, whom he hath appointed heir of all things, by whom also he made the worlds;

L. Who being the brightness of *his* glory, and the express image of his person, and upholding all things by the word of his power, when he had by himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high;—*Heb. 1:1-3.*

R. For he spake, and it was *done;* he commanded, and it stood fast.—*Ps. 33:9.*

L. And God said, Let there be light; and there was light.

R. And God said, Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry *land* appear: and it was so.

L. And God said, Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, *and* the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed *is* in itself, upon the earth: and it was so.

All. And God said, Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life, and fowl *that* may fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven.—*Gen. 1:3, 9, 11, 20.*

☞ These numbers indicate songs suited to the Readings:—13, 61, 64, 106, 143, 151, 178, 246.

No. 203. MARCHING TO VICTORY.

Moses. *Leader.* And Moses said unto the people, Fear ye not, stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord, which he will shew to you to day: for the Egyptians whom ye have seen today, ye shall see them again no more forever.

Response. Thus the Lord saved Israel that day out of the hand of the Egyptians; and Israel saw the Egyptians dead upon the sea shore.

L. And Israel saw that great work which the Lord did upon the Egyptians: and the people feared the Lord, and believed the Lord, and his servant Moses.—*Ex. 14:13,30,31.*

Joshua. *R.* And it came to pass on the seventh day, that they rose early about the dawning of the day, and compassed the city after the same manner seven times: only on that day they compassed the city seven times.

L. And it came to pass at the seventh time, when the priests blew with the trumpets, Joshua said unto the people, Shout; for the Lord hath given you the city.

R. So the people shouted when the priests blew with the trumpets: and it came to pass, when the people heard the sound of the trumpet, and the people shouted with a great shout, that the wall fell down flat, so that the people went up into the city, every man straight before him, and they took the city.—*Josh. 6:15,16,20.*

Gideon. *L.* And the Lord said unto Gideon, By the three hundred men that lapped will I save you, and deliver the Midianites into thine hand: and let all the other people go every man unto his place

R. So the people took victuals in their hand, and their trumpets: and he sent all the rest of Israel every man unto his tent, and retained those three hundred men: and the host of Midian was beneath him in the valley.

L. And the three hundred blew the trumpets, and the Lord set every man's sword against his fellow, even throughout all the host: and the host fled to Beth-shittah in Zererath, and to the border of Abel-meholah, unto Tabbath.—*Judges 7:7,8,22.*

David. *R.* And David put his hand in his bag, and took thence a stone, and slang it, and smote the Philistine in his forehead, that the stone sunk into his forehead; and he fell upon his face to the earth.

L. So David prevailed over the Philistine with a sling and with a stone, and smote the Philistine, and slew him; but there was no sword in the hand of David.

R. Therefore David ran, and stood upon the Philistine, and took his sword, and drew it out of the sheath thereof, and slew him, and cut off his head therewith. And when the Philistines saw their champion was dead they fled.—

L. And David took the head of the Philistine, and brought it to Jerusalem; but he put his armor in his tent.

R. And as David returned from the slaughter of the Philistine, Abner took him, and brought him before Saul with the head of the Philistine in his hand.—*1 Sam. 17:49,50,51,54,57*

Jesus. *L.* Wherefore he saith, When he ascended up on high, he led captivity captive, and gave gifts unto men.—*Eph. 4:8.*

R. And having spoiled principalities and powers, he made a shew of them openly, triumphing over them in it.—*Col. 2:15.*

L. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, saith the Lord, which is and which was, and which is to come, the Almighty.

All. I am he that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death.—*Rev. 1:8,18.*

The Christian's Outfit.

Leader. Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness; And your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace; Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked.

Response. And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God: Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints.—*Eph. 6:14-18.*

☞ These numbers indicate songs in this book suited to the above Readings: 2, 12, 16, 24, 25, 27, 38, 48, 57, 59, 127, 156, 184, 188, 242, 248.

No. 204. HEAVEN.

Description of.

Leader. And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea.

Response. And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.

L. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.—*Rev 21:1, 2, 4.*

R. And I saw no temple therein: for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it.

L. And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.

R. And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it: and the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honour into it.

L. And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day: for there shall be no night there.

R. And they shall bring the glory and honour of the nations into it.

All. And there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie: but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life.—*Rev. 21:22-27.*

Our Citizenship.

L But ye are come unto mount Sion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels.—*Heb. 12:22.*

R. For he looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.

L. But now they desire a better country, that is, a heavenly: wherefore God is not ashambed to be called their God: for he hath prepared for them a city.—*Heb. 11:10, 16.*

All. For here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come.—*Heb. 13:14.*

Our all is there.

Our Name. *L.* Notwithstanding, in this rejoice not, that the spirits are subject unto you; but rather rejoice, because your names are written in heaven.—*Luke 10:20.*

R. Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out: and I will write upon him the name of my God, and the name of the city of my God, which is new Jerusalem, which cometh down out of heaven from my God: and I will write upon him my new name.—*Rev. 3:12*

Our Life *L.* For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God.

R. When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory —*Col 3:3,4*

Our House *L.* For we know that, if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

R. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you —*John 14:1,2.*

Our Treasure *L.* Jesus said unto him, If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come and follow me.

R. But when the young man heard that saying, he went away sorrowful: for he had great possessions.—*Math. 19:21,22.*

L. But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal.—*Math. 6:20.*

Our Savior *R.* And while they looked steadfastly towards heaven as he went up, behold, two men stood by them in white apparel;

All. Which also said, Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? this same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven.—*Act. 1:9-11*

☞ These numbers indicate songs in this book suited to the above Readings: 7, 40, 44. 55. 73. 80, 96, 110, 125, 182, 226, 238, 247.

No. 205. THE HOLY SPIRIT.

He Convicts. *L.* And when he is come, he will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment:

R. Of sin, because they believe not on me;

L. Of righteousness, because I go to my Father, and ye see me no more;

All. Of judgment, because the prince of this world is judged.—*John 16:8-11.*

He gives Life. *L.* Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.

R. That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is Spirit.

L. The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit. —*John 3:5-6-8.*

R. It is the Spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing: the words that I speak unto you they are spirit and they are life.—*John 6:63.*

All.—Who also hath made us able ministers of the new testament; not of the letter, but of the spirit; for the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life.—*2 Cor. 3:6.*

He Comforts. *L.* But when the Comforter is come, whom I will send unto you from the Father, even the Spirit of truth, which proceedeth from the Father, he shall testify of me:—*John 15:26*

R. Nevertheless I tell you the truth; It is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send him unto you.—*John 16:7.*

All I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you.

He Guides. *L.* Howbeit when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth: for he shall not speak of himself; but whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he speak: and he will shew you things to come.—*John 16:13*

R. Then the Spirit said unto Philip, Go near, and join thyself to this chariot. And Philip ran thither to him, and heard him read the prophet Esaias, and said, Understandest thou what thou readest?

L. And he said, How can I, unless some man should guide me? And he desired Philip that he would come up and sit with him.

All. And when they were come up out of the water, the Spirit of the Lord caught away Philip, that the eunuch saw him no more: and he went on his way rejoicing.—*Acts 8: 29-31, 39.*

He Teaches. *L.* But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you.—*John 14-26.*

R. But the anointing which ye have received of him abideth in you, and ye need not that any man teach you: as the same anointing teacheth you of all things, and is truth, and is no lie, and even as it hath taught you, ye shall abide in him.—*1 John 2:27.*

All. Likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities: for we know not what we should pray for as we ought; but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered.—*Rom. 8:26.*

He Seals. *L.* In whom ye also trusted after that ye heard the word of truth, the gospel of your salvation; in whom also, after that ye believed, ye were sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise.—*Eph. 1:13.*

R. And grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption.—*Eph. 4:30.*

He Abides. *L.* And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever;

R. Even the Spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him; for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.—*John 14:16, 17.*

L. Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me.—*John 15:4.*

These numbers indicate songs in this book suited to the above Readings:
19, 50, 138, 145, 220, 241, 245.

No. 206. PRODIGAL SON.

1. Sick of Home. *Vs. 11.13.*
2. Home Sick. *Vs. 14-19.*
3. Home. *Vs. 20.25.*

Leader. And he said, A certain man had two sons: And the younger of them said to his father, Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me. And he divided unto them his living.

Response. And not many days after the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance in riotous living.

L. And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land; and he began to be in want.

R. And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine. And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat: and no man gave unto him.

All. And when he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my fathers have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger! I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, And am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants.

L. And he arose, and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him. And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son. But the father said to his servants, Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on *his* feet: And bring hither the fatted calf, and kill *it;* and let us eat, and be merry: For this my son was dead and is alive again; he was lost, and is found. And they began to be merry.—*Luke 15:11-24*

In Wicked Hands.

R And Jesus answering said, A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed leaving him half dead. *Luke 10 : 30.*

L. And it came to pass, when Joseph was come unto his brethren, that they stripped Joseph out of his coat, his coat of many colours that was on him;

R. And they took him, and cast him into a pit: and the pit was empty, there was no water in it.

L. And Judah said unto his brethren, What profit is it if we slay our brother, and conceal his blood?

R. Come, and let us sell him to the Ishmaelites, and let not our hand be upon him; for he is our brother and our flesh: and his brethren were content —*Gen. 37:23, 24, 26, 27.*

Lost and Found.

L And he spake this parable unto them, saying, What man of you having a hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go after that which is lost, until he find it?

R. And when he hath found it, he layeth it on his shoulders, rejoicing.

L. And when he cometh home, he calleth together his friends and neighbors, saying unto them, Rejoice with me; for I have found my sheep which was lost.

All. I say unto you, that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance.—*Luke 15:3-7.*

Blessedness of Obedience.

All. Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful. But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night. And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season: his leaf also shall not wither: and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper. The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away. Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous. For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.—*Ps. 1.*

☞ These numbers indicate songs in this book suited to the above Readings:
218, 219, 220, 240, 244, 249.

Blest be the Tie.

Rev. John Fawcett. From H. G. Nagell.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christ-ian love,
2. Be-fore our Fa-ther's throne, We pour our ar-dent pray'rs;
3. We share our mut-ual woes; Our mut-ual bur-dens bear;
4. When we a-sun-der part, It gives us in-ward pain;

The fel-low-ship of kin-dred minds is like to that a-bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one.—Our com-forts and our cares.
And of-ten for each oth-er flows The sym-pa-this-ing tear.
But we shall still be join'd in heart, And hope to meet a-gain.

Cross and Crown.

Thomas Shepherd. Geo. N. Allen.

1. Must Je-sus bear the cross a-lone, And all the world go free?
2. The con-se-cra-ted cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;
3. O pre-cious cross! O glo-rious crown! O res-ur-rec-tion day!

No, there's a cross for ev-ery one, And there's a cross for me.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
Ye an-gels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a-way.

Come, Thou Fount.

Rev. R. Robinson, 1758. Old Melody, 1812.

Fine.

1. { Come, Thou Fount of ev-ery bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace; }
{ Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise; }
D. C. Praise the mount, I'm fixed up-on it! Mount of Thy ro-deeming love.

D. C.

Teach me some me-lo-dious son-net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a-bove;

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He to rescue me from danger
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness as a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.

Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley. S. B. Marsh.

Fine.

1. { Je-sus, lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo-som fly, }
{ While the near-er wa-ters roll, While the tem-pest still is high! }
D. C. Safe in-to the ha-ven guide, Oh, re-ceive my soul at last.

D. C.

Hide me, O my Sav-ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;

2 Other refuge I have none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, oh leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen! cheer the faint!
Heal the sick! and lead the blind!
Just and holy is Thy Name,
I am all unrighteousness:
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Behold! a Stranger.

Joseph Grigg. H. K. Oliver.

1. Be-hold a stran-ger's at the door! He gen-tly knocks, has knock'd be-fore:
2. But will He prove a friend in-deed? He will, the ver-y friend you need:
3. Oh, love-ly at-ti-tude!—He stands With melting heart and la-den hands;
4. Ad-mit Him, ore His an-ger burn; His feet de-part-ed, ne'er re-turn;

Has wait-ed long, is wait-ing still; You treat no oth-er friend so ill.
The man of Naz-a-reth—'tis He, With garments dyed at Cal-va-ry.
Oh, matchless kindness! and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes.
Ad-mit Him, or the hour's at hand When, at His door, de-nied you'll stand.

Come ye that Love the Lord.

1 Come ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known;
Cho. I'm glad sal-va-tion's free, I'm glad sal-va-tion's free;

Join in a song with sweet ac-cord, While ye sur-round His throne.
Sal-va-tion's free for you and me; I'm glad sal-va-tion's free.

2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God,
But servants of the heavenly King
May speak His praise abroad.—*Cho.*

3 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry:
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.—*Cho*

Oh, For a Heart.

Scottish Tune.

1. Oh, for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free!
2. A heart re-signed, sub-miss-ive, meek, My great Re-deem-er's throne;

A heart that al-ways feels Thy blood, So free-ly spilt for me!
Where on-ly Christ is heard to speak; Where Je-sus reigns a-lone.

3 Oh, for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within!

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine:
Perfect and right, and pure and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

Come to Jesus.

1. Come to Je-sus, Come to Je-sus, Come to Je-sus just now;

Just now Come to Je-sus, Come to Je-sus just now.

2. He will save you.
3. Oh, believe Him,
4. He is able.
5. He is willing.
6. He'll receive you.
7. Call upon Him.
8. He will hear you.
9. Look unto Him.
10. He'll forgive you.
11. Flee to Jesus.
12. Only trust Him.
13. Jesus loves you.
14. Don't reject Him.
15. I believe Him.
16. Hallelujah. Amen.

Rouse, Ye Saints.

O. H. Tatman. P. Bilhorn

1. Rouse, ye saints, the world is dy-ing, We must work while it is day,
2. Wake, ye men, let us be do-ing While the sun is in the sky,
3. Je-sus, Sav-ior, help our spir-its, That we nev-er wea-ry be

Sin-ners lost to us are cry-ing For the strait and nar-row way.
Let us seek the weak and er-ring, Pre-cious souls that soon may die.
Lead-ing sin-ners to the Fount-ain Ev-er flow-ing, full and free.

Chorus.

We will work from morn till night, By the Spir-it's pow'r and might,

Lead-ing men un-to the Light, Bless-ed Light of Day!

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We'll Work till Jesus Comes.

Mrs. Elizabeth Mills. Dr. Wm. Miller. Arr. by W. J. K., 1856

1. Oh, land of rest, for thee I sigh, When will the mo-ment come,
2. No tran-quil joys on earth I know, No peace-ful, shelt-'ring dome;
3. To Je-sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam,
4. I sought at once my Sav-ior's side, No more my steps shall roam;

When I shall lay my arm or by, And dwell in peace at home?
This world's a wil-der-ness of woe, This world is not my home
And lean for suc-cor on His breast Till He con-duct me home
With Him I'll brave death's chill-ing tide, And reach my heav'n-ly home.

Chorus.

We'll work till Je-sus comes, We'll work till Je-sus comes, We'll work
We'll work We'll work

work till Je-sus comes, And we'll be gath-ered home.
We'll work

By permission.

Work, for the night is coming.

Sidney Dyer. Work Song. Lowell Mason

1. Work, for the night is com-ing, Work thro the morning hours, Work while the dew is spark-ling, Work mid springing flowers; Work when the day grows brighter, Work in the glowing sun, Work, for the night is coming, When man's work is done.
2. Work, for the night is com-ing; Work thro the sun-ny noon; Fill bright-est hours with labor—Rest comes sure and soon. Give ev-ery fly-ing mo-ment Something to keep in store; Work, for the night is coming, When man works no more.
3. Work, for the night is com-ing, Un-der the sun-set skies; While their bright tints are glowing, Work, for day-light flies. Work till the last beam fad-eth, Fadeth to shine no more, Work while the night is darkening, When man's work is o'er.

Fill Me Now.

E. H. Stokes. D. D. Jno. R. Sweney. By per.

1. Hov-er o'er me, Ho-ly Spir-it; Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
2. Thou can'st fill me, gra-cious Spir-it, Though I can not tell Thee how;
3. I am weak-ness, full of weak-ness; At Thy sa-cred feet I bow;
4. Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me; Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and brow;

Fine.

Fill me with Thy hal-lowed pres-ence, Come, oh, come and fill me now.
But I need Thee, great-ly need Thee; Come, oh, come and fill me now
Blest, di-vine, e-ter-nal Spir-it, Fill with pow'r, and fill me now.
Thou art com-fort-ing and sav-ing, Thou art sweet-ly fill-ing now.

D.S. Fill me with Thy hallow'd presence, Come, oh, come and fill me now.

Chorus. D. S.

Fill me now, fill me now, Je-sus, come and fill me now.

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A Charge to Keep I Have.

Rev. Chas. Wesley. Dr. Lowell Mason

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo-ri-fy,
2. To serve the pres-ent age, My call-ing to ful-fill;
3. Arm me with jeal-ous care, As in Thy sight to live;
4. Help me to watch and pray, And on Thy-self re-ly;

A nev-er dy-ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky
Oh, may it all my powers en-gage, To do my Mas-ter's will
And oh, Thy ser-vant, Lord! pre-pare, A strict ac-count to give
As-sured if I my trust be-tray, I shall for ev-er die

THE SWEET BY AND BY.

S. F. Bennet. Joe. P. Webster.

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can
2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore, The mu - sic in fi - nite;
3. To our heav - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer our

see it a - far, For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre-
songs of the blest, And our spir - its shall sor - row no more, Not a
trib - ute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the

Refrain.

pare us a dwelling place there In the sweet by and by,
sight for the blessing of rest, In the sweet by and by.
blessings that hal - low our days.

We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore, In the sweet by and by.

by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.

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Jesus Shall Reign.

Isaac Watts. J. Hatton

1. Jesus shall reign where'er the sun Does his successive journeys run;
2. For him shall endless pray'r be made, And praise thro' - out the day;
3. People and realms of ev'ry tongue Dwell on His love, with sweetest song;
4. Blessings abound where'er He reigns; The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
5. Let ev - 'ry crea - ture rise And bring Re-de-em - er honors to our King;

His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
Blest be the name of Jesus! Blest His glorious name, Blest be the name of Jesus!
His name, like sweet perfume shall rise With ev'ry morn - ing sac - ri - fice.
And infant voices shall proclaim Their early blessings on His name.
Let ev - 'ry land re - ter - nal rest, And all the earth re - peat the lond A - men!
The wea - ry find re - ter - nal rest, And all the earth re - peat the lond A - men!
Angels descend with songs again, And earth repeat the lond A - men!

In the Cross of Christ I Glory.

A. Bowring. I. Conkey.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er take me, Hopes de - ceive, and fears en - noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beaming Light and love up - on my way,
4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;

All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sublime.
Never shall the cross for sake me; Lo! its glows with peace and joy.
From the cross the radiance, streaming, Adds more lustre to - the day.
Peace is there that knows no measure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.

Savior, Like a Shepherd Lead us.

Used by per. The Biglow & Main Co., owners. Dr. Bury

1. Sav - ior, like a shep - herd lead us, Much we need Thy tender care;
In Thy pleas - ant pas - tures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre - pare.
2. We are Thine, do Thou be - friend us, Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock, from sin de - fend us, Seek us when we go a - stray.

Bless - ed Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus! Thou hast bought us, Thine we are;
Bless - ed Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus! Hear, oh, hear us when we pray;

Bless - ed Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus! Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
Bless - ed Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus! Hear, oh, hear, us when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse and power to free.
Blessed Jesus!
We will early turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Savior!
With Thy love our bosoms fill.
Blessed Jesus!
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

THE PROMISED LAND.

1. I have a Fa - ther in the promised land, I have a Fa - ther in the
2. I have a Saviour in the promised land, I have a Sav - iour in the
3. I have a crown in the promised land, I have Him to be promised land,
I hope to meet you in the promised land, I hope to meet you in the

promised land; My Fa - ther calls me I must go To meet Him in the promised land.
promised land; My Sav - iour calls me I must go To meet Him in the promised land.
promised land; When Jesus calls me I must go To wear it in the promised land.
promised land; At Je - sus' feet a joyous land We'll praise Him in the promised land.

Fine.

Chorus. D.S.

I'll a - way, I'll a - way to the promised land, I'll a - way, I'll a - way to the
I'll a - way, I'll a - way to the promised land, I'll a - way, I'll a - way to the
I'll a - way, I'll a - way to the promised land, I'll a - way, I'll a - way to the
I'll a - way, I'll a - way to the promised land, I'll a - way, I'll a - way to the

THE SWEETEST STORY EVER TOLD.

Jemima Luke. Anon.

1. I think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When
2. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His
3. Yet still to His foot - stool in prayer I may go, And
4. In that beau - ti - ful place He is gone to prepare, For

Je - sus was here a - mong men, How He called lit - tle chil - dren as
arm had been thrown a - round me; And that I might have seen His kind
ask for a share of His love; And, if I now earn - est - ly
all who are washed and forgiv'n; And ma - ny dear children are

lambs to His fold — I should like to have been with them then.
look, when He said, "Let the lit - tle ones come on - to Me."
seek Him be - low, I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove.
gath - er - ed there, "For of such is the king - dom of heav'n.

Down at the Cross.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Rev. J. H. Stockton, By per.

1 Down at the cross where my Savior died, Down where for cleansing from
2. I am so wondrous-ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweetly a-
3. Oh, precious fountain, that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
4. Come to the fountain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the

sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood applied; Glo-ry to His
bides within; There at the cross where He took me in; Glo-ry to His
en-ter'd in; There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean, Glo-ry to His
Savior's feet; Plunge in to-day, and be made complete; Glo-ry to His

Fine. Chorus. D.S.

name. Glo - ry to His name, Glo - ry to His name.

Home, Sweet Home.

David Denham. Henry R. Bishop.

1. { Mid scenes of con-fu-sion and creature complaints, { To find at the
{ How sweet to my soul is the communion of saints; { And feel in the

D. S. *Prepare me, dear*

Refrain. D. S.

ban-quet of mer-cy there's room, Home, home! sweet, sweet home!
pres-ence of Je - sus at home.

Sav - ior, for glo - ry my home.

2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace!
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease!
Though off from Thy presence in sadness I roam!
I long to behold Thee in glory at home!

3 While here in the valley of conflict I stay
O give me, submission, and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions to Thee I would come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

Where He Leads Me.

E. W. Blendly. Arranged.

1. I can hear my Sav - ior call-ing, I can hear my Sav - ior call-ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry

Cho. *Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol-low,*

ad lib.

I can hear my Sav-ior calling, "Take thy cross, and follow, fol-low me."
I'll go with Him thro' the garden, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo-ry, And go with me, with me all the way.

Where He leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

By permission.

My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book. A. J. Gordon. By per.

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine. For Thee all the
2. I love Thee, be-cause Thou hast first lov-ed me, And purchased my
3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end-less de-light, I'll ev - er a-

fol - lies of sin I re-sign; My gra - cious Re - deem-er, my
par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear-ing the
long as Thou lend-est me breath; And say when the death-dew lies
dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter-ing

Sav ior art Thou,
thorns on Thy brow; } If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
cold on my brow;
crown on my brow;

I Am Coming to the Cross.

Rev. Wm. McDonald. Wm. G. Fischer.

1. I am com - ing to the cross, I am poor and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee, Long has e - vil reigned with - in;
3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends, and time, and earth-ly store;

Cho.—*I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee, Blest Lamb of Cal - va - ry;*

D. C.

I am count-ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.
Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me,—"I will cleanse you from all sin."
Soul and bod - ly Thine to be,—Wholly Thine for ev - er - more.

Humb-ly at Thy Cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

4. In Thy promises I trust,
Now I feel the blood applied:
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

5. Jesus comes! He fills my soul!
Perfected in Him I am;
I am every whit made whole;
Glory, glory to the Lamb.

My Faith Looks up to Thee.

Ray Palmer. L. Mason.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va - ry, Sav-ior di-vine! Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire; As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my guide, Bid dark sees

while I pray, Take all my sins away, Oh, let me from this day Be wholly Thine.
died for me, Oh, may my love for Thee, Pure, warm and changeless be, A liv-ing fire.
turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears away Nor let me ev-er stray From Thee a-side.

The Half Has Never Been Told.

PEARCES R. HAVERGAL. R. E. HUDSON

1. I know I love Thee bet-ter, Lord, Than a - ny earth-ly joy,
2. I know that Thou art near-er still Than a - ny earth-ly throng,
3. Thou hast put glad-ness in my heart; Then well may I be glad!
4. O Sav - ior, pre-cious Sav-ior mine! What will Thy presence be,

For Thou hast giv - en me the peace Which nothing can de - stroy.
And sweet - er is the tho't of Thee, Than a - ny love - ly song.
With-out the se - cret of Thy love, I, could not but be sad.
If such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with Thee?

CHORUS.

The half has never yet been told, Of love so full and free;
The half has never yet been told, The blood—it cleans-eth me.

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His Yoke is Easy.

PSALM XXIII. R. E. HUDSON.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want, He maketh me down to
2. My soul cri-eth out, "re-store me a-gain, And give me the strength to
3. Yea, tho' I should walk the val-ley of death, Yet why should I fear from

lie In pastures green He lead-eth me The qui - et wa-ters by.
take The nar-row path of righteousness, E'en for His own name's sake."
ill? For Thou art with me, and Thy rod And staff me comfort still.

CHORUS.

His yoke is eas-y, His burden is light, I've found it so, I've found it so.

He lead - eth me, by day and by night, Where living wa - ters flow.

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O, for a Faith that will Not Shrink.

W. H. BATHURST. Dr. T HASTINGS.

1. Oh, for a faith that will not shrink, Tho' pressed by ev'ry foe. That will not
2. That will not murmur nor complain Beneath the chast'ning rod, But in the
3. A faith that shines more bright and clear When tempest rage without; That when in
4. A faith that keeps the narrow way Till life's last hour is fled, And, with a
5. Lord, give us such a faith as this, And then, whate'er may come, We'll taste, e'en

tremble on the brink Of an - y earth-ly woe, Of an - y earth-ly woe.
hour of grief or pain, Will lean upon its God, Will lean up-on its God.
danger knows no fear, In darkness feels no doubt, In darkness feels no doubt.
pure and heav'n-ly ray, Lights up a dying bed, Lights up a dy- ing bed.
here, the hallow'd bliss Of an e - ter-nal home, Of an e - ter- nal home.

More Love to Thee.

ELIZABETH PRENTIS. W. H. DOANE.

1. More love to Thee, O Christ; More love to Thee; Hear Thou the
2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee as
3. Then shall my lat-est breath, Whisper Thy praise, This be the

pray'r I make On bend - ed knee; This is my ear - nest plea,
lone I seek, Give what is best; This all my pray'r shall be,
part - ing cry My heart shall raise; This still its pray'r shall be,

More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee; More love to Thee.
More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee; More love to Thee.
More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee; More love to Thee.

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BALERMA. C. M.

JOHN NEWTON. R. SIMPSON.

1. Approach, my soul the mer - cy - seat, Where Je - sus an - swers pray'r;
2. Thy pro - mise is my on - ly plea, With this I vent - ure nigh;
3. Bowed down beneath a load of sin, By Sa - tan sore ly pressed,
4. Be thou my shield and hid ing-place, That, sheltered near thy side,
5. Oh, wondrous love, to bleed and die, To bear the cross and shame,

There hum - bly fall be - fore his feet, For none can per - ish there.
Thou call - est burdened souls to thee, And such, O Lord, am I.
By war with-out, and fear with-in, I come to thee for rest.
I may my fierce ac - cus - er face, And tell him, "Thou hast died."
That guilt y sin - ners, such as I, Might plead thy pre - cious name!

The Lord's Prayer.

Reverently.

1. Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed | be Thy | name, ‖ Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done in | earth, as it | is in | heaven.
2. Give us this day our | daily | bread, ‖ And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | them that | trespass a- | gainst us.
3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver | us from | evil; ‖ For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the | glory for- | ever and | ever. ‖ A- | men.

O Could I Speak.

SANKEY MEDLEY. Arr. by LOWELL MASON.

1. Oh, could I speak the matchless worth, Oh, could I sound the glories forth
2. I'd sing the precious blood He spilt, My ransom from the dreadful guilt
3. Well, the de - lightful day will come, When my dear Lord will bring me home.

Which in my Savior shine! I'd soar and touch the heav'n-ly strings, And vie with
Of sin and wrath di-vine; I'd sing His glorious right-eous-ness, In which all
And I shall see His face: Then will my Savior, Brother, Friend, A blest e -

Ga-bri-el, while he sings, In notes most divine, In notes almost di-vine.
per-fect, glorious dress, My soul shall ever shine. My soul shall ever shine.
ter - nal - ty I'll spend, Triumphant in His Name, Triumphant in His grace,

L. H.

I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

LEWIS HARTSOUGH.

1. I hear thy wel-come voice, That calls me, Lord, to thee For cleans-ing in thy pre-cious blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.
2. Tho' com-ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength as - sure: Thou dost my vile-ness ful - ly cleanse, Till spot-less all and pure.
3. Tis Je - sus calls me on To per-fect faith and love, To per - fect hope, and peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n a - bove.
4. Tis Je - sus who con-firms The bless-ed work with-in, By add-ing grace to wel-comed grace, Have reigned the power of sin.
5. And he the wit-ness gives To joy - al hearts and free, That ev - 'ry prom-ise is ful-filled, If faith but brings the plea.
6. All, hail, a-ton-ing blood! All hail, re-deem-ing grace! All hail, the gift of Christ, our Lord, Our strength and right-eous-ness.

CHORUS.

I am com-ing, Lord, Com-ing now to thee; Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.

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Take My Heart, O Father!

ANON. TALMAR 8s. 7s. ISAAC B. WOODBURY.

1. Take my heart, O Father! take it, Make and keep it all Thine own;
2. Fa - ther, make me pure and lowly, Fond of peace and far from strife;
3. Ev - er let Thy grace surround me, Strengthen me with pow'r divine,
4. May the blood of Je sus heal me, And my sins be all for-giv'n;

Let Thy Spir it melt and break it - This proud heart of sin and stone.
Turn-ing from the paths un hol ly Of this vain and sin ful life.
Till Thy cords of love have bound me Make me to be whol-ly Thine.
Ho ly Spir - it, take and seal me, Guide me in the path to heav'en.

I Do Believe.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY. Unknown.

1. A - las! and did my Sav-ior bleed? and did my Sov-'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done, He groan'd up-on the tree?
3. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay the debt of love I owe:

CHO.—*I do be-lieve, I now be-lieve That Je - sus died for me;*

Would He de-vote that sa-cred head, For such a worm as I?
A - maz-ing pi - ty! grace un-known! And love beyond de - gree!
Here, Lord, I give my - self to Thee, 'Tis all that I can do.

And thro' His blood, His pre-cious blood, I shall from sin be free.

I CAN, I WILL.

1. Re - fin - ing fire, go thro' my heart, Re-fin-ing fire, go thro' my heart,
2. Scat-ter thy life thro' ev - ry part, Scat-ter thy life thro' ev'ry part,
3. Oh, that it now from heav'n might fall, Oh, that it now from heav'n might fall,
4. Come, Ho-ly Ghost, for Thee, I call, Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee I call,

Cho. No. 1. I can, I will, I do be-lieve, I can, I will, I do believe,
Cho. No. 2. I'm kneeling at the mer-cy seat, I'm kneeling at the mercy seat,

Re - fin - ing fire, go thro' my heart, Il - lum - mi-nate my soul;
Scat-ter thy life thro' ev - 'ry part, And sanc - ti - fy the whole.
Oh, that it now from heav'n might fall, And all my sins con - sume.
Come, Holy, Ghost, for Thee I call, Spir - it of burn - ing, come.

I can, I will, I do be-lieve, That Je - sus saves me now,*
I'm kneeling at the mer - cy seat, Where Je-sus an - swers pray'r.

O Day of Rest and Gladness.

C. WORDSWORTH. German Melody.

1. Oh, day of rest and glad-ness, Oh, day of joy and light;
2. Oh, balm of care and sad - ness, Most beau - ti-ful, most bright;
3. On Thee, at the cre - a - tion The light first had its birth;
On Thee, at our sal - va - tion, Christ rose from depths of earth;
New grac - es ev - er gain - ing From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest re-main - ing To Spir - its of the blest;

On Thee the high and low - ly, Thro' a - ges joined in tune,
On Thee, our Lord, vic - to - rious, The Spir - it sent from heav'n;
To Ho - ly Ghost be prais - es, To Fa - ther and to Son;

Sing "Ho ly, ho - ly, ho - ly," To the great God Tri - une.
And thus on Thee, most glo - rious, A trip - le light was given.
The Church her voice up - rais - es To Thee, blest Three in One.

Pass Me Not.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav-ior, Hear my humble cry; While on
2. Let me at a throne of mercy Find a sweet re-lief; Kneel-ing
3. Trusting on-ly in Thy mer-it, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my
4. Thou the Spring of all my comfort, More than life to me, Whom have

CHORUS.

oth-ers Thou art smil-ing, Do not pass me by.
there in deep con-tri-tion, Help my un-be-lief. Savior, Sav-ior,
wounded, bro-ken spir-it; Save me by Thy grace.
I on earth be-side I nee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?

Hear my humble cry, While on others Thou art calling, Do not pass me by.

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At the Fountain.

OLD MELODY.

1. Of Him who did sal-va-tion bring, I'm at the fountain drinking. I
2. Ask but His grace, and lo! 'tis giv'n, I'm at the fountain drinking, Ask
3. Tho' sin and sorrow wound my soul, I'm at the fountain drinking, Je-
4. Where'er I am, where'er I move, I'm at the fountain drinking, I

could for-ev-er think and sing, I'm on my jour-ney home. Glo-ry to
and He turns your hell to heav'n, I'm on my jour-ney home.
sus, Thy balm will make me whole, I'm on my jour-ney home.
meet the ob-ject of my love, I'm on my jour-ney home.

God, I'm at the fountain drinking, Glory to God, I'm on my journey home.

Look Away to Jesus.

HENRY BURTON. JOSEPH BARNBY.

1. Look a-way to Je-sus, Soul by woe op-press'd,
2. All thy griefs He car-ried, All thy sins He bore,
3. Look a-way to Je-sus, Sol-dier in the fight;
4. Tho' thy foes be ma-ny, Tho' thy strength be small,
5. Look a way to Je-sus, 'Mid the toil and heat;

'Twas for thee He suf-fer'd, Come to Him and rest.
Look a-way to Je-sus, Trust Him ev-er more.
When the bat-tle thick-ens Keep thine ar-mor bright
Look a-way to Je-sus, He shall con-quer all.
Soon will come the rest-ing At the Mas-ter's feet. A-men.

suf-fer'd, Come to Him and rest.

I Left it All With Jesus.

MISS ELLEN H. WILLIS. Tune.—SECURITY.

1. I left it all with Je-sus, long a-go, All my sins I brought Him
2. I leave it all with Je-sus, for He knows How to steal the bit-ter
3. I leave it all with Je-sus, day by day; Faith can firmly trust Him,

and my woe, When by faith I saw Him on the tree, Heard His small, still
from life's woes; How to gild the tear-drop with His smile, Make the des-ert
come what may, Hope has dropped her anchor, found her rest, In the calm sure

whis-per "'Tis for thee," From my heart the bur-den rolled a-way!
gar-den bloom a-while; When my weakness leaneth on His might,
ha-ven of His breast; Love es-teems it heav-en to a-bide

Hap-py day! From my heart the bur-den rolled a-way! Happy day!
All seems light; When my weakness leaneth on His might, All seems light.
At His side; Love es-teems it heav-en to a-bide At His side.

Jesus, My All.

FANNY CROSBY. Scotch Air.

1. Lord, at Thy mercy-seat Humbly I fall, Pleading Thy promise sweet; Lord, hear me call; Now let Thy work begin.
2. Tears of re-pent-ant grief Si-lent-ly fall; Help Thou my un-be-lief, Hear Thou my call; Oh! how I pine for Thee?
3. Still at the mercy seat, Humbly I fall; Pleading Thy promise sweet; Heard is my call; Faith wings my soul to Thee;

O make me pure within, Cleanse me from ev'ry sin, Je-sus, my all.
'Tis all my hope and plea, Je-sus has died for me, Je-sus, my all.
This all my hope shall be, Je-sus has died for me, Je-sus, my all.

Turn to the Lord.

JOSEPH HEART. 1759. ANON. 1830.

Fine.

1. Come, ye sin-ners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Je-sus read-y stands to save you, Full of pi-ty, love and pow'r.
D. C.—Glo-ry, hon-or, and sal-va-tion, Christ the Lord, has come to reign.

CHORUS. D. C.

Turn to the Lord, and seek sal-va-tion, Sound the praise of his dear name;

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him.

O Save Me at the Cross.

FANNY J. CROSBY. ART.

1. Lov - ing Sav - ior, hear my cry, hear my cry, hear my cry;
2. I have sinn'd, but Thou hast died, Thou hast died, Thou hast died;
3. Tho' I per - ish, I will pray, I will pray, I will pray;
4. Thou hast said Thy grace is free, grace is free, grace is free;
5. Wash me in Thy cleansing blood, cleansing blood, cleansing blood;
6. On - ly faith will par - don bring, par-don bring, par-don bring;

Trembling to Thy arms I fly, O save me at the cross.
In Thy mer - cy let me hide, O save me at the cross.
Thou of life the liv - ing way, O save me at the cross.
Have com-pas - sion, Lord, on me, O save me at the cross.
Plunge me now be-neath the flood, O save me at the cross.
In that faith to Thee I cling, O save me at the cross.

CHORUS.

Dear Je - sus, re - ceive me, No more would I grieve Thee;

Repeat chorus pp.

Now, bless - ed Re - deem - er, O save me at the cross.

Seeking For Me.

A. N. E. E. HASTY, By per.

1. Je - sus, my Sav-ior, to Beth-le-hem came, Born in a man-ger to
2. Je - sus, the Sav-ior, on Cal- va - ry's tree, Paid the great debt, and our
3. Je - sus, my Sav-ior, the same as of old, While I was wand'ring a-
4. Je - sus, my Sav-ior, will come from on high—Sweet is the promise as

sorrow and shame; Oh, it was won - der - ful, blest be His name! Seek-ing for me, for
souls He set free; Oh, it was won - der - ful, how could it be? Dy-ing for you and
far from the fold; Gently and long did He plead with my soul, Call-ing for me, for
wea - ry years, fly; I shall behold Him de - scend-ing the sky, Com - ing for me, for

REFRAIN. For me..... for me.....

me! Seeking for me! Seeking for me! Seek - ing for me! Seeking for me!
me! Dy-ing for you! Dy-ing for me! Dy-ing for you! Dy-ing for me!
me! Call-ing for me! Call-ing for me! Call - ing for me! Calling for me!
me! Com-ing for me! Coming for me! Com - ing for me! Coming for me!

Oh, it was wonder-ful—blest be His name! Seeking for me, for me!
Oh, it was wonder-ful—how could it be? Dy-ing for you and me!
Gen-tly and long did He plead with my soul, Call-ing for me, for me!
I shall be-hold Him descending the sky, Com-ing for me, for me!

My Jesus, as Thou Wilt.

C. M. VON WEBER.

1. My Jesus, as Thou wilt; Oh, may Thy will be mine; Into Thy hand of love
2. My Jesus, as Thou wilt; Tho' seen thro' many a tear, Let not my star of hope
3. My Jesus, as Thou wilt; All shall be well with me; Each chang-ing fu - ture scene,

I would my all re - sign; Thro' sor-row or thro' joy, Con-duct me
Grow-dim or dis-ap-pear, Since Thou on earth hast wept, And sorrowed
I glad-ly trust with Thee, Straight to my home a-bove, I trav - el

ns Thine own, And help me still to say, "My Lord, Thy will be done.
oft a-lone, If I must weep with Thee, My Lord, Thy will be done.
calm - ly on, And sing in life or death,—My Lord, Thy will be done.

He Took Them All Away.

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ART by P. P. B. ART. by P. P. BILHORN.

I had so ma - ny and He took them all a - way,
5. My heart is full of joy and He gave it all to me,
6. My heart sings hal-le - lu - jah and He gave the song to me,

1 2 FINE.

He took them all away. He took them all away And now He sets me free.
He gave it all to me, He gave it all to me, And now He sets me free.
He gave the song to me, He gave the song to me, And now He sets me free.

CHORUS. D.S.

All the way to Cal-va-ry He went for me, He went for me, He went for me.

COME LET US LIFT OUR VOICES. 215

Scotch Air.

1. Come let us lift our voi - ces high, High as our joys a- rise,
2. Je- sus, our God, in- vites us here, To this tri umph- al feast,
3. Vic- to- rious God! what can we pay, For fav- ors so di- vine?

And join the songs a- bove the skies, Where pleas- ure nev - er dies.
And brings im- mor- tal bless ing down, For each re - deem - ed guest.
We would de- vote our hearts a- way, To be for ev - er thine.

Use No. 174 to the above music if desired.

HARK TEN THOUSAND HARPS.

T. KELLY. Hotwell. LOWELL MASON. FINE.

1. Hark! ten thou - sand harps and voi - ces, Sound the notes of praise a- bove,
2. Je - sus reigns and heav'n re joi - ces, Je - sus reigns, a God of love,
Je - sus hail whose glo ry brightens All a- bove, and gives it worth,
Lord of life, Thy smile enlight ens Cheers and charms Thy saints on earth,

f D. C.—Hal - le - lu jah, Hal le - lu jah, Hal le lu - jah, A - men.

D.C.

See Hes its on yon-der throne Je sus rules the world a lone.
When we think of love like Thine, Lord we owe it, love di vine.

3 King of glory, reign forever,
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from Thy love shall sever,
Those whom Thou hast made Thine own,
Happy object of thy grace,
Chosen to behold His face.

4 Saviour hasten thine appearing,
Bring O bring the glorious day;
When the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away;
Then with golden harps will sing,
"Glory, glory to our King."

ANGELS HOVERING 'ROUND.

Anon. Unknown.

1. There are an - gels hov-'ring round, There are an - gels hov'ring round,
2. They will carry the ti - dings home, They will carry the ti-dings home;

There are an - gels, an - gels hov 'ring 'round,
They will car - ry, car - ry the ti - dings home.

3 To the new Jerusalem, etc.
4 Poor sinners are coming home, etc.
5 And Jesus bids them come, etc.
6 There's glory all around, etc.

UXBRIDGE. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. L. MASON.

1. The heav'ns declare thy glo - ry, Lord; In ev-'ry star thy wis - dom shines;
2. The roll- ing sun, the changing light, And night and days thy pow'r con - fess;
3. Sun, moon, and stars, no- ver thy praise Round the whole earth, and nev - er stand;
4. Nor shall thy spreading gos - pel rest Till thro' the world thy truth has run;
5. Great Sun of Right-eous-ness! a rise: Bless the dark world with heav'nly light:

But when our eyes be-hold thy word, We read thy name in fair - er lines.
But the best vol- ume thou hast writ Reveals thy jus-tice and thy grace.
So when thy truth be- gan its race, It touched and glanced on ev - 'ry head.
Till Christ has all the na-tions blest That see the light or feel the sun.
Thy gos-pel makes the sim- ple wise, Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

GERMANY. L. M.

Exeter Coll. BEETHOVEN.

1. To thee, my heart, e - ter - nal King, Would now its thank- ful tri b - ute bring;
2. All na-ture shows thy bound-less love, In worlds be- low and worlds a - bove;
3. Here what de- light-ful truths are giv'n Here Je-sus shows the way to heav'n;
4. For love like this, O may our song Thro' endless years thy praise pro- long;

To thee its hom- ble hom-age rise In songs of ar dent, grateful praise.
But in thy bless- ed word I trace The rich- er glo - ries of thy grace.
His name sa- lutes my listening ear, Revives my heart and cheeks my fear.
And dis - tant climes thy name a- dore, Till time and na ture are no more.

ALL FOR JESUS.

ROM 12: 1. MARY D JAMES. Arranged.

1 All for Jesus! all for Je sus! All my being's ransomed pow'rs,
2 All my thoughts and words and doings, All my days and all my (*Omit*) hours.
Let my hands perform His bid-ding, Let my feet run in His ways,
Let my eyes see Je- sus on ly, Let my lips speak forth His (*Omit*) praise.
3 Since my eyes were fixed on Je sus, I've lost sight of all be - side,
So en-chained my spirit's vis ion, Look- ing at the Cru-ci (*Omit*) fied.
4 O, what wonder! how a-maz ing! Je- sus, glorious King of kings,
Deigns to call me His be lov ed, Lets me rest beneath His (*Omit*) wings.

All for Je-sus! all for Je sus! All my days and all my hours; hours.
All for Je-sus! all for Je sus! Let my lips speak forth His praise, praise
All for Je-sus! all for Je sus! Look ing at the Cru ci fied, fied.
All for Je-sus! all for Je sus! Rest ing now be-neath His wings, wings

THERE IS A NAME I LOVE.

F. WHITFIELD. H. W GREATOREX.

1. There is a name I love to hear; I love to sing its worth It sounds like mu sic in mine ear— The sweet-est Name on earth
2. It tells me of a Sav iour's love Who died to set me free; It tells me of His pre cious blood—The sin - ner's per fect plea.
3. It tells of One whose lov ing heart Can feel my small-est woe Who in each sor row bears a part That none can bear be low.
4. It bids my tremb- ling soul re-joice, And dries each ris ing tear; It tells me in a "still small voice," To trust, and not to fear

Faith of Our Fathers.

FREDERICK W FABER — J. G. WALTON

1 Faith of our fa-thers! liv-ing still In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword:
2. Our fathers, chained in prisons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free.
3 Faith of our fa-thers! we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife:

O how our hearts beat high with joy Whene'er we hear that glorious word:
How sweet would be their children's fate, If they, like them, could die for thee!
And preach thee too, as love knows how, By kindly words and virtuous life:

Faith of our fathers! Ho-ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!

No. Walk in the Light.

BERNARD BARTON. — HAYDN

1 Walk in the light! so shalt thou know That fellow-ship of love,
2. Walk in the light! and thou shalt find Thy heart made truly His,
3. Walk in the light! and thou shalt own Thy darkness passed away,

His spir-it on-ly can be-stow Who reigns in light a-bove.
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined, In whom no darkness is.
Be-cause that light hath on thee shone In which is per-fect day.

Arise, My Soul, Arise.

CHAS. WESLEY — EDSON.

1. A-rise, my soul, a-rise; Shake off thy guil-ty fears; The
2. He ev-er lives a-bove, For me to in-ter-cede; His
3. Five bleed-ing wounds He bears, Received on Cal-va-ry; They
4. My God is rec-on-ciled; His pard'ning voice I hear: He

bleed-ing sac-ri-fice In my be-half ap-pears: Be-
all-re-deem-ing love, His pre-cious blood to plead; His
pour ef-fec-tual prayers, They strong-ly plead for me: "For-
owns me for His child; I can no long-er fear; With

fore the throne my Sure-ty stands, Be-fore the throne my
blood a-toned for all our race, His blood a-toned for
give him, O for-give," they cry, "For-give him, O for-
con-fi-dence I now draw nigh, With con-fi-dence I

Sure-ty stands, My name is writ-ten on His hands.
all our race, And sprink-les now the throne of grace.
give," they cry, "Nor let that ransomed sin-ner die."
now draw nigh, And, "Fa-ther, Ab-ba, Fa-ther," cry.

Not I, but Christ.

A. B. SIMPSON. — From MENDELSSOHN.

1. Not I, but Christ, be hon-oured, loved ex-alt-ed, Not I, but
2. Not I, but Christ, to gent-ly soothe in sor-row, Not I, but
3. Not I, but Christ, no i-dle word e'er fall-ing, Christ, on-ly

1. Christ, be seen, be known, be heard, Not I, but Christ, in ev-'ry look and
2. Christ, to wipe the fall-ing tear, Not I, but Christ, to lift the wea-ry
3. Christ, no need-less bust-ling sound, Christ, on-ly Christ, no self-im-por-tant

1 ac-tion, Not I, but Christ, in ev-'ry thought and word.
2. bur-den, Not I, but Christ, to hush a way all fear.
3 bear-ing, Christ, on-ly Christ, no trace of "I" be found.

4 Not I, but Christ, my every need supply-ing, [health to be,
Not I, but Christ, my strength and
Christ, only Christ, for body soul, and spirit, [in me.
Christ, only Christ, live then Thy life

5. Christ, only Christ, ere long will fill my vision;
Glory excelling,—soon, full soon, I'll see
Christ, only Christ, my every wish ful filling—
Christ, only Christ, my all in all to be.

HOW SWEET, HOW HEAVENLY.

GREATOREX.

1. How sweet how heavenly is the sight, When those who love the Lord;
2. When each can feel his broth-er's sigh, And with him bear a part;
3. Let love in one de-light-ful stream, Thro' ev-'ry bos-om flow,
4. Love is the gold-en chain that binds The hap-py souls a-bove;

In one an-oth-er's peace de-light, And so ful-fill his word.
When sor-row flows from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart.
And u-nion sweet with fond es-teem, In ev-'ry ac-tion glow.
And he's an heir of heav'n who finds, His bos-om glow with love.

HOW SWEET THE NAME.

T. HASTINGS.

1. How sweet the name of Je-sus sounds, In a be-liev-er's ear; It soothes his
2. It makes the wounded spir-it whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'Tis manna
3. Dear Name, the Rock on which I build, My shield and and hiding place; My never
4. Jesus my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend; My Prophet, Priest and King; My Lord, my
5. I would Thy boundless love proclaim With ev'ry fleet-ing breath, So shall the

sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear, And drives away his fear.
to the hungry soul, And to the wea-ry rest, And to the weary rest.
failing treasure, fill'd With boundless stores of grace, With boundless stores of grace.
Life, my Way, my End, Accept the praise I bring, Accept the praise I bring.
mu-sic of Thy name Refresh my soul in death, Refresh my soul in death.

WILL JESUS FIND US WATCHING 217

FANNY J CROSBY — W. H. DOANE, by per

1. When Je - sus comes to re - ward His ser vants, Whether it be noon or night, Faith ful, to Him will He find us watching, With our lamps all trimmed and bright?
2. If at the dawn of the ear - ly morn-ing, He shall call us one by one, When to the Lord we re - store our tal ents, Will He an - swer thee, "Well done?"
3. Have we been true to the trust He left us? Do we seek to do our best? If in our hearts there is naught con-demns us, We shall have a glo - rious rest
3. Bless ed are those whom the Lord finds watching; In His glo - ry they shall share, If He shall come at the dawn or mid - night, Will He find us watch - ing there?

rit.

REFRAIN

O, can we say we are read - y, broth - er? Read-y for the soul's bright home? Say, will He find you and me still watch ing, Waiting, waiting when the Lord shall come?

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Lead Me, Saviour.

F. M. D. — F. M. DAVIS, by per

With expression.

1. Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray, Gen - tly lead me all the way; I am safe when by Thy side, I would in Thy love a-bide
2. Thou the ref - uge of my soul, When life's stormy bil - lows roll, I am safe when Thou art nigh, All my hopes on Thee re - ly.
3. Sav - iour, lead me, then at last, When the storm of life is past, To the land of end - less day, Where all tears are wiped away

Sav iour, lead me, lest I stray, Gen tly lead me all the way, I am safe when by Thy side, I would in Thy love a - bide.

CHORUS

Lead me, lead me, Sav - iour, lead me lest I stray; lest I stray, Gently down the stream of time, Lead me, Saviour, all the way stream of time, all the way

rit. e dim.

SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS.

FANNY J CROSBY — W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen tle breast, There by His love o'er-shad-ed, Sweetly my soul shall rest Hark! 't is the voice of an gels, Borne in a song to me, O ver the fields of glo ry, O ver the jas per sea.
2. Safe in the arms of Jesus, Safe from corroding care, Safe from the world's temp-ta tions, Sin can-not harm me there Free from the blight of sorrow, Free from my doubts and fears On ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears
2. Je - sus, my heart's dear refuge, Je - sus has died for me, Firm on the Rock of A ges, Ev-er my trust shall be Here let me wait with patience, Wait till the night is o'er, Wait till I see the morning Break on the golden shore

D.C.—*Safe in the arms of Je sus, Safe on His gentle breast, There by His love o'er shad - ed, Sweet-ly my soul shall rest*

FINE

D.C.

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Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

HENRY F. LYTE. — MOZART.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave and fol - low Thee, Na - ked, poor, despised, for - sak - en, Thou from hence my all shalt be, Per ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought or hoped or known
2. Let this world despise and leave me, They have left my Sav - iour too, Human hearts and looks deceive me—Thou art not, like them, un - true; And while Thou shalt smile up-on me, God of wis - dom, love and might,
3. Man may troub - le and dis - tress me, 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast, Life with tri - als hard may press me, Heav'n will bring me sweeter rest Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me While Thy love is left to me
4. Haste thee on from grace to glo - ry, Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by pray'r! Heav'n's e - ter - nal day s be - fore Thee God's own hand shall guide thee there; Soon shall close thy earth - ly mis - sion, Soon shall pass thy pil - grim days,

FINE.

D.S.— Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heav n are still my own.
D.S —Foes may hate, and friends disown me, Show Thy face and all is bright.
D.S — Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy un - mixed with Thee.
D.S —Hope shall change to glad fru - i - tion, Faith to sight, and pray'r to praise.

D.S.

The Land of Beulah.

By Per. of The Biglow & Main Co.

Rev Jefferson Hascall. 1860. Wm. B. Bradbury, by per.

1. My lat-est sun is sink-ing fast, My race is near-ly run;
My strongest tri-als now are past, My tri-umph is be-gun.
2. I know I'm nearing the ho-ly ranks Of friends and kindred dear,
For I brush the dews on Jordan's banks, The crossing must be near.

CHORUS.

O come, an-gel band, come and a-round me stand, O,
bear me a-way on your snowy wings To my im-mor-tal home. O,
bear me a-way on your snow-y wings To my im-mor-tal home.

3 I've almost gained my heavenly home,
My spirit loudly sings;
The holy ones, behold, they come!
I hear the noise of wings.

4 O, bear my longing heart to Him
Who bled and died for me;
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,
And gives me victory.

What shall I do to be Saved?

By Per. of The Biglow & Main Co.

J. W Holman, 1852. Wm. B. Bradbury, by per.

1. O! what shall I do to be saved From the sorrows that
2. O! what shall I do to be saved When the pleasures of
3. O! what shall I do to be saved, When sickness my
4. O! Lord look in mer-cy on me, Come, O come and speak

burden my soul? Like the waves in the storm When the winds are at
youth are all fled? And the friends I have loved, From the earth are re-
strength shall subdue? Or the world in a day, Like a cloud roll a-
peace to my soul: Un-to whom shall I flee, Dearest Lord, but to

war, Chill-ing floods of dis-tress o'er me roll. What shall I
moved And I weep o'er the graves of the dead. What shall I
way, And e-ter-ni-ty o-pens to view? What shall I
Thee, Thou canst make my poor, bro-ken heart whole. That will I

do? what shall I do? O! what shall I do to be saved?
do? what shall I do? O! what shall I do to be saved?
do? what shall I do? O! what shall I do to be saved?
do! that will I do! To Je-sus I'll go and be saved!

Sunshine in the Soul.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney

1. There's sunshine in my soul to-day, More glo-ri-ous and bright
2. There's mu-sic in my soul to-day, A car-ol to my King,
3. There's springtime in my soul to-day, For when the Lord is near,
4. There's gladness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love,

Than glows in an-y earth-ly sky, For Je-sus is my light.
And Je-sus, lis-ten-ing, can hear The songs I can-not sing
The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace up-pear.
For blessings which he gives me now, For joys "laid up" a-bove.

CHORUS.

O there's sunshine, Bless-ed sun-shine, While the peaceful, happy moments
O there's sunshine in the soul, Blessed sunshine in the soul,

roll, When Jesus shows His smiling face There is sunshine in the soul.
happy moments roll;

Copyright, 1887, by Jno. R. Sweney.

Since I Found My Savior.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Life wears a dif-f'rent face to me, Since I found my Sav-ior;
2. He sought me in his wondrous love, So I found my Sav-ior;
3. The passing clouds may in-ter-vene, Since I found my Sav-ior;
4. A strong hand kindly holds my own, Since I found my Sav-ior;

Rich mer-cy at the cross I see, My dy-ing, liv-ing Sav-ior.
He brought sal-va-tion from a-bove, My dear, al-might-y Sav-ior.
But He is with me, tho' un-seen, My ev-er-pres-ent Sav-ior.
It leads me on-ward to the throne, O there I'll see my Sav-ior!

CHORUS.

Gold-en sunbeams 'round me play, Je-sus turns my night to day;
Heav-en seems not far a-way, Since I found my Sav-ior.

Copyright, 1892, by Jno. R. Sweney.

W. J. K. — Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

With great feeling.

1 I've wan-dered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home,
2. I've wast - ed ma - ny pre - cious years, Now I'm com-ing home;
3. I'm tired of sin and stray ing, Lord, Now I'm com ing home,
4. My soul is sick my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home,

f. — Fink.

The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I now re-pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home
I'll trust thy love, be - lieve thy word, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
My strength re-new, my hope re-store, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

D.S.—O - pen wide thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

Chorus. — *D.S.*

Com - ing home, com - ing home, Nev - er more to roam,

5 My only hope, my only plea,
Now I'm coming home,
That Jesus died, and died for me,
Lord, I'm coming home.

6 I need his cleansing blood I know,
Now I'm coming home;
O wash me whiter than the snow,
Lord, I'm coming home.

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The Master is Come.

P. P. B. — Copyright, 1894, by P. P. Bilhorn. — P. P. Bilhorn.

With emphasis.

1. "The Mas - ter is come and call - eth for thee," He stands at the
2. "The Mas - ter is come and call - eth for thee;" O christian, un -
3. "The Mas - ter is come and call - eth for thee;" O sin - ner, un -
4. "The Mas - ter is come and call - eth for thee;" We know not how

door of thy heart; He comes, from all guilt and sin to set free, And
faith-ful to Him, He'll give you good courage and make you to see His
saved from thy guilt! He gave up His life on Cal - va - ry's tree, And
long He may wait; Make haste to be-lieve and Je - sus re-ceive, Or

Chorus.

bid ev - 'ry sor-row de - part.
pow - er to keep you from sin.
free - ly His blood has been spilt.
ev - er it may be too late.

"The Mas - ter is come!" O

glo - ri - ous news! He calls, and He waits now for thee; A

f f — *Rit.*

rise from thy grief, thy sorrow and sin, 'Tis Jesus now call-ing for thee.

Isaac Watts — H. K. Oliver.

1. Show pit - y, Lord, O Lord, for - give, Let a re - pent - ing reb - el live,
2. My crimes, tho' great, can not sur - pass The pow'r and glo-ry of Thy grace;
3 O, wash my soul from ev - 'ry sin, And make my guilty conscience clean;
4. My lips, with shame, my sins con - fess, A-gainst Thy law, a-gainst Thy grace:
5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath, I must pronounce Thee just in death;

Are not Thy mer-cies large and free? May not a sin - ner trust in Thee?
Great God, Thy nature hath no bound, So let Thy pardoning love be found.
Here, on my heart, the bur - den lies, And past of - fens - es pain mine eyes.
Lord, should Thy judgment grow severe, I am condemned, but thou art clear.
And if my soul were sent to hell, Thy righteous law ap-proves it well.

Ashamed of Jesus.

Joseph Gregg — W. B. Bradbury.

1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be— A mor-tal man ashamed of Thee?
2. A - shamed of Jesus!—that dear Friend On whom my hopes of heav'n depend!
3. A - shamed of Je - sus!—yes, I may, When I've no guilt to wash a-way;
4. Till then,—nor is my boasting vain,—Till then I boast a Saviour slain;

A-shamed of Thee, whom angels praise, Whose glories shine thro' endless days?
No, when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more re - vere His name.
No tears to wipe, no good to crave, No fears to quell, no soul to save.
And O, may this my glo - ry be, That Christ is not ashamed of me.

Something for Jesus.

S. D. Phelps, D. D. — Robert Lowry, D. D.

1. Sav-iour! Thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me, Nor should I
2. At the blest mer - cy seat, Plead-ing for me, My fee - ble.
3. Give me a faith-ful heart—Like-ness to Thee— That each de -
4. All that I am and have—Thy gifts so free— In joy, in

aught with-hold, Dear Lord, from Thee; In love my soul would bow, My heart ful-
faith looks up, Je - sus, to Thee: Help me the cross to bear, Thy wondrous
part-ing day Hence-forth may see Some work of love be - gun, Some deed of
grief, thro' life, Dear Lord, for Thee! And when Thy face I see, My ran-somed

fil its vow, Some of-f'ring bring Thee now, Something for Thee.
love de-clare, Some song to raise, or pray'r, Something for Thee,
kind - ness done, Some wan-d'rer sought and won, Something for Thee.
soul shall be, Through all e - ter - ni - ty, Something for Thee.

Used by per. of Mrs. Mary Lowry.

Come, Sound His Praise Abroad.

ISAAC WATTS

1 Come, sound His praise a broad, And hymns of glo ry sing, Je-
2 He formed the deeps un-known; He gave the seas their bound The
3. Come, wor-ship at His throne Come, bow be-fore the Lord We
4. To day at tend His voice, Nor dare pro-voke His rod. Come

bo-vah is the Sov-ereign God, The u - ni-ver-sal King.
wat-ery worlds are all His own, And all the sol-id ground.
are His work, and not our own; He formed us by His word.
like the peo-ple of His choice, And own your gracious God

Love For All.

WARTENSEE

1. Love for all! and can it be? Can I hope it is for me?
2. I, the die-o-be-dient child, Wayward, pas-sion-ate, and wild,
3. I, who spurned His loving hold, I, who would not be controlled;
4. See! my Fa-ther waiting stands, See! He reach-es out His hands,

I, who strayed so long a-go, Strayed so far and fell so low?
I, who left my Fa-ther's home, In for-bid-den ways to roam!
I, who would not hear His call, I, the wil-ful prod-i-gal?
God is love! I know, I see, Love for me—yes, ev-en me!

O Wanderer, Return.

1. Re-turn, O wander-er, re-turn, And seek thy Father's face;
2. Re-turn, O wander-er, re-turn; He hears thy hum-ble sigh;
3. Re-turn, O wander-er, re-turn; Thy Sav-iour bids thee live;
4. Re-turn, O wander-er, re-turn, And wipe the fall-ing tear!

Those new desires which in thee burn Were kindled by His grace.
He sees thy softened spir-it mourn, When no one else is nigh.
Come to His cross, and, grateful, learn How free by He'll for-give.
Thy Fa-ther calls,—no long-er mourn; Tis love in-vites thee near.

CHORUS.

Je-sus died for you, Je-sus died for me; Yes,

Je-sus died for all mankind, I'm glad He died for me.

Lead, Kindly Light.

JOHN H NEWMAN — DYZES.

1. Lead, kindly Light, a mid th'en-circling gloom, Lead Thou me on!
2. I was not ev-er thus, nor pray d that Thou Should'st lead me on.
3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on

The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on!
I loved to choose and see my path, but now Lead Thou me on!
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till The night is gone.

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
I loved the gar-lish day, and, spite of fears,
And with the morn those an-gel fa-ces smile

The dis-tant scene; one step e-nough for me.
Pride ruled my will. Re-mem-ber not past years!
Which I have loved long since, and lost a-while!

Come, Holy Spirit.

ISAAC WATTS — TUNE: OTTONVILLE. C.M.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quick'ning powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Father, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate—
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee
And Thine to us so great!

3 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove;
With all Thy quick'ning powers;
Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

4 Jesus, my life, Thyself apply,
Thy Holy Spirit breathe:
My vile affections crucify;
Conform me to Thy death.

5 Reign in me, Lord; Thy foes control;
Who wand not own Thy sway:
Diffuse Thine image thro'my soul;
Shine to Thy perfect day

6 Scatter the last remains of sin,
And seal me Thine abode;
O make me glorious all within.
A temple built for God!

DEPTH OF MERCY.

CHARLES WESLEY — From STEVENSON.

1. Depth of mer-cy! can there be Mer-cy still re-served for me?
2. Can my God his wrath for-bear? Me, the chief of sin-ners spare?
3. I have long with-stood His grace, Long provoked Him to His face:
Would not hearken to His calls; Grieved Him by a thousand falls.
Now in-clines me to re-pent; Let me now my sins la-ment;
Now my foul re-volt de-plore, Weep, be-lieve, and sin no more.

CHORUS.

God is love! I know, I feel; Je-sus lives, and loves me still,

Je-sus lives, He lives and loves me still.

Blessed be the Name.

Arr. P. P. Bilhorn.

1. How sweet the name of Jes-us sounds, Blessed be the name of the Lord;
2. It makes the wounded spir-it whole, Blessed be the name of the Lord;
3. It soothes the troubled sinners breast, Blessed be the name of the Lord;
4. Then will I tell to sinners round, Blessed be the name of the Lord;
5. There's music in the Sav-ior's name, Blessed be the name of the Lord;

It soothes my sorrows, heals my wounds, Blessed be the name of the Lord.
'Tis man-na to the hun-gry soul, Blessed be the name of the Lord.
It gives the wea-ry sweet-est rest, Blessed be the name of the Lord.
What a dear Sav-ior I have found, Blessed be the name of the Lord.
Let ev-'ry heart His love proclaim, Blessed be the name of the Lord.

Chorus.

Blessed be the name, Blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord, the lord.

Let Us Walk in the Light.

Anon. Anon.

1. 'Tie re-lig-ion that can give, In the light, in the light, Sweetest
2. 'Tis re-lig-ion must sup-ply, In the light, in the light, Sol-id
   Aft-er death its joys will be, In the light, in the light, Last-ing
   Be the liv-ing God my friend, In the light, in the light, Then my

Chorus.

pleasure while we live In the light of God.
comfort when we die In the light of God. } Let us walk in the light,
as e-ter-ni-ty, In the light of God.
bliss shall nev-er end, In the light of God.

In the light, in the light, Let us walk in the light, In the light of God.

Oh, Happy Day.

E. F. Rimbault.

1. O, hap-py day that fixed my choice, On Thee my Sav-ior and my God!
   Well may this glowing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-tures, all a-broad.
2. O, hap-py bond that seals my vows, To him who mer-its all my love!
   Let cheerful anthems fill his house, While to that sa-cred shrine I move.
3. 'Tis done; the great transaction's done, I am my Lord's and he is mine:
   He drew me, and I fol-lowed on, Charmed to confess the voice divine.
4. Now rest, my long, divided heart! Fixed on this bliss-ful ce-ter rest;
   Nor ev-er from thy Lord de-part, With him of ev-'ry good possessed.

Chorus. Fine. D.S.

Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Jesus washed my sins away; He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live re-joicing ev'ry day.

On My Way to Zion.

Words and Music
Copyright, 1898, by P. P. Bilhorn.

P. P. B. P. P. Bilhorn.

1. I'm on my way to Zi-on's hill, The cit-y all paved with gold;
2. Soon will I reach that shin-ing plain, A por-tal of end-less rest;
3. Soon leave this world of doubt and fears, To en-ter with Christ my Lord,
4. Soon the last warning will be heard, Poor sinner, why stay a-way?

This glorious news my heart doth thrill, That cit-y will nev-er grow old.
Yes, soon in glo-ry I shall reign For-ev-er so hap-py and blest,
Be-yond this drear-y vale of tears, Re-ceiving the blessed re-ward,
Soon the last prayer for you be made, O brother, why will you de-lay?

Chorus.

On my way, on my way, I've been washed in Jesus' blood, I'm on my way;

Rit.

On my way, on my way, I've been washed in Jesus' blood, I'm on my way.

Loving Kindness.

1. A-wake, my soul, to joy-ful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
2. He saw me ru-ined in the fall, Yet loved me, not-with-stand-ing all;
3. Tho' numerous hosts of mighty foes, Tho' earth and hell my way op-pose,
4. When trouble, like a gloomy cloud, Has gathered thick and thundered loud,

He just-ly claims a song from me, His lov-ing kindness, oh, how free!
He saved me from my lost es-tate, His lov-ing kindness, oh, how great!
He safe-ly leads my soul a-long, His lov-ing kindness, oh, how strong!
He near my soul has al-ways stood, His lov-ing kindness, oh, how good!

Lov-ing kindness, loving kindness, His loving kindness, oh, how free!
Lov-ing kindness, loving kindness, His loving kindness, oh, how great!
Lov-ing kindness, loving kindness, His loving kindness, oh, how strong!
Lov-ing kindness, loving kindness, His loving kindness, oh, how good!

God Be With You.

J. E. Rankin. W. G. Tomer.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His counsels guide up-
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath His wings protecting,
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's perils thick con-
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's banner floating

hold you, With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you,
hide you, Dai - ly man na still pro-vide you,
found you, Put His arms un - fail - ing round you,
o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave be-fore you,

CHORUS.

God be with you till we meet a - gain. Till we meet, till we
Till we meet, till we

meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet, Till we
meet, till we meet. till we meet.

meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet again.
Till we meet, till we meet. till we meet.

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Doxology.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be-low;

Praise Him a-bove, ye heavenly host, Praise Father, Son and Ho-ly Ghost.

Old Hundred.

Praise God.

Fine. D.S.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

Unknown. L. Mason.

1. Great source of life and light, Thy heav'n-ly grace im - part; Thy
2. My soul would cleave to thee; Let naught my pur - pose move; O
3. Long as my tri als last, Long as thecross I bear, O
4. Con - duct me to the shore Of ev - er - last - ing peace, Where

Ho - ly Spir - it grant, and write Thy law up - on my heart.
let my faith more stead-fast be, And more in-tense my love.
let my soul on thee be cast In con - fi - dence and prayer.
storm and tem - pest rise no more, Where sin and sor - row cease.

HEBRON. L. M.

Thomas Blacklock. Dr. L. Mason.

1. Fath - er of spir - its, na-ture's God, Our in - most thoughts are known to thee;
2. Could we on morn-ing's swiftest wings, Pursue our flight through trackless air,
3. In vain may guilt at-tempt to fly, Con-ceiled be-neath the gall of night;
4. Search thou our hearts, and thus destroy Each e - vil thought, each secret sain,

Thou, Lord, canst hear each i - dle word, And ev - 'ry pri - vate ac - tion see.
Or dive be-neath deep o-cean's springs, Thy presence still would meet us there.
One glance from thy all piere-ing eye Can kin-dle dark-ness in - to light.
And fit us for those realms of joy, Where naught impure shall en - ter in.

To-Day the Savior Calls.

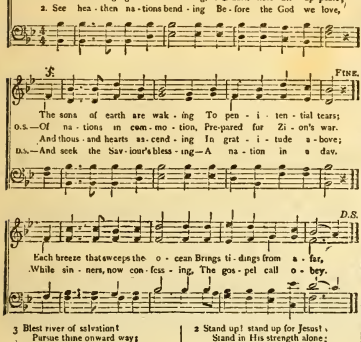
Samuel Francis Smith. Lowell Mason.

1. To - day the Sav - ior calls; Ye wan-d'rers, come; O ye be - night - ed souls, Why long - er roam?
2. To - day the Sav - ior calls; Oh, hear Him now; With - in these sa - cred walls To Je - sus bow.
3. To - day the Sav - ior calls; For ref - uge fly; The storm of jus - tice falls, And death is nigh.
4. The Spir it calls to - day; Yield to His pow'r, Oh, grieve Him not a - way, 'Tis mer - cy's hour.

THE MORNING LIGHT

(WEBB.) 7s & 6s. D.

G. J. WEBB.



3 Blest river of salvation!
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay,
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim "The Lord is come."

Stand Up for Jesus.

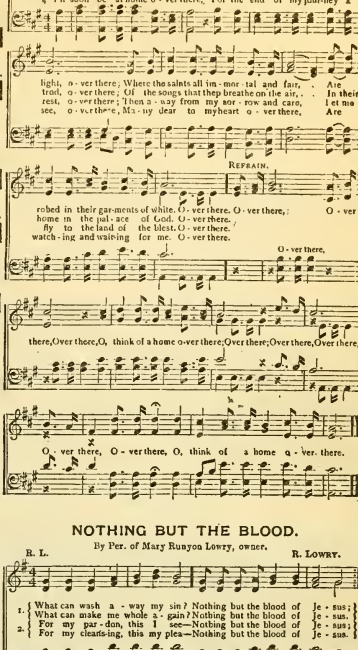
2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross,
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory
His army He shall lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own;
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song;
To Him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

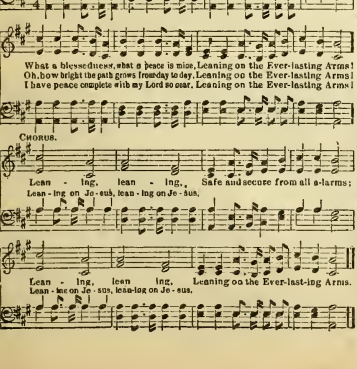
OVER THERE. P.M.

D. W. C. HUNTINGTON. T. C. O'KANE.



Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

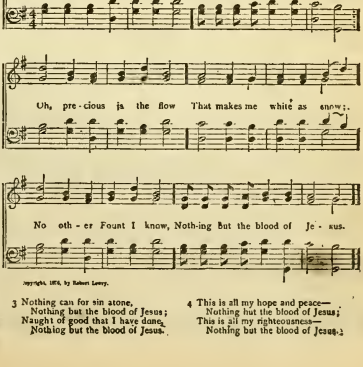
Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.



NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD.

By Per. of Mary Runyon Lowry, owner.

R. L. R. LOWRY.



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3 Nothing can for sin atone,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
Naught of good that I have done,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

4 This is all my hope and peace—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
This is all my righteousness—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

Wonderful Story of Love.

J. M. D. Rev. J. M. Driver, by per.

1. Wonderful sto-ry of love! Tell it to me a - gain; Wonderful
2. Wonderful sto-ry of love! Tho' you are far a - way; Wonderful
3. Wonderful sto-ry of love! Jesus pro-vides a rest; Wonderful

sto-ry of love! Wake the immor-tal strain! Angels with rapture an-
sto-ry of love! Still He doth call to - day; Calling from Cal-va-ry's
sto-ry of love! For all the pure and blest; Rest in those mansions a -

nounce it, Shepherds with wonder receive it, Sin-ner, oh won't you believe it?
mountain, Dove from the crystal bright fountain, Born from the dawn of cre-a - tion,
bove us, With those who've gone on before us, Singing the raptu-rous cho-rus,

Chorus.

Wonderful sto-ry of love! Won der ful! Won -
Won-der-ful sto-ry of love! Wonderful

der - ful Won - der - ful! Wonderful story of love!
story of love! Won-der-ful sto-ry of love!

Say, are You Ready?

"Therefore be ye also ready."—Matt 24 44.

A. S. Kieffer. T. C. O'Kane, by per.

1 Should the Death an - gel knock at thy cham - ber In the still
2 Ma - ny sad spir - its now are de - part - ing In to the
3 Ma - ny re - deem'd ones now are ac - cend ing In to the

watch of to - night, Say, will your spir-it pass in - to tor - ment,
world of de - spair, Ev - 'ry brief moment brings your doom nearer;
man - sions of light; Je - sus is plead-ing, pa - tient-ly plead-ing.

Chorus.

Or to the land of de - light? Say, are you read - y?
Sin - ner, O sin - ner, be - ware! O let Him save you to - night.

O are you read - y? If the Death an - gel should call; should call;

Say, are you ready? O are you ready? Mer-cy stands waiting for all

I AM THINE, O LORD.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.

1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me.
2. Con-se-crate me now to Thy service, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di - vine,
3. O the pure de-light of a sin-gle hour That before Thy throne I spend,
4. There are depths of love that I cannot know Till I cross the nar row sea.

But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clos er drawn to Thee.
Let my soul look up with a stead-fast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.
When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee, my God, I commune as friend with friend.
There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with Thee.

Refrain.

Draw me near er, nearer, blessed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died:
near-er, near-er.

Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, To Thy precious, bleeding side.

Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. Rev. J. H. Stockton, by per.

1. Come, ev'ry soul by sin oppressed, There's mercy with the Lord, And He will surely
2. For Jesus shed His precious blood Rich blessing to bestow: Plunge now in-to the
3. Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you into rest; Believe in Him with-
4. Come, then, and join this ho-ly band, And on to glo - ry go, To dwell in that ce

give you rest By trusting in His word. On - ly trust Him, on-ly trust Him
crimson flood, That washes white as snow. Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus,
out de-lay, And you are ful - ly blest. Don't re - ject Him, don't reject Him;
les - tial land, Where joys immortal flow. I will trust Him, I will trust Him

Chorus.

On-ly trust Him now, He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.
Come to Je - sus now; He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.
Don't reject Him now; He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.
I will trust Him now; He will save me, He will save me, He will save me now.

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My Country, 'Tis of Thee.

S. F. Smith. — Tune—America

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet freedom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a-wake, Let all that
To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright, With freedom's

cres.

pil-grims' pride, From ev - 'ry moun - tain side, Let free - dom ring.
tem - pled hills, My heart with rap - ture thrills, Like that a - bove.
breathe partake, Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro-long.
ho - ly light, Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

HOW TEDIOUS AND TASTELESS.

DE FLEURY.

Fine

1. How te-dious and taste-less the hours, When Je-sus no lon ger I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds and sweet flow'rs, Have lost all their sweetness to me,
2. His name yields the richest per fume, And sweeter than mu-sic His voice;
His pres - ence dis per ses my gloom, And makes all with-in me re - joice.

D.C.—But when I am hap-py in Him, De-cem-ber's as pleas-ant as May
D.C.—No mor-tal so hap-py as I My sum-mer would last all the year.

D.C.

The mid-sum-mer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay;
I should, were He al-ways thus nigh, Have nothing to wish or to fear;

3 Content with beholding His face,
My all to His pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind;
While blessed with a sense of His love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am Thine,
If Thou art my Sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long?
O, drive these dark clouds from my sky;
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me unto Thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

From Every Stormy Wind that Blows.

Hugh Stowell. — Thomas Hastings.

1. From ev - 'ry stormy wind that blows, From ev-'ry swelling tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Je-sus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads.
3. There is a scene, where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
4. There, there on eagles' wings we soar, And sin and sense mo'est no more,

There is a calm, a sure retreat—'Tis found beneath the mercy - seat.
A place, than all besides, more sweet—It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
Tho' sun-dered far, by faith they meet Around one common mercy - seat.
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

Jesus, Our Master.

Words and Music Copyright, 1888, by P. P. Bilhorn

Miss Ada Blenkhorn — Arr. by P. P. Bilhorn

1 Je - sus, our Mas - ter, glad - ly we hear Thy voice Bid - ding us
2. Nar - row the path - way, fal - ter our trembling feet; Oft for Thy
3. Might-y our ar - mor! Sal - va-tion crowns our head; Faith's shining
4 Praise be to Je - sus! praise to our might-y God; Our hal - le-

leave our all and fol - low Thee. We will Thy call o - bey,
promised aid our prayers as - cend; Cheered by the an - gel band,
shield is ours where foes as - sail, Our sword, the word of God,
lu - jahs rise, Sav - ior, to Thee; Our ban-ner's name is love,

turn-ing from sin away, With Thee, our gracious Lord, ev - er to be.
led by Thy loving hand, Safe shall our journey be un - to the end.
with peace our feet are shod, Clad in our ar-mor bright, we shall prevail.
wav - ing our ranks a-bove; Our song is faith, and hope, and vic-to - ry.

Consecration.

Mrs. Mary D. James. — Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.

1. My body, soul, and spirit, Je-sus, I give to thee, A con - se-crat-ed
2. O Je-sus, mighty Savior, I trust in thy great name, I look for thy sal-
3. Oh, let the fire, descending Just now upon my soul, Consume my humble
4. I'm thine, O blessed Jesus, Wash'd by thy precious blood, Now seal me by thy

Refrain.

offering, Thine ev - er - more to be. My all is on the al - tar, I'm
va - tion, Thy prom-ise now I claim.
offering, And cleanse and make me whole.
Spir - it, A sac - ri - fice to God.

Rit.

waiting for the fire; Waiting, waiting, waiting, I'm waiting for the fire.

Ahira. S. M.

Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. — Greatorex.

1. La-borers of Christ, a - rise, And gird you for the toil, The
2. Go where the sick re-cline, Where mourning hearts deplore, And
3. By faith, which looks a - bove, With pray r your constant guest, And
4. So shall you share the wealth That earth may ne'er de - spoil, And

dew of prom-ise from the skies, Al - read - y cheers the soil.
where the sons of sor - row pine, Dis-pense your hal-lowed love.
wrap the Sav-iour's changeless love A man - tle round your breast
the blest gos - pel's sav - ing health, Re - pay your ar-duous toil

I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY. 226

KATE HANKEY. WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of
2. I love to tell the sto - ry More won - der - ful it seems Than
3. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What
4. I love to tell the sto - ry, For those who know it best Seem

Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the
all the golden fan - cies Of all our golden dreams. I love to tell the
seems, each time I tell it, More wonder - ful ly sweet. I love to tell the
hun - ger ing and thirsting To hear it like the rest. And when in scenes of

sto - ry, Because I know it's true; It sat - is - fies my longings As
sto - ry, It did so much for me! And that is just the rea - son I
sto - ry, For some have never heard The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From
glo - ry I sing the New, New Song, 'Twill be the Old, Old Sto - ry That

REFRAIN

nothing else can do. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in
tell it now to thee.
God's own ho - ly word.
I have lov'd so long.

glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

ON JORDAN'S STORMY BANKS.

REV. SAMUEL STENNETT. T. C. O'KANE, by per.

1. On Jor - dan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye
2. O'er all those wide-ex - tend - ed plains Shines one e - ver - nal day;
3. When shall I reach that hap - py place, And be for - ev - er blest
4. Fill'd with de - light my rap - tur'd soul Would here no long - er stay;

To Ca - naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.
There God the Son for - ev - er reigns, And scat - ters night a - way.
When shall I see my Fa - ther's face, And in His bos - om rest?
Tho' Jor - dan's waves a - round me roll, Fear - less I'd launch a - way.

CHORUS.

We will rest in the fair and happy land, Just a - cross on the
by and by,

ev - er - green shore, Sing the song of Mo - ses and the
ev - er - green shore,

Lamb, by and by, And dwell with Je sus ev - er - more

'TIS SO SWEET TO TRUST IN JESUS.

MRS. LOUISA M. R. STEAD. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take Him at His Word,
2. O, how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust His cleans - ing blood;
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
4. I'm so glad I learn'd to trust Thee, Pre - cious Je - sus, Saviour, Friend;

Just to rest up - on His prom - ise; Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."
Just in sim - ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the heal - ing cleans - ing flood.
Just from Je - sus sim - ply tak - ing Life, and rest, and joy, and peace.
And I know that Thou art with me, Will be with me to the end.

CHORUS.

Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust Him; How I've prov'd Him o'er and o'er,

Je - sus, Je - sus, Pre - cious Je - sus! O for grace to trust Him more.

BRING THEM IN.

ALEXANDER THOMAS. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Hark! it is the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the des - ert dark and drear,
2. Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind, Help Him the wand'ring ones to find?
3. Out in the des - ert hear their cry, Out on the moun - tain wild and high,

Call - ing the sheep, who've gone astray, Far from the shepherd's fold a - way.
Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold, Where they'll be sheltered from the cold.
Hark! 'tis the Master speaks to Thee, "Go find my sheep where'er they be."

CHORUS

Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin,

Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring the wand'ring ones to Je sus

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Jesus shall Reign.

ISAAC WATTS. KARL WILHELM. ATT

1. Je - sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun Does his suc - ces - sive
2. To him shall end - less pray'r be made, And end - less prais - es
3. Blessings a-bound wher - e'er he reigns, The joy - ful prin - ces

jour - neys run; His king - dom spread from shore to shore, Till
crown - his head; His name like sweet per - fume shall rise With
bursts his chains, The wea - ry find e - ter - nal rest, And

moons shall wax and wane no more, From north to south the prin-ces meet,
ev - 'ry morn-ing sac - ri - fice, Peo - ple and realms of ev - 'ry tongue
all the sons of want are blest, Let ev - 'ry creature rise and bring

To pay their hom-age at his feet; While west-ern em - pires
Dwell on his love with sweet - est song, And in-fant voic - es
Pe - cul - iar hon - ors to our King; An - gels de - scend with

own their Lord, And sav - age tribes at - tend his word,
shall pre - claim Their ear - ly bless - ings on his name.
songs a - gain, And earth re - peats the loud A - men.

A LITTLE TALK.

Arranged for this work.

1. Tho' dark the night, and clouds look black And stormy o - ver-head, And
2. When those who once were dearest friends Be-gin to per - se - cute, And
3. And thus, by fre-quent lit - tle talks, I gain the vic - to - ry, And

trials of al - most ev - 'ry kind A - cross my path are spread; How
those who once pro-fessed to love Have si - lent grown and mute; I
march a - long with cheer-ful song, En - joy - ing lib - er - ty; With

soon I con-quer all, As to the Lord I call,—A lit-tle talk with
tell Him all my grief, He quick-ly sends re - lief,—A lit-tle talk with
Je - sus as my friend, I'll prove no - til the end, A lit-tle talk with

D.S. trials of ev - 'ry kind, Praise God, I al-ways find,—A lit-tle talk with

FINE. CHORUS.

Je-sus makes it right, all right. A lit - tle talk with Je - sus makes it

Je-sus makes it right, all right.

D. S.

right, all right, A lit-tle talk with Ja-sus makes it right, all right, In

Even Me.

By Per - of The Biglow & Main Co.

MRS. ELIZ. COPPER. WM B. BRADBURY, by per.

1. Lord, I hear of showers of bless-ing Thou art scattering full and free—
2. Pass me not, O gracious Fa-ther! Sin - ful tho' my heart may be;
3. Pass me not, O ten - der Saviour! Let me love and cling to Thee;

Showers, the thirsty land re - freshing; Let some droppings fall on me—
Thou might'st leave me, but the rath - er Let Thy mer - cy fall on me—
I am long-ing for Thy fa - vor; While Thou're calling, oh, call me—

E - ven me, E - ven me, Let Thy bless-ing fall on me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me.—Even me.

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless;—
Magnify them all in me.—Even me.

6 Pass me not! Thy lost one bringing,
Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee;
While the streams of life are springing
Blessing others, oh, bless me.—Even me.

Abide with Me.

H. F. LYTE. WM. H. MONK.

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The darkness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. I need Thy pres-ence ev - 'ry pass-ing hour. What but Thy
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos-ing eyes! Shine thro' the

deep-ens—Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers
dim, its glo-ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in
grace can foil the tempter's pow'r? Who, like Thy - self, my
gloom, and point me to the skies; Heav'n's morning breaks and

fall, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, a - bide with me!
all a-round I see; O Thou, who changest not, a - bide with me!
guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, a - bide with me!
earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

Bringing in the Sheaves.

Knowles Shaw — George A. Minor, by per.

1. Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noon-tide
2. Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows, Fearing neither clouds nor
3. Going forth with weeping, sowing for the Master, Tho' the loss sustain'd our

and the dew-y eve, Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,
winter's chilling breeze, By and by the harvest, and the la - bor end - ed,
spir - it oft - en grieves, When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome.

Chorus.

We shall come, re - joic - ing, bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come, re - joic - ing, bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come, re - joic - ing, bringing - in the sheaves.

bringing in the sheaves, We shall come, re-joic ing, Bringing in the sheaves,

Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come, rejoicing,
Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves.

Close to Thee.

Fanny J. Crosby — S. J. Vail, by per.

1 Thou my ev - ev - last - ing por - tion, More than friend or life to me,
2. Not for ease or world - ly pleas - ure, Nor for fame my prayer shall be
3. Lead me thro' the vale of shad - ows, Bear me o'er life's fit - ful sea

All a - long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sav - iour, let me walk with Thee.
Glad - ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee
Then the gate of life e - ter - nal, May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.

Refrain

Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee, All a
Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee; Glad - ly
Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee; Then the

- long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sav - iour, let me walk with Thee
will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
gate of life e - ter - nal, May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.

By per. The Biglow & Main Co., owners.

Guide Me, Great Jehovah.

Wm. Williams. — ZION.—Thomas Hastings.

1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pilgrim thro' this bar - ren land.
2. O - pen now the crystal fountain, Whence the healing wa - ters flow.
3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx - ious fears sub - side

I am weak, but Thou art mighty; Hold me with Thy pow'rful hand:
Let the fi - ery, cloud - y pil - lar, Lead me all my jour - ney thro.
Bear me thro' the swell - ing current; Land me safe on Ca - naan's side.

Bread of hea - ven, Feed me till I want no more,
Strong De - liv - 'rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield,
Songs of prais - es, I will ev - er give to Thee.

Bread of hea - ven, Feed me till I want no more.
Strong De - liv - 'rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield.
Songs of prais - es I will ev - er give to Thee.

One more Day's Work for Jesus.

"I must work the works of HIM that sent Me, while it is day."—John 9: 4.

Miss Anna Warner. — Rev. Robert Lowry, by per.

1. One more day's work for Je - sus; One less of life for me! But he's his
2. One more day's work for Je - sus, How glo - rious is my King! The joy, oos
3. One more day's work for Je - sus, How sweet the work has been, To tell the
4. One more day's work for Je - sus—Oh, yes, a weary day; But heav'n is since

near - er, And Christ is dear - er, Than yester - day to me, His love and
du - ty, To speak His beau - ty My soul mounts on the wing At the mere
sto - ry, To show the glo - ry, When Christ's flock enter in! How it did
clear er, And rest comes nearer, At each step of the way. And Christ in

Chorus

light Fill all my soul to-night. One more day's work for Je-sus, One
tho's How Christ my life has bought.
shine In this poor heart of mine!
all— Be-fore His face I fall

more day's work for Je - sus, One more day's work for Je - sus,

One less of life for me.

5 Oh, blessed work for Jesus!
Oh, rest at Jesus' feet!
There toil seems pleasure,
My wants are treasure.
And pain for Him is sweet.
Lord, if I may,
I'll serve another day.—*Cho.*

When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.

By Per. of J. M. Black, owner.

J. M. B. — J. M Black.

1. When the trum-pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more, And the morn-ing breaks, e-ter-nal bright and fair; When the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there.
2. On that bright and cloudless morn-ing when the dead in Christ shall rise, And the glo-ry of His res-ur-rec-tion share; When His roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there.
3. Let us la-bor for the Mas-ter from the dawn till set-ting sun, Let us talk of all His won-drous love and care; Then when roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there.

Refrain.

When the roll is called up yon-der, When the roll is called up yon-der, When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there, When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there,
When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

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THERE IS A LAND OF PURE DELIGHT.

Isaac Watts. — Dr. G. F. Root

1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign, Where end-less day ex-cludes the night, And pleas-ures ban-ish pain.
2. Sweet fields be-yond the swell-ing flood Stand dress'd in liv-ing green; So to the Jews old Ca-naan stood, While Jordan roll'd be-tween.
3. O could we make our doubts re-move Those gloomy doubts that rise, And see the Ca-naan that we love, With un-be-cloud-ed eyes

Duet.

There ev-er last-ing spring a-bides, And nev-er with-ring flow'rs; But tim-orous mor-tals start and shrink To cross this nar-row sea, Could we but climb where Mo-ses stood, And view the land-scape o'er,

Death, like a nar-row sea, di-vides This heav'n-ly land from ours
And lin-ger, shiv-ering on the brink, And fear to launch a way
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood Should fright us from the shore

REJOICE AND BE GLAD.

H. Bonar. — J. J. Husband.

1. Re-joice and be glad, the Re-deem-er has come; Go look on His cra-dle, His cross, and His tomb.
2. Re-joice and be glad, for the blood has been shed; Re-demption is fin-ished, the price has been paid.
3. Re-joice and be glad, for the Lamb that was slain O-ver death is tri-umphant, and liv-eth a-gain.
4. Re-joice and be glad, for our King is on high; He pleadeth for us on His throne in the sky.
5. Re-joice and be glad, for He com-eth a-gain—He pleadeth in glo-ry, the Lamb that was slain.

Refrain.

Sound His praises, tell the sto-ry, Of Him who was slain; Sound His praises, tell with gladness, He liv-eth a-gain.
For last verse. He com-eth a-gain.

WE PRAISE THEE, O GOD.

1 We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love,
For Jesus who died, and is now gone a-bove!

Cho.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory, Hallelujah, amen,
Hallelujah! Thine the glory, revive us again.

2 We praise Thee, O God! for Thy spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.

4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us and guided our ways.

5 Revive us again, fill each heart with Thy love,
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

BLESSED HOUR OF PRAYER.

Fanny J Crosby — W. H Doane, by per.

1 'Tis the bless-ed hour of pray'r, when our hearts lowly bend, And we gather to Je-sus, our Saviour and Friend; If we come to Him in faith, His protection to share,
2. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of pray'r, when the Saviour draws near, With a tender com-pass-ion His chil-dren to hear; When He tells us we may cast at His feet ev'ry care,
3. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of pray'r, when the tempted and tried To the Sav-iour who loves them their sorrow confide; With a sympathizing heart He removes ev'ry care;
4. At the bless-ed hour of pray'r, trusting Him, we believe That the blessing we're need-ing we'll sure-ly re-ceive; In the ful-ness of this trust we shall lose ev'ry care;

Refrain.

What a balm for the weary! O how sweet to be there! Blessed hour of pray'r, Blessed hour of pray'r, What a balm for the wea-ry! O how sweet to be there!

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Refuge.

Charles Wesley — J. P. Holbrook. By per.

1. Je-sus, Lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo-som fly,
2. Oth-er ref-uge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; Boundless love in Thee I find:
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to pardon all my sin.

While the bil-lows near me roll, While the tem-pest still is high;
Leave, oh, leave me not a-lone, Still support and comfort me.
Raise the fall-en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Let the heal-ing streams abound; Make and keep me pure within.

Hide me, oh, my Sav-ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring:
Just and ho-ly is Thy name, Prince of peace and righteousness,
Thou of life the fountain art: Free-ly let me take of Thee:

Safe in-to the ha-ven guide; Oh, re-ceive my soul at last.
Cov-er my de-fense-less head With the shad-ow of Thy wing.
Most un-worth-y, Lord, I am; Thou art full of love and grace.
Spring Thou up with-in my heart, Rise to all e-ter-ni-ty

Sweet Hour of Prayer.

By Per. of The Biglow & Main Co.

Rev. W. W. Walford, 1846. — Wm. B. Bradbury, 1859.

Slow.

1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a
D. C. And oft ea-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet

world of care, And bids me at my Fa-ther's throne Make
hour of prayer, And oft ea-caped the tempter's snare, By

FINE.

all my wants and wish-es known: In sea-sons of dis-
thy re-turn, sweet hour of prayer!

D. C.

tress and grief, My soul has oft-en found re-lief;

When I Walk in God's Clear Sunlight.

Dr. C. R. Blackall — W. F. Sherwin, by per.

1. When I walk in God's clear sunlight, With its beau-ty beam-ing fair,
2. Tho' a-mid the deep-est dark-ness, I may sure-ly trust the Lord;
3. Tho' all friend-ships may be bro-ken, And the band of death be laid,
4. When to me shall come the glo-ry Of the heav'n-ly man-sions bright,

Or when shad-ows seem to gath-er, I may see Him ev-'ry-where.
He hath nev-er yet for-sak-en, He will keep His prom-ised word.
In His might and love con-fid-ing, I shall nev-er be a-fraid.
Still the song I shall be sing-ing, In that home of pure de-light:

REFRAIN.

He will lead me, He will lead me, Be my true and con-stant guide;

He will lead me, he will lead me, In His love I may a-bide.

Joy to the World.

I. Watts — Handel.

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth receive her King; Let
2. Joy to the world! the Sav-ior reigns! Let men their songs employ; While
3. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the nations prove The

ev-'ry heart pre-pare Him room, And bea'n and nature sing, And
fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, Repeat the sounding joy, Re-
glo-ries of His right-eous-ness, And wonders of His love, And

heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n, And heav'n and na-ture sing.
peat the sounding joy, Re-peat, Re-peat the sounding joy,
won-ders of His love, And won. And won-ders of His love.

2.

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless.
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!

3.

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share,
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!

WE SHALL SEE HIM.

Rev Elisha A Hoffman — P. Bilhorn

1. We are sh - sent here from the Saviour dear, We shall see Him by and by;
2. Oh, the promise sweet, we shall Je-sus meet, And be with Him where He is;
3. At the set of sun, when our work is done, He will stand at heav - en's door;
4. He will meet us there at the por-tals fair, Of the new Je - ru - sa - lem;
5. If we love the Lord, and o - bey His word, If we walk with Je - sus here;

Share His bliss and love in the home a - bove, In the hap - py home on high.
In His likeness come to our heav'nly home, To the home more fair than this.
And a wel-come give, and His saints receive, To be with Him ev - er - more.
And His loved and own will for-ev - er crown With a king - ly di - a - dem.
In His beauty dressed, with His likeness blest, At His throne we shall appear.

Chorus.

We shall see Him, and be like Him, We shall
We shall see Him, and be like Him, We shall see Him, and be like Him, We shall
see Him, and be like Him by and by; We shall see Him, and be
see Him, and be like Him by and by, by and by; We shall see Him, and be like Him, We shall
like Him, We shall see Him in His glo - ry by and by.
see Him, and be like Him, by and by.

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I WANT TO BE A WORKER.

Words and Music by I. Baltzell, by per.

1. I want to be a work-er for the Lord, I want to love and trust His ho-ly
2. I want to be a work-er ev - 'ry day, I want to lead the er-rag in the
3. I want to be a work-er strong and brave, I want to trust in Jesus' pow'r to
4. I want to be a work-er, help me, Lord, To lead the lost and erring to thy

word, I want to sing and pray, be bus - y ev - 'ry day, In the
way That leads to heav'n a-bove, where all is peace and love, In the
save, All who will tru - ly come, shall find a hap - py home, In the
word, That points to joys on high, where pleasures nev - er die, In the

Chorus.

vineyard of the Lord. I will work, I will pray, In the
kingdom of the Lord.
kingdom of the Lord.
kingdom of the Lord.

I will work and pray. I will work and pray.

vine - yard, in the vine yard of the Lord, (of the Lord.) I will
work, I will pray, I will la - bor ev - 'ry day In the vine-yard of the Lord

WONDERFUL GRACE.

Rev W H. Burrell. — Rev I Baltzell, by per.

1 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis wonderful grace! This great salvation brings, The
2 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis wonderful grace! Which saves the soul from sin, The
3 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis wonderful grace! Its streams are full and free, Are
4 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis wonderful grace! Which bears the soul above, The

soul de liv - ered on its road, In sweet est rap - ture sings
pow'r of re - ni - e vol - ta - ge, And reigns su - preme with-in
flow - ing now for all the race. They e - ven flow for me
light which gleams from Je - sus' face Is rap - ture, peace, and love

Chorus

'Tis grace! 'tis grace! Wonder ful, wonder ful grace! 'Tis
'Tis wonderful grace! 'tis wonderful grace! wonderful grace! 'Tis

grace! 'tis grace! Flow - ing still free - ly for me
wonderful grace! 'tis wonderful grace!

I SURRENDER ALL.

J W Van De Venter — W S. Weeden, by per

Soprano and Tenor Duet, *ad lib.*

1 All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, All to Him I free - ly give,
I will ev - er love and trust Him, In His ser - vice dai - ly live.
2 All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, Humbly at His feet I bow,
World-ly pleas-ure all for sak - en, Take me, Je - sus, take me now.
3 All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, Make me, Sav - iour, wholly Thine,
Let me feel the Ho - ly Spir - it, Tru - ly know that Thou art mine.

Refrain

I sur-ren - der all, I sur-ren - der all, I sur-ren - der all, I sur-ren - der all.

All to Thee, my bless - ed Sav - iour, I sur - ren - der all.

4 All to Jesus I surrender,
Lord, I give myself to Thee,
Fill me with Thy love and power,
Let Thy blessing fall on me.

5 All to Jesus I surrender.
Now I feel the sacred flame,
O the joy of full salvation,
Glory, glory to His name.

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MISSIONARY HYMN.

REGINALD HEBER. LOWELL MASON.

1. From Greenlands's i - cy mountains, From In- dia's cor - al strand;
2. What though the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey-lon's isle,
3. Shall we whose souls are light - ed With wis-dom from on high,
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, his sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll,

Where Af - ric's sun - ny fount - ains Roll down their gold-en sand,
Though ev - 'ry prospect pleas' - es, And on - ly man is vile?
Shall we to men be-night - ed The lamp of life de - ny?
Till, like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole:

From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm-y plain
In vain with lav - ish kind - ness The gifts of God are strewn;
Sal - va - tion! O sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound proclaim,
Till o'er our ran-somed na - ture, The Lamb for sin - ners slain,

They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain
The hea - then in his blind - ness Bows down to wood and stone.
Till earth's re - mot - est na - tion Has learned Mes-si - ah's name.
Re- deem - er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign.

SHINING SHORE.

G. F. ROOT

1. My days are glid - ing swift - ly by And I, a pilgrim stranger,
2. Our absent King the watchword gave, "Let ev - 'ry lamp be burning,"
3. Should coming days be dark and cold, We will not yield to sor- row,
4. Let storms of woe in whirlwinds rise, Each cord on earth to sev - er,

Would not de- tain them as they fly, Those hours of toil and dan- ger;
We look a - far a - cross the wave, Our dis - tant home dis-cern- ing.
For hope will sing with courage bold, "There's glo - ry on the mor-row.
There—bright and joyous in the skies, There—is our home for - ev - er.

For now we stand on Jordan's strand; Our friends are passing o - ver;
And, just be- fore, the shining shore We may al- most dis- cov - er.

LISCHER. H. M.

J. HAYWARD. F. SCHNEIDER.

1. Wel - come, de light- ful morn, Thou day of sa - cred rest;
2. Now may the King de - scend, And fill his throne with grace;

I hail thy kind re - turn; Lord, make these mo - ments blest!
The scep - ter, Lord, ex - tend, While saints ad - dress thy face;

From the low train of mor - tal toys: I soar to reach im
Let sin-ners feel thy quick - ning word, And learn to know and

mor - tal joys, I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys.
fear the Lord And learn to know and fear the Lord.

I soar to reach im mor - tal joys.
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

The Voice of Jesus.

HORATIUS BONAR. JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.

1 I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me and rest;
2 I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold I free - ly give
3 I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's Light,

Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast!"
The liv - ing wa - ter, thir - sty one, Stoop down, and drink, and live!"
Look un - to me, thy morn shall rise And all thy day be bright!"

I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad;
I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream;
I looked to Je - sus, and I found in Him my Star, my Sun.

I found in Him a rest-ing-place, And He hath made me glad
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived, And now I live in Him
And in that light of life I'll walk, Till all my journey's done.

O Worship the King.

LYONS.—F. J. HAYDN.

1. O wor-ship the King, All-glo-rious a-bove, And grate-ful-ly sing His won-der-ful love; Our Shield and De-fend-er, the
2. O tell of His might, and sing of His grace, Whose robe is the light, whose can-o-py space; His char-iots of wrath the deep
3. Thy bounti-ful care what tongue can re-cite? It breathes in the air, It shines in the light, It streams from the hills, It de-
4. Frail children of dust, and fee-ble as frail, In Thee do we trust, nor fail Thee to fail; Thy mer-cies how ten-der! how

An-cient of days, Pa-vil-loned in splendor, and girded with praise!
thunder-clouds form, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
scends to the plain, And sweetly dis-tills in the dew and the rain.
firm to the end! Our Mak-er, De-fend-er, Re-deem-er, and Friend!

Come, Thou Almighty King.

CHARLES WESLEY. FELICE GIARDINI.

1. Come, Thou al-might-y King, Help us Thy name to sing,
2. Come, Thou in-car-nate Word, Gird on Thy might-y sword;
3. Come, ho-ly Com-fort-er! Thy sa-cred wit-ness bear,
4. To the great One in Three, The high-est prais-es be,

Help us to praise: Fa-ther! all-glo-ri-ous, O'er all vic-
Our pray'r at-tend: Come, and Thy peo-ple bless, And give Thy
In this glad hour: Thou, who al-might-y art, Now rule in
Hence ev-er-more! His sov-'reign maj-es-ty May we in

to-ri-ous, Come, and reign o-ver us, An-cient of Days!
word suc-cess: Spir-it of ho-li-ness! On us de-scend,
ev-'ry heart, And ne'er from us de-part, Spir-it of pow'r!
glo-ry see, And to e-ter-ni-ty Love and a dore.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. H. K. OLIVER.

1. Great was the day, the joy was great, When the beloved dis-ci-ples met;
2. What gifts, what mir-a-cles he gave—The pow'r to kill, the pow'r to save!
3. Thus armed, he sent the champions forth, From east to west, from south to north;
4. These weapons of the ho-ly war, Of what almight-y force they are,

And on their heads the Spir-it came, And sat like tongues of clo-ven flame.
Furnished their tongues with wondrous words, Instead of shields and spears, and swords.
Go, and as-sert your Sav-iour's cause—Go, spread the mystery of the cross.
To make your stubborn pas-sions bow, And lay the proudest reb-el low

I Shall be Like Him.

A. S. REV. W. A. SPENCER, D. D.

1. When I shall reach the more excellent glory, And all my trials are passed,
2. We shall not wait till the glorious dawning Breaks on the vision so fair;
3. More and more like Him, repeat the blest story, Over and over a-gain,

I shall behold Him, O wonderful story! I shall be like Him at last.
Now we may welcome the heavenly morning, Now we His image may bear.
Changed by His spirit from glory to glory, I shall be sat-is-fied then.

CHORUS.

I shall be like Him, I shall be like Him And in His beauty shall shine.

I shall be like Him, wondrously like Him, Jesus, my Saviour di-vine.

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THE SOLID ROCK.

By Per. of The Biglow & Main Co. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness; I
2. When darkness seems to veil his face, I rest on His unchanging grace; In
3. His oath, His covenant and blood, Support me in the whelming flood; When

CHORUS.

dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Jesus' name.
ev'ry high and stormy gale, My anchor holds within the vale. On Christ, the sol-id
all around my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.

Rock I stand; All other ground is sinking sand, All other ground is sinking sand.

All the way long it is Jesus.

1. { O good old way, how sweet thou art! All the way long it is Je-sus; }
{ May none of us from thee de-part; All the way long it is Je-sus. }

CHORUS

Je-sus, Je-sus, Why, all the way long it is Je-sus.

2 But may our actions always say
We're marching in the good old way

3 This note above the rest shall swell,
That Jesus doeth all things well.

THE GOSPEL BELLS.

S. W. M. — S. Wesley Martin.

1. The Gos-pel bells are ring-ing O-ver land from sea to sea;
2. The Gos-pel bells in-vite us To a feast pre-pared for all;
3. The Gos-pel bells are joy-ful, As they ech-o far and wide,

Bless-ed news of free sal-va-tion, Do they of-fer you and me.
Do not slight the in-vi-ta-tion, Nor re-ject the gra-cious call.
Bear-ing notes of per-fect par-don, Thro' a Sav-ior cru-ci-fied.

"For God so loved the world That His on-ly Son He gave,
"I am the bread of life; Eat of Me, then hon-gry soul,
"Good tid-ings of great joy To all peo-ple I do bring,

Who-so-e'er be-liev-eth in Him Ev-er-last-ing life shall have."
Tho' your sins be red as crim-son, They shall be as white as wool."
Un-to you is born a Sav-ior, Which is Christ the Lord and King."

CHORUS.

Gos-pel bells, how they ring, O-ver land from sea to sea;
Gos-pel bells, how they ring,
Gos-pel bells, free-ly bring Blessed news to you and me.
Gos-pel bells free-ly bring

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SAFELY THROUGH ANOTHER WEEK

John Newton. — Arr. by L. Mason.

1. Safe-ly thro' an-oth-er week, God has brought us on our way,
2. While we pray for pard'ning grace, Thro' the dear Re-deemer's name,
3. Here we come Thy name to praise; Let us feel Thy pres-ence near.
4. May the gos-pel's joy-ful sound Con-quer sin-ners, com-fort saints,

Let us now a bless-ing seek, Wait-ing in His courts to-day,
Show Thy ren-on-ci-ed face, Take a-way our sin and shame
May Thy glo-ry meet our eyes, While we in Thy house ap-pear;
Make the fruits of grace a-bound, Bring re-lief to all com-plaints

Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e-ter-nal rest,
From our world-ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee,
Here af-ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev-er-last-ing feast,
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove, Till we join the Church a-bove.

Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e-ter-nal rest.
From our world-ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee.
Here af-ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev-er-last-ing feast.
Thus may all our Sab-baths prove, Till we join the Church a-bove.

Step Out on the Promise.

Maggie Potter, arr. by E. F. M. — E. F. Miller.

1. O mourner in Zi-on, how blessed art thou, For Je-sus is
2. O ye, that are hungry and thirsty, re-joice! For ye shall be
3. Who sighs for a heart from in-i-qui-ty free? O poor, troubled
4. Step out on the promise, and Christ you shall win, "The blood of His

wait-ing to com-fort thee now, Fear not to re-ly on the
filled: do you hear that sweet voice In-vit-ing you now to the
soul! there's a prom-ise for thee, There's rest, wea-ry one, in the
Son cleanseth us from all sin." It cleans-eth me now, hal-le-

word of thy God; Step out on the promise,—get un-der the blood.
banquet of God? Step out on the promise,—get un-der the blood.
bos-om of God; Step out on the promise,—get un-der the blood.
lu-jah to God! I rest on His promise,—I'm un-der the blood

Precious Name.

Mrs. Lydia Baxter. — W. H. Doane.

1. Take the name of Je-sus with you, Child of sor-row and of woe—
2. Take the name of Je-sus ev-er, As a shield from ev'ry snare;
3. Oh! the precious name of Je-sus, How it thrills our souls with joy;
4. At the name of Je-sus bow-ing, Fall-ing prostrate at His feet,

It will joy and com-fort give you, Take it then where'er you go.
If temptations round you gath-er, Breathe that ho-ly name in prayer.
When His lov-ing arms re-ceive us, And His songs our tongues employ.
King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him, When our journey is com-plete.

REFRAIN.

Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and Joy of heav'n; Precious
Precious name, O how sweet!

name, O how sweet!..... Hope of earth and Joy of heav'n.
Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet!

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I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

Copyright, 1894, by C. E. Rounsefell. By per

Mary Brown. Carrie E. Rounsefell.

Andante.

1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the storm y sea;
2. Perhaps to-day there are loving words Which Jesus would have me speak—
3. There's surely some-where a low - ly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide—

It may not be at the bat-tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek—
Where I may la-bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus the cru - ci - fied—

But, if by a still, small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,
O Sav - ior, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rugged the way,
So trust-ing my all to Thy tender care, And knowing Thou lovest me,

I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall ech-o Thy mes - sage sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do Thy will with a heart sin-cere, I'll be what you want me to be;

Refrain.

I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, Over mountain, or plain, or sea

I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.

Nearer, My God, to Thee.

(BETHANY 6 4.)

Sarah F. Adams. Lowell Mason.

1. Near - er, my God to thee, Near-er to thee, E'en tho' it be a cross
2. Tho' like a wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Darkness be o - ver me,
3. There let the way appear Steps un-to heav'n; All that thou sendest me,
4. Then with my waking tho'ts, Bright with thy praise, Out of my sto ny griefs,
5. Or if, on joy-ful wing, Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon and stars for-got,

D. S. *Near-er, my God, to thee!*

Fine. D. S.

That rais-eth me, Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God to thee!
My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near-er, my God to thee!
In mer - cy giv'n: An-gels to beck-on me Near-er, my God to thee!
Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near-er, my God to thee!
Up-ward I fly, Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God to thee!

Near - er to thee!

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Keep Close to Jesus.

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J. L. John Lane.

1. When you start for the land of heav-en - ly rest, Keep close to
2. Nev - er mind the storms or tri - als as you go, Keep close to
3. To be safe from the darts of the e - vil one, Keep close to
4. We shall reach our home in heav-en by and by, Keep close to

Je-sus all the way; For He is the Guide, and He knows the way best,
Je-sus all the way; 'Tis a com-fort and joy His fa - vor to know,
Je-sus all the way; Take the shield of faith till the vic-to - ry is won,
Je-sus all the way; Where to those we love we'll never say good-by,

Chorus.

Keep close to Je - sus all the way. Keep close to Je - sus,

Keep close to Je - sus, Keep close to Je - sus all the way, By

day or by night never turn from the right, Keep close to Jesus all the way

Nothing but Leaves.

Lucy Evelina Akerman. Silas J. Vail. By per.

1. Noth-ing but leaves! The Spirit grieves O'er years of wasted life; O'er
2. Noth-ing but leaves! No gathered sheaves Of life's fair ripening grain; We
3. Noth-ing but leaves! Sad mem'ry weaves No veil to hide the past: And
4. Ah, who shall thus the Mas-ter meet, And bring but withered leaves? Ah,

sins indulged while conscience slept, O'er vows and prom-is - es un-kept,
sow our seeds; lo! tares and weeds,—Words, i - dle words, for earnest deeds—
as we trace our wea-ry way, And count each lost and misspent day
who shall at the Sav-ior's feet, Be-fore the aw-ful judgment-seat

Rit.

And reap from years of strife—
Then reap, with toil and pain.
We sad - ly find at last—
Lay down for golden sheave,

Nothing but leaves! Nothing but leaves!

Come, ye Disconsolate.

Thos. Moore. Samuel Webbe.

1. Come, ye dis-con-so-late! wher-e'er ye lan-guish, Come to the mer-cy-seat, fer-vent-ly kneel; Here bring your wound-ed hearts, here tell your an-guish; Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can-not heal.
2. Joy of the des-o-late! light of the stray-ing, Hope of the pen-i-tent, fade-less and pure! Here speaks the Com-fort-er, ten-der-ly say-ing, Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can-not cure.
3. Here see the bread of life: see wa-ters flow-ing, Forth from the throne of God, pure from a-bove: Come to the feast of love; come, ev-er know-ing, Earth has no sor-rows but heav'n can re-move.

The Gospel Railroad.

Mrs. Hall Booth. H. H. Booth. Arr. by P. Bilhorn.

1. The road to heav'n thro' Christ was laid, With precious blood the rails are made; From earth to heav'n the line ex-tends, To life e-ter-nal where it ends.
2. Re-pent-ance is the sta-tion, then, Where pas-sen-gers are tak-en in; No fee for them is then to pay, For Je-sus is Him-self the way.
3. The Bi-ble is the en-gi-neer, It points the way to heav'n so clear; Thro' tun-nels dark, and drear-y here, It does the way to glo-ry steer.
4. God's love the fire, His truth the steam, Which drives the en-gine and the train; All you who would to glo-ry ride, Must come to Christ, in Him a-bide.

Chorus. *Repeat* p.

I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home to die no more.
To die no more, to die no more, I'm go-ing home to die no more.

5 Come, then, poor sinner, now's the time,
At any station on the line;
If you repent and turn from sin,
The train will stop and take you in.

6 And then to glory we will go.
With all on board as white as snow;
So ring the bell, and start the train,
And run it through in Jesus' name.

I'll Live for Him.

C. R. Dunbar.

1. My life, my love, I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God who died for me;
2. I now believe Thou dost receive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
3. Oh, since Thou'st died on Cal-va-ry, To save my soul and make me free,

D. C. *I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap-py then my life shall be.*

D. C.

Oh, may I ev-er faith-ful be, My Sav-ior and my God!
And now hence forth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav-ior and my God!
I'll con-se-crate my life to Thee, My Sav-ior and my God!

I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav-ior and my God!

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All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name!

Rev. E. Perronet, 1780. (CORONATION.) O. Holden, 1793.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gel's pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
2. Let ev-'ry kin-dred, ev-'ry tribe, On this ter-restri-al ball; To Him all ma-jes-ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
3. Oh, that with yon-der sa-cred throng, We at His feet may fall; We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;

Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
To Him all ma-jes-ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

'Tis the Old Time Religion.

Old Folks. Arr. by P. Bilhorn.

Cho.—'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, 'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, 'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, And 'tis good e-nough for me.
1. It was good for our fa-thers, It was good for our moth-ers, It was good for our broth-ers, And 'tis good e-nough for me.
2. Makes me love ev-'ry bod-y, Makes me love ev-'ry bod-y, Makes me love ev-'ry bod-y, And 'tis good e-nough for me.
3. It will save a poor, lost sin-ner, It will save a poor, lost sin-ner, It will save a poor, lost sin-ner, And 'tis good e-nough for me.

4 :‖: It was good for the prophet Daniel, :‖: And 'tis good enough for me.
5 :‖: It was good for Paul and Silas, :‖: And 'tis good enough for me.
6 :‖: It will do when we are dying, :‖: And 'tis good enough for me.
7 :‖: It will take us home to heaven, :‖: And 'tis good enough for me.

Sing Unto the Lord.

Miss Ada Blenkhorn. P. Bilhorn.

1. Come, let us sing un-to the Lord, He washed us in His precious blood, And made us kings and priests to God; All praise to Christ, our Lord.
2. His wondrous love come let us sing, As joy-ous as the birds in Spring; And let each strain with glad-ness ring, Oh, sing un-to the Lord.
3. Come, let us join the ransomed throng, And sing with joy the glad, new song; The sweet-est notes to Him be-long, Oh, sing un-to the Lord.

Fine.

D. S. Oh, let His prais-es day by day Our hearts and lips em-ploy.
D. S. His ho-ly words of match-less power E-ter-nal life im-part.
D. S. To Him who, with a robe and crown, A-waits us in the skies.

D. S.

He fills our souls with per-fect peace, Our sor-row turns to joy;
His prom-is-es are tried and true, To ev-ery trust-ing heart
Our prayers of faith and songs of praise, Like in-cense sweet, shall rise

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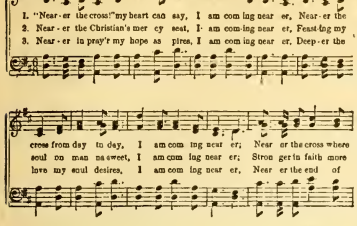
Nearer the Cross.

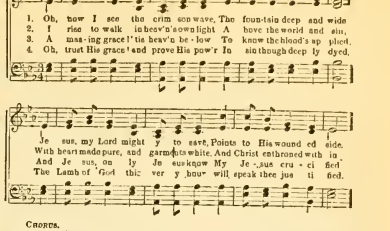
Mrs. F. J. Crosby. — Mrs. J. F. Knapp, by per.



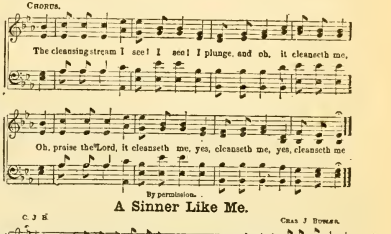
The Cleansing Wave.

"And washed us from our sins in his own blood."—Rev. 1. 5.

Mrs. Phœbe Palmer. — Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp



Chorus.



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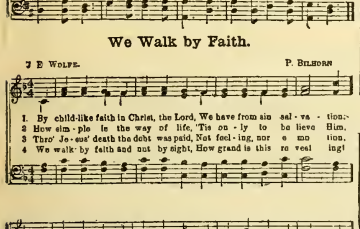
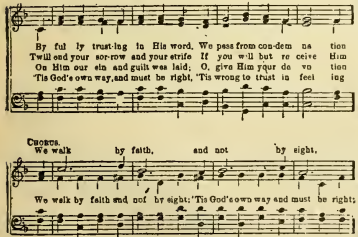
We Walk by Faith.

J. E. Wolfe. — P. Bilhorn



Chorus.



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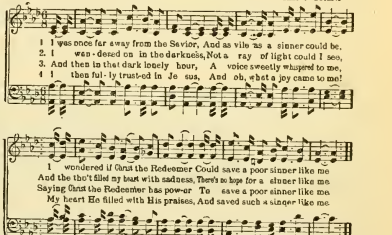
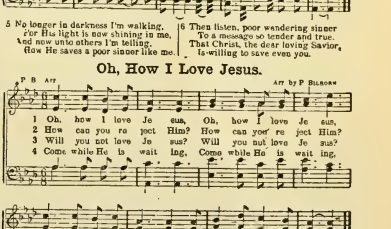
A Sinner Like Me.

C. J. S. — Chas. J. Bowker.



Oh, How I Love Jesus.

P. B. Arr. — Arr. by P. Bilhorn



5 ‖: Call now upon Jesus, :‖
He waits to hear you cry.
6 ‖: Now Jesus will save you, :‖
Believe and you are free.

7 ‖: Go tell it to others, :‖
That He can save them too.
8 ‖: Sing hallelujah, :‖
To Jesus, Lord, and King.

My Title's Clear.

P. Bilhorn

1. Since I can read my ti - tle clear, To man-sions in the skies,
2. Should earth a-gainst my soul en-gage, And fier - y darts be hurled,
3. Let cares like a wild deluge come, Let storms of sor-row fall—
4. There I shall bathe my wea-ry soul In seas of heav'n-ly rest,

I'll bid fare well to ev-'ry fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes.
Then I can smile at Sa-tan's rage, And face a frown-ing world.
So I but safe-ly reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all.
And not a wave of troub-le roll A-cross my peace-ful breast.

I'll stand, (I'll stand,) the storm, (the storm,) I've an-chored in the vail,

Thro' Sa tan fier y darts may hurl, Thro' Christ I shall pre vail.

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Mercy's Free.

R. Jones

From O. F. E. Albert.

1. By faith I view my Sav-ior dy ing, On the tree, On the tree,
2. Did Christ, when I was sin-ner-ing, Pit-y me, Pit y me?

1. To ev-'ry sin-ner He is cry-ing, Look to me, Look to me,
2. And did He snatch my soul from sin? Can it be, Can it be?

He bids the guilt-y now draw near, Re pent, be-lieve, dismiss their fear,
Oh, yes! He did sal va-tion bring, He is my Prophet, Priest, and King.

Hark, hark, what precious words I hear, Mer-cy's free, Mer-cy's free,
And now my hap-py soul can sing, Mer-cy's free, Mer-cy's free.

3 Jesus my weary soul refreshes,
Mercy's free, Mercy's free,
And every moment Christ is precious
Unto me, Unto me,
None can describe the bliss I prove,
While through this wilderness I rove,
All may enjoy the Savior's love,
Mercy's free, Mercy's free.

4 Long as I live, I'll still be crying,
Mercy's free, Mercy's free,
And this shall be my theme when dy-ing
Mercy's free, Mercy's free,
And when the vale of death I've passed,
When lodged above the stormy blast,
I'll sing, while endless ages last
Mercy's free, Mercy's free.

Am I a Soldier.

Isaac Watts.

Thos. A. Arne.

1. Am I a sol dier of the cross— A foll-'wer of the Lamb,
2. Must I be car ried to the skies On flow-'ry beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Since I must fight if I would reign, In-crease my cour age, Lord,

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
Wile oth ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro bloo dy seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en dure the pain, Sup port el ty Thy word.

Art Thou Drifting?

P. Bilhorn

1. Oh! my broth-er, art thou drift-ing? Drift-ing tow'rd a sea?
2. At its mouth lie rocks tre-men-dous Black-er than de-spair,
3. Hark! the wild white waves are foam-ing, Hun-gry, fierce and bold,
4. But be-yond those rag-ing bil-lows, Lies a hap-py shore,
5. Oh! my friend, thy bark shall nev-er Reach that hap-py shore,
6. Call Him with en-treat-y ur-gent, Call Him near thy side,

From whose shore no bark re-turn-eth, This E-ter-ni-ty.
Many a no-ble bark, my broth-er, Has been shipwrecked there.
O'er the shattered ves-sel dash-ing, Dread-ful, I-cy, cold.
Where the saints redeemed thro' Je-sus, Dwell for ev-er-more.
Till the Lord be-comes your Pi-lot; He will guide thee o'er
Then o'er rough-est, dark-est bil-lows, Safe-ly thou shalt glide

Chorus

Oh! my broth-er, art thou drift-ing, Drift-ing to e-ter-ni-ty?

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Happy Land.

Old Melody.

1. There is a hap-py land, Far, far a-way, Where saints in glo-ry stand,
2. Bright, in that hap-py land, Beams ev-'ry eye; Kept by a Father's hand,
3. Come to that hap-py land, Come, come a-way; Why will you doubting stand?

Bright, bright as day. Oh, how they sweet-ly sing, "Wor-thy is our
Love can not die On, then, to glo-ry run; Be a crown and
Why still de lay? Oh, we shall hap-py be When from sin and

Sav-ior King." Loud let His prais es ring, Praise, praise for ayes!
king-dom won; And bright, a-bove the sun, Reign ev-er-more.
sor row free, Lord, we shall dwell with Thee, Blest ev-er-more.

Come, Ye Sinners, Poor and Needy.

1. Come, ye sin-ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
2. Ho, ye need-y, come, and welcome; God's free boun-ty glo-ri-fy!
3. Let not conscience make you lin-ger, Nor of fit-ness fond-ly dream,

Je-sus read-y stands to save you, Full of pi-ty, love, and power,
True be lief and true re-pent-ance, Ev-ery grace that brings us nigh,
All the fit-ness he re-quir-eth Is to feel your need of him,

He is a-ble, He is a-ble, He is will-ing, doubt no more.
With-out mon-ey, With-out money, Come to Je sus Christ, and buy
This he gives you; This he gives you, 'Tis the Spir-it's ris ing beam.

Blessed Assurance.

F. J. CROSBY. MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP.

1. Bless-ed as-sur-ances, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of
2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de light, Vis-ions of rap-ture
3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I-in my Sav-ior un

glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, pur-chase of God, Born of his
burst on my sight, An-gels de-scend-ing, bring from a-bove Echo-es of
hap-py and blest, Watch-ing and wait-ing, look-ing a-bove, Filled with his

CHORUS.

Spir-it, washed in his blood
mer-cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto-ry, this is my
good-ness, lost in his love.

song, Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long; This is my

sto-ry, this is my song. Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long.

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Yield not to Temptation.

Words and music by H. R. PALMER.

1. Yield not to tempt-ta-tion, For yield-ing is sin, Each vic-to-ry will
2. Shun e-vil com-pan-ions, Bad lan-guage dis-dain, God's name hold in
3. To him that o'er-com-eth, God giv-eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall

help you Some oth-er to win; Fight man-ful-ly on-ward,
rev-erence, Nor take it in vain; Be thought-ful and earn-est,
con-quer, Tho' of-ten cast down; He who is our Sav-ior,

Dark pas-sions sub-due, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
Kind-hear-ted and true, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
Our strength will re-new, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.

CHORUS.

Ask the Sav-ior to help you, Com-fort, strengthen and keep you;

He is will-ing to aid you, He will car-ry you through.

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Softly and Tenderly.

W. L. T. WM. L. THOMPSON.

Slow.

1. Soft-ly and ten-der-ly Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. Oh, for the wonder-ful love He has promis-d, Promis'd for you and for me;

See, on the por-tals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, Mer-cies for you and for me?
Shadows are gathering, death-beds are com-ing, Com-ing for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinned He has mercy and pardon, Par-don for you and for me.

CHORUS. *m* *Cres.*

Come home, Come home, Ye who are wea-ry, come home;
Come home, Come home,

p *Rit.* *p*

Earn-est-ly, ten-der-ly, Je-sus is call-ing, Calling, O sin-ner, come home!

By per. Wm. L. Thompson & Co., E. Liverpool, O., and The Thompson Music Co., Chicago, Ill.

Go Forth! Go Forth!

L. E. JONES. P. P. BILHORN.

1. The field is great, the grain is white, The day is fad-ing fa-ta night;
2. Go forth, and reap with will-ing hands, The golden grain a-wait-ing stands;
3. Go forth, the la-bor-ers are few, There's much for will-ing hands to do;

Rit.

Go forth, go forth, nor i-dle be, The Lord of har-vest need-eth thee.
Go forth, go forth, and gar-ner in, The wand'ring ones from paths of sin.
Go forth, go forth, do not de-lay, The Mas-ter bids you haste a-way.

CHORUS.

Go forth, go forth and reap to-day, The field is read-y, haste a-way;

Rit.

Go forth, some pre-cious soul to win, Go bid them quick-ly en-ter in.

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What a Friend.

B. Bohan. — C. C. Converse.

1. What a friend we have in Je sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!

Fine.

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev ry thing to God in prayer!
D S All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - ry thing to God in prayer!

D.S

Oh, what peace we of ten for felt, Oh, what need less pain we bear,

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee.
Thou wilt find a solace there.

Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady. — Thos. Hastings.

Fine.

1 Rock of A - ges cleft for me, Let me hide my self in Thee.
D. C. Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure

D C.

{ Let the wa - ter and the blood, }
{ From Thy wounded side which flow'd, }

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.
3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy Throne,
Rock of Ages cleft for me,
Let me hide my self in Thee.

Shall I be Saved To-night?

Fanny J. Crosby. — Mrs. M. Bliss Wilson.

1. Je - sus is plead ing with my poor soul, Shall I be saved to night?
2. Je - sus was nailed to the cross for me, Shall I be saved to-night?
3. Je - sus is knock-ing at my poor heart, Shall I be saved to night?
4 What if that voice I should hear no more, Shall I be saved to-night?

If I - be - lieve, He will make me whole, Shall I be saved to-night?
How can my heart so un - grate - ful be? Shall I be saved to-night?
What if His spir - it should now de - part? Shall I be saved to-night?
Quick - ly I'll o - pen this bolt - ed door, Save me; O Lord, to-night

Ten-der-ly, sad ly I hear Him say, How can you grieve me from day to day?
Now He will save me by grace di - vine Now, if I will, I may call Him mine.
O - ver and o - ver His voice I hear Sweet-ly it falls on my list'ning ear,
Bless-ed Re deemer, come in, come in, Pi - ty my sor row for-give my sin;

Shall I go on in the old, old way, Or shall I be saved to-night?
Can I the pleasures of earth re - sign? Oh, shall I be saved to-night?
Shall I re - ject Him—a friend so dear? Oh, shall I be saved to-night?
Now let Thy work in my soul be - gin, For I will be saved to-night.

By permission.

The Child of a King!

Hattie E. Buell. — John B. Sumner, arr.

1 My Fa - ther is rich in hous - es and lands, He hold eth the wealth of the
2 My Fa-ther's own Son, the Sav ior of men, Once wan der'd o'er earth as the
3. I once was an out - cast stran-ger on earth, A sin - ner by choice, an
4. A tent or a cot tage, why should I care? They're building a pal ace for

world in His hands! Of ru bies and diamonds, of sil - ver and gold, His
poor - est of them. But now He is reigning for ev - er on high, And will
a - lien by birth! But I've been a - dopt ed, my name's written down,—An
me o - ver there! Tho' ex iled from home, yet still I may sing: All

Chorus.

cof - fers are full—He has rich-es un-told.
give me a home in heav'n by and by
heir to a mansion, a robe, and a crown!
glo - ry to God, I'm the child of a King!

I'm the child of a King! The

Ru

child of a King! With Je sus my Sav ior, I'm the child of a King!

Permission by John B Sumner.

Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

Kate Hankey. — W. H. Doane.

1 Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of un seen things a - bove,
2 Tell me the sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in—
3. Tell me the sto - ry soft - ly, With ear nest tones, and grave,
4. Tell me the same old sto - ry, When you have cause to fear

Of Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love.
That won - der ful re - demp - tion, God's rem - e - dy for sin.
Re - mem - ber, I'm the sin - ner Whom Je-sus came to save.
That this world's emp-ty glo - ry Is cost - ing me too dear.

Tell me the sto-ry sim - ply As to a lit tle child; For I am weak and
Tell me the sto-ry oft - en, For I for-get so soon; The ear - ly dew of
Tell me that sto-ry al - ways, If you would real-ly be, In a - ny time of
Yes, and when that world's glo-ry Is draw-ing on my soul, Tell me the old, old

Refrain.

wea ry, And help-less and de filed.
morn-ing Has passed a-way at noon. Tell me the old, old sto-ry, Tell me the
trou ble, A com - fort - er to me.
sto ry "Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

old, old sto ry, Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

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Silently the shades of evening

6 8 JOHN — STOCKWELL. — 6 8 JOHN.

1. Si - lent - ly the shades of eve - ning Gath - er round my low - ly door;
2. O the lost, the un - for - get - ten, Though the world be oft for - got!
3. Liv - ing in the si - lent hours, Where our spir - its on - ly blend—
4. How such ho-ly mem-ories clus-ter, Like the stars when storms are past;

Si - lent - ly they bring be - fore me Fac - es I shall see no more.
O the shroud - ed and the bone - ly! To our hearts they per-ish not;
They, un - linked with earth - ly trouble, We, still hop-ing for its end
Point - ing up to that far heav - en We may hope to gain at last.

Sweetly sing the love of Jesus.

MARY YE CIPIA TERRITTE. — Arr from 6 8 JOHN.

1 Sweet-ly sing the love of Je - sus! Love for you and love for me;
2. Glad - ly sing the love of Je - sus! Let us lean up - on His arm.
3. Ev - er sing the love of Je - sus! Let the day be dark or clear.

Heaven's light is not more cheer-ing, Heaven's dews are not more free.
If He love us, what can grieve us? If He keep us, what can harm?
Ev - ery pain and ev - ery sor - row Bring His owe to Him more near

We have come to worship Jesus.

6 5 JOHN — VESPERS — From FLOTOW

1 We have come to wor - ship Je - sus, And in ad - o - ra - tion bow
2. Je - sus, Friend of earth-bound sin-ners, Wash a-way our ev-ery stain;
3. Prayers as-cend, like in-cense ris-ing, For new par-don, grace and peace
4. May the wis-dom of Thy gos-pel Com-fort for all times al - lord.

Low be-fore our gra-cious Sav-iour, Who vouch-safes to hear us now
May our hearts to Thee be open-ed, So that Thou may'st in them reign
May Thy Spir-it's in-fluence bright-en All our lives,—our faith in-crease
And may we be wait-ing, read - y At Thy com-ing, dear est Lord.

As a child in pain or ter - ror, Hides him in his moth-er's breast,
Still He laye His hands in bless - ing On each tim - id lit tle face,
Death's cold wave need not affright us When we know that He has fled,

As a sail - or seeks the ha - ven, We would come to Him for rest.
And in heaven the children's an-gels Near the throne have always place.
When we see the face of Je - sus Smil - ing on the oth - er side.

There's a Wideness in God's Mercy.

FREDERICK W. FABER. — Ps 136 1-26. — LIZZIE S. TOURJEE.

1 There's a wide-ness in God's mer - cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea;
2. There is wel-come for the sin - ner, And more grac - es for the good,
3. For the love of God is broad - er Than the meas-ure of man's mind;
4. If our love were but more sim - ple, We should take Him at His word;

There's a kind-ness in His jus - tice, Which is more than lib er - ty.
There is mer - cy with the Sav - ior, There is plen - ty in His blood.
And the heart of the E - ter nal Is most won - der ful ly kind
And our lives would be all sun-shine In the sweet-ness of our Lord.

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I love to steal awhile away.

Wm P S SHOWS — WOODSTOCK. — S DUTTON

1 I love to steal a - while a - way From ev ery com-bering care,
2. I love in sol - i - tude to shed The pen - i ten - tial tear,
3. I love to think on mer-cies past, And fo - ture good im-plore,
4 I love, by faith, to take a view Of bright - er scenes in heaven.

And spend the hours of set-ting day In hum ble, grate ful prayer
And all His prom - is - es to plead, Where none but God can hear
And all my cares and sor-rows cast On Him whom I a - dore
The pros-pect doth my strength re-new, While here by tem-pests driven

Closing Hymn.

1 Lord, dis - miss us with Thy bless-ing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace:
Let us each, Thy love pos - sess - ing, Triumph in re - deem-ing grace:
2. Thanks we give, and ad - o - ra - tion, For Thy gos - pel's joy - ful sound.
May the fruits of Thy sal - va - tion, In our hearts and lives a - bound;
3. So, when ev'er the sig-nal's giv - en Us from earth to call a - way,
Borne on an - gel's wings to heav-en, Glad the sum-mons to o - bey,

Oh, re - fresh us, Oh, re - fresh us, Travel-ing thro' this wil-der-ness
May Thy pres-ence, May Thy pres-ence, With us ev - er - more be found.
May we ev - er, May we ev - er, Reign with Christ in end-less day.

Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. W — M M WELLS. FINE.

1 Ho ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side,
Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil-grims in a des - ert land;
2. Ev - er pres-ent, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near thine aid to lend;
Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop-ing on in darkness drear.
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Wait-ing still for sweet release,
Noth-ing left but heav'n and pray'r, Wond'ring if our names were there.

D.C.—Whisp'ring soft-ly, Wand'rer come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home.

D.C.

Wea - ry souls for a - ges re-joice. While they hear that sweet-est voice,
When the storm-sare rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes given o'er,
Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead-ing naught but Je - sus' blood,

Sound the battle cry!

1. Sound the bat-tle cry! See! the foe is nigh; Raise the standard high
2. Strong to meet the foe, Marching on we go, While our cause, we know,
3. Oh! Thou God of all, Hear us when we call, Help us one and all

For the Lord; Gird your ar-mor on, Stand firm, ev-ery one, Rest your
Must pre-vail, Shield and banner bright Gleaming in the light, Bat-tling
By Thy grace, When the battle's done, And the victory won, May we

CHORUS.

cause up-on His ho-ly word.
for the right We ne'er can fail. Rouse, then, sol-diers, ral-ly round the
wear the crown Be-fore thy face.

ban-ner, Read-y, stead-y, pass the word a-long, Onward, forward,

shout a-loud Ho-san-na! Christ is Cap-tain of the mighty throng

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Lord, I care not for riches.

1. Lord, I care not for rich-es, Nei-ther sil-ver nor gold; I would
2. Lord, my sins, they are man-y, Like the sands of the sea, But Thy
3. Oh, that beau-ti-ful cit-y! With its man-sions of light, With its

make sure of heav-en, I would en-ter the fold. In the book of Thy
blood, oh, my Sav-iour! Is ful-fi-cient for me; For Thy prom-ise is
glo-ri-fied be-ings, In pure garments of white; Where no e-vil thing

king-dom. With its pa-ges so fair, Tell me, Je-sus, my Sav-iour,
was ten, In bright let-ters that glow, "Tho your sins be as scar-let,
com-eth, To de-spoil what is fair, Where the an-gels are watching,

CHORUS.

Is my name writ-ten there? Is my name writ-ten there, On the
I will make them like snow."
Yes, my name's writ-ten there. Yes, my name's, etc.

page white and fair? In the book of Thy kingdom, Is my name written there?

More like Jesus would I be.

1. More like Je-sus would I be, Let my Sav-iour dwell with me,
2. If He hears the ra-ven's cry, If His ev-er watch-ful eye
3. More like Je-sus when I pray, More like Je-sus day by day,

Fill my soul with peace and love, Make me gen-tle as a dove,
Marks the spar-rows when they fall, Sure-ly He will hear my call,
May I rest me by His side, Where the tran-quil wa-ters glide,

More like Je-sus, while I go, Pil-grim in this world be-low,
He will teach me how to live, All my sin-ful ways for-give,
Born of Him, thro grace re-newed, By His love my will sub-dued.

Poor in spir-it would I be— Let my Sav-iour dwell in me.
Pure in heart I still would be— Let my Sav-iour dwell in me.
Rich in faith I still would be— Let my Sav-iour dwell in me.

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Rescue the perishing.

1. Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy-ing, Snatch them to pit-y from
2. Tho they are slighting Him, Still He is waiting, Wait-ing the pen-i-tent
3. Down in the human heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feelings lie buried that
4. Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Du-ty demands it; Strength for thy labor the

sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err-ing one, Lift up the fall-en,
child to re-ceive, Plead with them ear-nest-ly, Plead with them gently,
grace can re-store Touched by a lov-ing heart, Wakened by kindness,
Lord will pro-vide: Back to the nar-row way Pa-tient-ly win them;

CHORUS.

Tell them of Je-sus the might-y to save.
He will for-give if they on-ly be-lieve. Res-cue the per-ish-ing,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.
Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.

Care for the dy-ing; Je-sus is mer-ci-ful, Je-sus will save.

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The Savior Is My All in All.

P. R. — P. Bilhorn.

1. The Sav - iour is my all in all, He is my con-stant theme!
2. His Spir - it gives sweet peace with-in, And bids all care de - part!
3. And what - so - ev - er I may ask, To glo - ri - fy His Name,
4. Oh, praise the Lord, my soul, re joice, Give thanks un - to thy God!

By sim - ply trust - ing in His word, He keeps me pure and clean.
He fills my soul with right-eous-ness, And pu - ri - fies the heart.
The Fa - ther free - ly gives to me, Since Christ the Sav - iour came
Who took thee in thy sin - ful - ness, And cleansed thee by His blood!

Chorus.

Glo - ry! oh, glo ry! Je - sus hath re - deemed me!

rit.

Glo - ry! oh, glo - ry! He washed my sins a way, a-way!

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Abiding in Him.

Chas. B. J. Root. — Melody by D. C. Wright. Arr.

1. A - bid - ing, oh, so wondrous sweet! I'm rest-ing at the Sav-ior's feet,
2. He speaks, and by his word is given His peace, a rich fore-taste of heav'n!
3. I live; not I; thro' him a - lone By whom the might-y work is done —
4. Now rest, my heart, the work is done, I'm saved thro' the E - ter - nal son!

I trust in him, I'm sat - is-fied, I'm rest-ing in the Cru - ci fied!
Not as the world he peace doth give, 'Tis thro' this hope my soul shall live.
Dead to my-self, a - live to him, I count all loss his rest to gain.
Let all my powers my soul em-ploy, To tell the world my peace and joy.

Chorus.

A - bid - ing, a - bid - ing, Oh! so wondrous sweet!
A - bid - ing in him, I'm rest - ing in him, Oh! so wondrous sweet, wondrous sweet!

I'm rest - ing, rest - ing At the Sav - ior's feet.
I'm rest - ing in him, rest ing in him, At the Sav - ior's feet, at his feet.

By permission.

He Giveth Power to the Faint.

Julia H. Johnston — P. Bilhorn.

1. Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard, That God, the Lord of all,
2. Lift up your eyes, be - hold on high, The ra-diant worlds a - far,
3. His word di - vine shall be thy guide, His love a sweet con-straint.

Who fail - eth not nor wea - ry grows, Up - hold - eth all that fall
His word is pledged that none shall fail, He nam - eth ev - 'ry star
O trust in Him who giv - eth grace And pow - er to the faint

O sore - ly tried and trouh-led heart, To Him bring thy com - plaint,
O doubt - ing heart, in faith draw nigh, The chil-dren's por - tion claim.
Wait, thou, on God, the Source, a lone, Whence all thy com - fort springs

Cres — ff Rit pp

To wea - ry ones He giv - eth strength And pow'r un to the faint.
He hath re-deemed from sin and death, He call - eth thee by name
And thus thou shalt thy strength re - new And mount on ea - gle's wings.

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The Lily of the Valley.

English Melody.

1. I have found a friend in Je - sus, He's ev 'ry thing to me, He's the
2. He all my griefs has ta - ken, and all my sor rows borne; In temp
3. He will nev - er, nev - er leave me, nor yet for - sake me here, While I

fair est of ten thou sand to my soul, The Lil - y of the Val ley, in
ta tion He's my strong and might y tow r; I have all for Him for sa ken, and
live by faith and do His bless ed will, A wall of fire a - bout me, I've

D S Lil y of the Val ley, the

Fine.

Him a - lone I see All I need to cleanse and make me ful - ly whole.
all my i dols turn From my heart, and now He keeps me by His power
nothing now to fear, With His man - na He my hun gry soul shall fill.

bright and Morn-ing Star, He's the fair - est of ten thou sand to my soul.

In sor - row He's my com fort, in trouh le He's my stay,
Tho' all the world for - sake me, and Sa - tan tempts me sore,
Then sweep - ing up to glo ry, to see His bless ed face,

D.S.

He tells me ev - ry care on Him to roll, He's the
Thro' Je sus I shall safe - ly reach the goal, (Hallelujah!) He's the
Where riv - ers of de - light shall ev - er roll, He's the

In the Hour of Trial.

James Montgomery — Spencer Lane.

1. In the hour of tri - al, Je-sus, plead for me; Lest by base de - ni - al
2. With for-bidden pleas ures Would this vain world charm; Or its sor-did treas - ures
3. Should Thy mercy send me Sor-row, toil and woe; Or should pain attend me
4. When my last hour cometh, Fraught with strife and pain, When my dust re-turn - eth

I de-part from Thee, When Thou see'st me wa - ver, With a look re -
Spread to work me harm; Bring to my re mem-brance Sad Geth-sem-a -
On my path be low, Grant that I may nev - er Fail Thy hand to
To the dust a gain; On Thy truth re - ly - ing, Thro' that mor-tal

call, Nor for fear or fa - vor Suf - fer me to fall.
ne, Or, in dark-er semblance, Cross-crowned Calvary
see: Grant that I may ev er Cast my care on Thee.
strife. Je-sus, take me, dy ing, To e - ter - nal life. A - men.

While Jesus whispers.

W. H. Wipper. — Copyright 1879, by H. R. Palmer. — H. R. Palmer.

1. While Je-sus whis pers to you, Come, sin-ner, come! While we are
2. Are you too heav - y lad - en? Come, sin-ner, come! Je - sus will
3. Oh, hear His ten-der plead - ing, Come, sin-ner, come! Come and re-

pray - ing for you, Come, sin-ner, come! Now is the time to own Him,
bear your bur - den, Come, sin-ner, come! Je - sus will not de - ceive you,
ceive the bless-ing, Come, sin-ner, come! While Je-sus whis-pers to you,

Come, sin-ner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sin-ner, come!
Come, sin-ner, come! Je - sus can now re-deem you, Come, sin-ner, come!
Come, sin-ner, come! While we are pray ing for you, Come, sin-ner, come!

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Just as I Am.

Charlotte Elliott. — Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot
3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a bout, With many a con - flict, many a doubt,

And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God I come, I come!
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God I come, I come!
Fightings and fears with - in, without, O Lamb of God I come, I come!

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

5 Just as I am; Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

There is a fountain filled with blood.

Wm. Cowper. — Lowell Mason.

1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins; And sin-ners, plunged be-

Fine. — D. S.

neath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

3 O Lamb of God, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 And when this lisping, stammering tongue,
Lies silent in the grave,
Then, in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing Thy power to save.

Take my Life and let it Be.

Frances R. Havergall. — C. H. A. Malan.

1 Take my life and let it be Con - se cra - ted, Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my feet and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee;
3. Take my lips and let them be Fill'd with mes - sa - ges from Thee;
4. Take my mo - ments and my days, Let them flow in end less praise,

Take my hands and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love,
Take my voice and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly, for my King,
Take my sil ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with hold,
Take my in - tel - lect and use Ev - 'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose,

At the im pulse of Thy love,
Al - ways, on - ly, for my King,
Not a mite would I with hold,
Ev - 'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.

5 Take my will and make it thine,
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is Thine own,
It shall be Thy royal Throne.

6 Take my love, my God, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only all for Thee.

Jesus, keep me near the cross.

F. C. Van Alstyne. — Near the Cross — S. H. Doane.

1 Je-sus, keep me near the cross There a pre-cious fount-ain, Free to all, a
2 Near the cross, a trembling soul, Love and mercy found me; There the bright and
3. Near the cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be-fore me, Help me walk from

Chorus.

healing stream, Flows from Calvary's mountain.
morn-ing star Sheds its beams a-round me In the cross, in the cross,
day to day, With its shad-ow o'er me.

Be my glo-ry ev-er, Till my rapt-ured soul shall find Rest be-yond the riv-er.

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Gather at the River.

Robert Lowry, By per.

1. Shall we gath-er at the riv-er, Where bright an-gel feet have trod,
2. On the mar-gin of the riv-er, Dash-ing up its sil-ver spray,
3. Ere we reach the shining riv-er, Lay we ev-ery bur-den down;
4. Soon we'll reach the sil-ver riv-er, Soon our pil-grim-age will cease;

With its crys-tal tide for ev-er Flow-ing by the throne of God?
We will walk and wor-ship ev-er, All the hap-py, gold-en day.
Grace our spir-its will de-liv-er, And pro-vide a robe and crown.
Soon our hap-py hearts will quiv-er With the mel-o-dy of peace.

Chorus.

Yes, we'll gather at the riv-er, The beau-ti-ful, the beau-ti-ful riv-er—

Gath-er with the saints at the riv-er That flows by the throne of God.

Love Divine.

Chas. Wesley. John Rudge.

1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cell-ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy lov-ing Spir-it Into ev-ery troub-led breast!
3. Come, Al-might-y to de-liv-er, Let us all Thy life re-ceive;
4. Fin-ish then Thy new cre-a-tion; Pure and spot-less let us be;

Fix in us Thy hum-ble dwelling; All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown.
Let us all in Thee in-her-it, Let us find that sec-ond rest.
Sud-den-ly re-turn, and nev-er, Nev-er more Thy tem-ples leave:
Let us see Thy great sal-va-tion, Per-fect-ly re-stored in Thee:

Je-sus, Thou art all compas-sion, Pure, un-bound-ed love Thou art;
Take a-way our bent to sin-ning; Al-pha and O-me-ga be;
Thee we would be al-ways blessing, Serve Thee as Thy hosts a-bove,
Changed from glo-ry into glo-ry, Till in heav'n we take our place,

Vis-it us with Thy sal-va-tion; En-ter ev-ery trembling heart.
End of faith, as its be-gin-ning, Set our hearts at lib-er-ty.
Pray and praise Thee with-out ceas-ing, Glo-ry in Thy per-fect love.
Till we cast our crowns be-fore Thee: Lost in won-der, love, and praise.

The Lord's our Rock!

V. J. C. P. Bilhorn.

1. The Lord's our Rock, to Him we hide; A shel-ter in the time of storm!
2. A shade by day, de-fence by night, A shel-ter in the time of storm!
3. The rag-ing storm may round us beat, A shel-ter in the time of storm!
4. O Rock di-vine, O Ref-uge dear, A shel-ter in the time of storm!

Se-cure what-ev-er ill be-tide, A shel-ter in the time of storm!
No fears a-larm, no foes af-fright, A shel-ter in the time of storm!
We'll nev-er leave our safe re-treat, A shel-ter in the time of storm!
Be Thou our Help-er, ev-er near, A shel-ter in the time of storm!

Chorus.

Oh, Je-sus is the Rock in a wea-ry land, A

wea-ry land, a wea-ry land, Oh, Je-sus is the

Rock in a wea-ry land, A shel-ter in the time of storm.

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Saviour, Blessed Saviour.

Godfrey Thring. Haydn.

1. Sav-iour, bless-ed Sav-iour, Lis-ten whilst we sing, Hearts and vol-ces
2. Near-er, ev-er near-er, Christ, we draw to thee, Deep in ad-o-
3. Great and ev-er great-er Are thy mer-cies here; True and ev-er-

rais-ing Prais-es to our King. All we have, we of fer;
ra-tion Bend-ing low the knee: Thou for our re-demp-tion
last-ing Are thy glo-ries there, Where no pain, or sor-row,

All we hope to be, Bod-y, soul, and spir-it,
Can't on earth to dim; Thou, that we might fol-low,
Toil, or care is known, Where the an-gel-ic scenes

Chorus.

All we yield to Thee.
Hast gone up on high.
Cir-cle round thy throne. Sav-iour, bless-ed Sav-iour

Lis-ten whilst we sing Hearts and vol-ces rais-ing Prais-es to our King.

What Will Your Harvest Be?

Miss Julia H. Johnston. P. Bilhorn.

1. This is the gold - en seed - time, What will the har - vest yield?
2. Sow - ing the seeds of sor - row, Plant - ing the thorns of wrong,
3. What of your seed, be - lov - ed, You who have named His name?
4. Earn - est and faith - ful toil - ers, Bear - ing the pre - cious seed,

What is the seed, O sow - er, Dropped in the wait - ing - field?
Look to the end, thou sow - er, Tho' it may tar - ry long;
Is it from out the gar - ner, Pre - cious and still the same?
Sow - ing be - side all wa - ters, Read - y in word and deed,

In - to the o - pen fur - row, Un - der the sun - light free,
Sow - ing in sin and doubt - ing, Seed for e - ter - ni - ty,
Are you a care - less i - dler? What is your hope and plea?
You shall re - turn re - joic - ing, You shall the Mas - ter see;

Seed from your hand is fall - ing, Oh! what will your har - vest be?
Reap - ing the fruit here - af - ter, Oh! what will your har - vest be?
When you must join the reap - ers, Oh! what will your har - vest be?
When the ripe sheaves are gar - ner'd, Oh! blest will your har - vest be.

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Chorus

Rit. rit.

What will your har - vest be, (har - vest be), What will your har - vest be?
last v. *Blest will your har - vest be, (har - vest be,) Blest will your har - vest be*

The Great Physician.

Rev. Wm. Hunter, 1842. Arr. by Rev. J. H. Stockton

1. The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thiz - ing
2. Your man - y sins are all for giv'n, Oh, hear the voice of
3. All glo - ry to the dy - ing Lamb! I now be lieve in

Je - sus, He speaks the droop - ing heart to cheer, Oh, hear the voice of
Je - sus, Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with
Je - sus, I love the bless - ed Sav - ior's name, I love the name of

Chorus.

Je - sus "Sweetest note in ser - aph song, Sweetest name on

rit

mor - tal tongue, Sweet - est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus."

His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus,
Oh how my soul delights to hear
The precious name of Jesus.

5 And when to that bright world above,
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love
His name, the name of Jesus.

By per.

How firm a Foundation.

George Keith.

1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. 'Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis - mayed, For I am thy
3. "When thro' the deep we - ters I call thee to go, The riv - ers of
4. "The soul that on Je - sus hath leaned for re - pose, I will not, I

faith in his ex - cel - lent word, What more can be say, than to
God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and
sor - row shall not o - ver - flow; For I will be with thee the
will not de - sert to his foes; That soul, though all hell should en -

you he hath said, To you, who for re - fuge to Je - sus have
cause thee to stand, Up - held by my grac - ious, om - ni - po - tent
tri - als to bless, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis -
deav - or to shake, I'll nev - er, no nev - er, no nev - er for -

fled? To you, who for re - fuge to Je - sus have fled?
hand, Up - held by my grac - ious, om - ni - po - tent hand."
tress, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis - tress."
sake, I'll nev - er, no nev - er, no nev - er for - sake!"

Triumph By and By.

Dr. C. R. Blackall. H. R. Palmer.

1. The prize is set be - fore us, To win His words im - plore us, The
2. We'll fol - low where He lead - eth, We'll pas - ture where He feedeth, We'll
3. Our home is bright a - bove us, No tri - als dark to move us, But

eye of God is o'er us, From on high (from on high); His lov - ing tones are calling,
yield to Him who pleadeth, From on high (from on high); Then naught from Him shall sever,
Je - sus dear to love us, There on high (there on high); We'll give Him best en - deav - or,

While sin is dark, ap - pall - ing, 'Tis Je - sus gently call - ing, He is nigh (He is nigh),
Our hope shall brighten ever, And faith shall fail us nev - er, He is nigh (He is nigh),
And praise His name forever; His precious ones can never, nev - er die (nev - er die).

Chorus.

By and by we shall meet Him, By and by we shall greet Him, And with

1 2

Je - sus reign in glory, by and by, (by and by), Jesus reign in glory by and by.

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Glory to Jesus, He Saves.

P B. P. Bilhorn.

1. Glo - ry to Je - sus who died on the tree, Paid the great price that my
2. Once in my heart there was sin and de - spair, Now the dove has sent him
3. Come then, ye wea - ry, who long to be free, Come to the Sav - ior, He

soul might be free; Now I can sing hal - le - lu - jah to God,
self dwelleth there, And from his pres - ence comes peace to my soul,
want - eth for thee, Then with the ran - som'd this song you can sing,

Chorus.

Glo - ry! He saves, He saves. Glo - ry! He saves, glo - ry! He saves,

Saves a poor sin - ner like me. Glo - ry! he saves,

glo - ry! He saves, Saves a poor sin ner like me, like me.

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A Story Sweet and True.

E. W. Oakes. P. Bilhorn.

1. We'll sing the won - drous sto - ry, 'Tis ev - er sweet and true;
2. The cru - el world, they took Him, With thorns they crowned His head;
3. His friends whom He loved dear-ly, And whom He died to save,
4. My Lord now reigns in glo - ry He's com - ing soon for me;

Oh Je - sus' love so pre - cious, Now free - ly of - fered you,
And then to Calvary's mount-ain The pre - cious Lamb was led;
They begged His pre - cious bod - y, And had it in the grave;
And then with all the ran - somed, His glo - rious face I'll see;

He left the joys of heaven, His Fa - ther's home on high,
The nails of shame were driv-en, The blood flow'd from His side;
But God, His Fa - ther, raised him, Tri - umph-ant, from the dead;
And shout, ha - hal! the bride-groom, Pot on your gar - ments fair,

For lost and ru - in'd sin - ners, To suf - fer and to - die.
He cried, O God, for - give them, And bowed his head and died.
Oh! glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah, Now death is cup - tive led.
And go ye out to meet Him, With rapt - ure in the air.

How can I but Love Him?

P B. P. Bilhorn

1. When I hear the grand old sto - ry, Of ten told and
2. In the gar - den how He suf - fered, In the judg-ment
3. How to Cal - va - ry they led Him, As the cross He
4. To the cross they nailed my Sav - ior, With the nails His
5. Bleed - ing, suff - ring, Christ - ing, dy - ing, Hear Him cry - ing

sung be fore, How that Je - sus came from glo - ry,
hall He bore Cru - el mock-ings, scorn and spit - ting,
meek - ly bore, Crushed be neath its heav - y bur - den,
flesh they tore, As I there be - hold Him pin - ioned,
o'er and o'er God for - give them! God for - give them!

Refrain.

Then I love Him more and more; More and more,
'Twas for me; I love Him more. More and more,
Can I help but love Him more? More and more,
How can I but love Him more? More and more,
will love Him ev - er - more; Ev - er - more.

more and more, Then I love Him more and more
more and more, 'Twas for me, I'll love Him more.
more and more, Can I help but love Him more?
more and more, How can I but love Him more?
ev - er - more, I will love Him ev - er - more.

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When My Saviour I Shall See.

A-T P B. P. Bilhorn.

1. When my Sav - iour I shall see, In His glo - rious like ness
2. When I'm whol - ly freed from sin, Spot - less, clean and pure with-
3. When my feet shall press the shore, Tred by an - gel's feet be-
4. Oh, till then be this my care, More His im - age blest to

be, Clad in robes by love sup - plied, Then shall I be sat - is - fied.
fore, Near to liv - ing streams that glide, Then shall I be sat - is - fied.
bear: More to con - quer self and pride, So shall I be sat - is - fied.

Chorus.

Sat - is - fied with love di - vine, Sat - is - fied, since Christ is

mine, Ev - ry need in Him sup-plied, Then shall I be sat - is - fied.

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Onward, Christian Soldiers!

GOTO — SULLIVAN

1. On-ward, Christian sol-diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of
2. Like a mighty arm-y Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are
3. Gives and times may per-ish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of
4. Onward, then, ye peo-ple! Join our hap-py throng, Blest with ours your

Je-sus Go-ing on be-fore, Christ, the roy-al Mas-ter,
tread-ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di-vi-ded,
Je-sus Con-stant will re-main; Gates of hell can nev-er
voi-ces In the tri-umph-song; Glo-ry, laud, and hon-or

Leads a-gainst the foe; For-ward In-to Bat-tle, See, His ban-ners
All one bod-y we; One in hope and doc-trine, One in char-i-
Against that Church prevail; We have Christ's own promise, And that can not
Un-to Christ, the King, This thro' countless a-ges Men and an-gels

sing!
Ev. fall. | On-ward, Christian sol-diers! Marching as to war,

With the Cross of Je-sus Go-ing on be-fore.

Whiter than Snow.

JAMES NICHOLSON. — WM. G. FISCHER 1876 by per.

1. Lord Je-sus, I long to be per-fect-ly whole, I want Thee for
2. Lord Je-sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to
3. Lord Je-sus, for this I most hum-bly en-treat; I wait, blest Lord
4. Lord Je-sus, Thou seest I pa-tient-ly wait, Come now, and with

ev-er, to live in my soul Break down ev-ery i-dol, cast
make a com-plete sac-ri-fice; I give up my self, and what
Lord, at Thy cru-ci-fied feet, By faith, for my cleansing, I
in me a new heart cre-ate; To those who have sought Thee, Thou

out ev-ery foe; Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.
ev-er I know, Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow
see Thy blood flow—Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow
nev-er said't No, Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow

CHORUS.

Whit-er than snow, yes, whit-er than snow, Now

wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow

My Redeemer Lives

Arr by M G P — Arr by Rev M. G. PRESCOTT

1. I know that my Re-deem-er lives, That He's pre-
2. I trust-ing Je-sus Christ for all, I know His
3. And now be-wil-dered at the thought, I stand and
4. I know that soon my Lord will come, I know He

D. C. *For I am on-ly wait-ing here, To hear the*

By Per. of The Biglow & Main Co.

pared a home for me, And crowns of vic-to-ry He gives
blood a-tones for me, I'm lat-ning for the gen-tle call
won-der at His love, How He from heav'n to earth was brought
will not tar-ry long, I know He soon will call me home

summons, "child, come home," For I am on-ly wait-ing here,

FINE. CHORUS.

To those who would His chil-dren be.
To say, the Mas-ter wait-eth thee.
To die, that I might live a-bove.
To sing with joy the heav'n-ly song.
} Then ask me not to

To hear the sum-mons, "child, come home."

D. C.

min-gle on A-mid the gay and thought-less throng,

Blessed Jesus, Keep Me White.

P. B. — P. BILHORN.

1. Bless-ed Je-sus, Thou art mine, All I have is whol-ly Thine,
2. I am safe with-in the fold, All my cares on Thee are roll'd,
3. Pre-cious Je-sus, day by day, Keep me in the ho-ly way,

Thou dost dwell with-in my heart, Make me clean in ev-'ry part.
co-joy the sweet-est rest, For I'm lean-ing on Thy breast.
Keep my mind in per-fect peace, Ev-'ry day my faith in crease

CHORUS.

Bless-ed Je-sus, keep me white, keep me white, Keep me
Bless-ed Je-sus, keep me white,

walk-ing,

walk-ing, Keep me walk-ing in the light, All I have is
Keep me walk-ing in the light. All I have

whol-ly Thine, Bless-ed Je-sus, Thou art mine
is whol-ly Thine, Bless-ed Je-sus,

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In the Christian's Home in Glory.

SAMUEL YOUNG HASKER, 1866. WM. MCDONALD, 1866.

1. In the Chris-tian's home in glo-ry There re-mains a land of rest,
2. Pain and sick-ness ne'er shall en-ter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share,
3. Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glo-ry, Shout your tri-umph as you go;

There my Sav-ior's gone be-fore me, To ful-fill my soul's re-quest
But in that ce-les-tial con-ter I a crown of life shall wear
Zi-on's gate will o-pen for you, You shall find an en-trance thro'

CHORUS.

There is rest for the wea-ry, There is rest for the wea-ry,
On the oth-er side of Jor-dan, In the sweet fields of E-den,

There is rest for the wea-ry, There is rest for you,
Where the tree of life is bloom-ing, There is rest for you.

By permission.

Drifting Away From God.

MRS. J. A. GRIFFITH. P. BILHORN.

1. Drift-ing a-way from Christ in thy youth, Drift-ing a-way from mor-cy and truth, Drift-ing to sin in ten-der-est youth,
2. Drift-ing a-way from moth-er and home, Drift-ing a-way in sor-row to roam, Drift-ing where peace and rest can not come,
3. Drift-ing a-way on sin's treach-rous tide, Drift-ing where death and dark-ness a-bide, Drift-ing where bends your fate will de-ride,
4. Drift-ing a-way from hope's blea-ched shore, Drift-ing a-way where wild break-ers roar; Drift-ed and strand-ed wrecked, ev-er-more,
5. Why will you drift on bil-lows of shame, Spurning His grace a-gain and a gain? Soon you'll be lost in sin to re-main,

CHORUS.

Drift-ing a-way from God.
Drift-ing a-way from God.
Drift-ing a-way from God
Far from the light of God.
Ev-er a-way from God

Broth-er, the Sav-ior has called you be-fore, See! you are near-ing e-ter-ni-ty's shore!

Soon you may per-ish, be lost ev-er-more, Je-sus now calls for you

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Jesus Saves.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. Arr.

1. We have heard a joy-ful sound, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves;
2. Waft it on the roll-ing tide, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves;
3. Sing a-bove the bat-tle's strife, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves;
4. Give the winds a might-y voice, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves;

Spread the glad-ness all a-round, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves;
Tell to sin-ners, far and wide, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves;
By His death and end-less life, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves;
Let the na-tions now re-joice, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves.

Bear the news to ev-'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves,
Sing, ye is-lands of the sea, Ech-o back, ye o-cean caves,
Sing it soft-ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer-cy craves,
Shout sal-va-tion full and free, High-est hills and deep-est caves.

On-ward, 'tis our Lord's com-mand, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves
Earth shall keep her Ju-bi-lee, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves
Sing in tri-umph o'er the tomb, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves
This our song of vic-to-ry, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves

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Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!

REGINALD HEBER, D. D. REV. JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly! Lord God Al-migh-ty!
2. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly! all the saints a-dore Thee,
3. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly! the dark-ness hide Thee
4. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly! Lord God Al-migh-ty!

Ear-ly in the morn-ing our song shall rise to Thee
Cast down their gold-en crowns a-round the glass-y sea;
Though the eye of sin-ful man Thy glo-ry may not see,
All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea.

Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly! Mer-ci-ful and Migh-ty!
Chor-u-bim and Ser-a-phim fall-ing down be-fore Thee;
On-ly Thou art Ho-ly, there is none be-side Thee,
Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly! Mer-ci-ful and Migh-ty!

God in three Per-sons, bless-ed Trin-i-ty!
Which wert and art, and ev-er-more shalt be.
Per-fect in pow'r, in love, and pu-ri-ty!
God in three Per-sons, bless-ed Trin-i-ty! A-men.

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